HARVEST-HO[...]

CONSISTING OF

SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANING[...]

ORIGINAL DRAMAS AND POEMS,

CONTRIBUTIONS OF LITERARY FRIENDS,

AND

SELECT RE-PUBLICATIONS,

INCLUDING

SYMPATHY, A POEM,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED,

FROM THE EIGHTH EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MR. PRATT.

" Tum ut varietas occurrerit satietati."
CIC. ORAT.

VOL. III.

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THE

THE

PHYSICIAN;

A

POEM

ON

THE IMPORTANCE

OF THE

MEDICAL CHARACTER.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem has received the approving sentiments of several very eminent Medical as well as Poetical Friends, who were generally of opinion that it should be published separately. But the Author imagined it would be more acceptable, if supported by other Pieces in a Miscellaneous Collection: he has, therefore, assigned it a conspicuous STATION in the *Harvest-Home*—namely, the opening of the Third Volume.

In some Letters to be found in the Fifth Volume of the *Gleanings**, the Author attempted to ridicule the *Mongrel Empirics*. It seemed necessary to him to give something, by way of *contrast*, respecting the *Legitimate Physician*; the utility of whose precepts and practice might fairly be opposed to the baneful influence and ignorance of those dangerous and daring Impostors. This he

* The Letters on Quacks.

has attempted in the following pages. He believes that the subject is, in some measure, new to Poetry. Many of the thoughts have been derived from observing what passed under his own eye, while visiting various Gentlemen of the Faculty: particularly the worthy Friend to whom the Poem is inscribed—Dr. MACKIE of Southampton.

The Author cannot resist the pleasure of observing, that a perusal of the "PHYSICIAN" suggested the title of "JUDGE," to the Rev. Mr. ALLEY, who has given the Public a very fine Classic Poem on the importance of the *Legal* Character, under this name.

THE

THE

PHYSICIAN.

WHAT tho' the Muse, with gen'rous fire,
Struck to deep tones of scorn the lyre,
While every chord expressed her rage,
To check that MANIA of the age,
Which gives a dark insidious band
To deal destruction round the land;
The licens'd murderers, who kill
With magic drug or mystic pill;
With compounds villanous and base,
E'en till they thin the human race!

What tho', with reprobation strong,
She aim'd at that fell tribe her song,
Who make the credulous their prey,
Lead fashion, sense, and worth, astray;
Then wanton with a nation's health,
And by imposture rise to wealth:
Thrive on the mischiefs they create,
And multiply the shafts of Fate!

Ah! think not, friend of human kind!
The MUSE to genuine *Science* blind,
Or that the Bard's enraptur'd lay
Twines not for *those* the choicest bay,

Whom

Whom Wisdom has to Science given,
To aid, like thee, the work of Heaven;
Man's ever-trembling frame to save
From those dire *agents of the grave*,
Who, as in contract foul with Death,
Stop, ere its time, the fleeting breath,
And each fine spring of life invade
With evils Nature never made.

Within the wide and ample bound
Of sacred Truth's capacious round,
Wherever Genius wings his way,
And seems to lend a beam to day,
Tints every cloud with softer hue,
And gives the sphere a brighter blue;
Wherever Science may reside,
Whether in caves she seems to hide,
Or climbs the mountain topp'd with snow,
Where only Science learns to glow;
Where'er the lovely or the grand,
The mild or the terrific band,
Wherever nature can be trac'd,
In the gay field or thistled waste,
In manhood's strength, in woman's form,
In summer's calm, in winter's storm;
Where'er the goddess moves the heart,
Wherever follows useful Art;
On earth, on ocean, or in air,
With these the Muse her wreath shall share.

And who in all this ample bound,
This vast and never-ending round,

Say, who of all this sacred train
Demand the tributary strain
Like *those*, to whom the healing MIND
And healing VIRTUES are assign'd?

When erring man, from Eden driven,
Had lost the attributes of Heaven,
The awful front, the radiant eye,
That commun'd with its native sky;
The angel form, the cherub soul,
And all that mark'd a perfect whole;
When scarce a trace of seraph birth
Was left this Paragon of earth,
Whose own frail fragments but declare
Himself the greatest ruin there;
Depriv'd of his immortal bloom,
And destin'd to an early tomb!
Ah see! to mark his lasting shame,
What hosts of dire DISEASES came!
Behold, his foul offence to strike,
His body and his mind alike,
The evil-genii seem'd to meet,
In fierce extremes of cold and heat,
And, muttering a witch's spell—
In thoughts more foul, in deeds more fell,
Or cas'd in ice, or scorch'd in flame,
Some seiz'd his spirit, some his frame;
Some pierc'd him with a fiery dart,
Some froze the life-blood at his heart;
And some dread ministers of fate
On all his "days of nature" wait.

And hence life's scenes, however fair,
A fall from Heaven to Earth declare!

Poisoning

Poisoning the cradle where the child
In waking sport, or slumber smil'd:
E'en on the down that form'd its bed,
Some venom of the *serpent* spread.
The matron who the smiler bore,
With labour-tears was cover'd o'er;
Polluted Being, in each stage,
Like a wide pest, smote youth and age;
Canker'd the rose on beauty's cheek,
Or lurk'd within the dimple sleek,
And all man's relicks were at strife
To blast the blooms and fruits of life.

But pity touch'd th' Almighty mind,
To drop some balm on human kind.
At length—and blessed be her name,
A Phœnix from the ashes came!
WISDOM was suffer'd to illume
The deep and universal gloom;
For, guided by the spark divine,
Fair Wisdom bow'd at Nature's shrine;
By Nature aided, Wisdom drew
E'en from *those poisons* as they grew,
From wounding thorn, and noxious weed,
From stubborn roots, and latent seed,
From various bodies harsh and rude,
From metals dark and minerals crude,
Some principle of life, to save
The lorn offender from the grave:
A chosen few, whom Wisdom bless'd,
Skilful and sage, reliev'd the rest.

But long was medic power confin'd
To here and there a sapient mind.

The bruised reed was forc'd to bear
The "skyey influence" of the air;
Long time the sick ill-shelter'd lay (*a*),
Sad victims in the public way;
Their litters scatter'd o'er the grass,
Till some Samaritan might pass;
Some seer, whose knowledge might impart
The succour of the healing art.
But oft the rigours of the sky
Prov'd mortal ere relief was nigh.

Yet WISDOM's still-increasing store
Her sage pursuit unwearied bore;
Till, leagued with Science in the chace,
They *half redeem'd* our fallen race.
Blithe health they drew from noxious powers,
And remedies from fruits and flowers.
From lowly, mounting to sublime,
Ardent they measur'd space and time;
And onward press'd with patient toil,
Explor'd the sea, and tam'd the soil;
With wondrous art they knew to bring
A virtue from *the serpent's* sting;
The force of medicine chang'd the earth,
Gave fruits and flowers a second birth:
And thus—tho' SIN and DEATH still reign'd—
Man something of his GOD regain'd.

At length the true Physician came,
An honour'd and a sacred name!
His office hallow'd, and his power
Of magic use in life's brief hour.
But not to words of solemn sound,
Nor gait austere, nor look profound;

The hand receiv'd with awful state,
While life and death were thought to wait
The *fiat* of his dreadful nod,
That symbol of this wig-veil'd God:
Nor to imposing dress or show,
That marks the medicinal *beau*;
Nor yet to modern medic prigs,
Disguis'd in crops instead of wigs;
Who, with a tyro-coxcomb's phrase,
Betwixt a fop and pedant's pace,
With voluble routine of face,
Descant on politics and plays,
On weather, Pitt's and Fox's speeches,
And ladies in their muslin breeches;
With statement of effects and causes—
Divided properly by pauses—
And many a hem! and many a ha!
Of use in physic as in law,
A whisper now, and now a smile,
Feeling, so wise, the pulse the while,
The fee in sight, prescriptions wrote,
To drug the patient to the throat.

Ah, no! to neither of the two,
To coxcomb old or coxcomb new,
Belongs the *true* Physician's praise:
He, vers'd in Wisdom's various ways,
Devotes what many an aching thought,
And many a midnight hour has taught,
And what the precepts of the sage,
And practice of experienc'd age,
And many an agonizing sight,
That might the stoutest heart affright,

The sinner's couch, the spendthrift's groan,
The husband's gasp, the widow's moan,
The miser, when *his* world recedes,
The wild self-murderer when he bleeds,—
All these, with many a fate beside,
The fall of youth in beauty's pride,
The pangs that rend the manly frame,
And rack the joints—too dread to name,
The true Physician must endure,
And bear the shock and try the cure:
Nor bear alone, but seem to be
Part of the sick man's family!

And such there are (*b*), and bless'd are they
Who own of such the gentle sway.
Oh ye! whom dire Disease has torn
Far from the cheering eye of morn;
And ye, who, when your hearts beat high,
And Fancy painted rapture nigh,
And Hope, to charm those hearts, had wove
The choicest wreaths of tender love;
When Truth had nam'd the bridal day,
And Hymen met you on the way;
Ah! when *from* these pale Sickness led
Your fainting footsteps to the bed,
And bore you to the chilling glooms
Deep-gathering in your prison-rooms;
And fell Distemper seem'd to twine
Those wither'd wreaths round Sorrow's shrine!
And ye, who saw the powers of Death
Stand ready to arrest the breath,
E'en just as fades the half-glaz'd eye,
And love prepares to catch the sigh,

Say, in that crisis of your fate,
While grief-wrung friends in stupor wait
The last deep groan, and think they hear
The passing-bell assail the ear . . . .
Say, what you felt while flitting life
With death and nature was at strife,
When, ere th' affrighted spirit flew,
The grave wide opening to your view,
The Man of Science eas'd your pain,
And charm'd the spirit back again?
When he, with more than guardian's care,
Those grief-stunn'd friends from dumb despair
Raised to new hope, as fix'd he sat
To watch the awful turns of fate;
The fearful changes to descry,
That flush the cheek or tinge the eye,
Then, as the vital powers return'd,
And nature's fires rekindled, burn'd
Nor here too weak, nor there too strong,
Bearing the ruddy tide along;
Ah! if you can, ye rescu'd train (*c*),
Redeem'd from agonizing pain,
Say what to *his* blest skill ye owe,
Who freed you from the realms of woe?
For, who but patients can reveal
The hopes and fears that patients feel?

Yes, the *Physician's* self, more true,
Can bring these touching scenes to view;
Can speak the bliss of friend restor'd,
And paint the pangs of friend deplor'd;
Can tell the gratitude that springs
To greet the man, whom Science brings,

And

And Heaven permits, with lenient art
To pour a balm upon the heart.

The sages of our isle agree,
To part their consecrated tree,
Of deep and venerable root,
Into three mighty arms, whence shoot
Branches innumerous, which bear
Unfading leaf and fruitage fair:
Those mighty arms, august and strong,
The gaze and wonder of the throng,
The nation's proud supporters rise,
And lift their tops from earth to skies!

On one, to keep the world in awe,
Is marked the letter of the LAW!
And one our holy CHURCH sustains!
A prop of LIFE! the third remains;
The last, in deep utility,
Not the least potent of the three.

Ye fathers of the purple vest,
And ye in sweeping sables drest:
Great tho' your office, and sublime,
Beyond the praise of loftiest rhyme,
Think not the Muse at random sings,
Or partial strikes the plausive strings,
If, while with reverence she deems
Of spiritual and legal themes,
She places equal by your side,
Our equal boast and equal pride,
The men who often give to you
The powers improv'd of judgment true,

The

The renovated frame, to bear
The pleader's cause, the preacher's care;
The eye to see, the voice to teach,
The noblest aims of lofty speech!
For, ah! how soon the vigorous mind
The frailty such of human kind,
Loses the vital springs of thought,
And is to infant weakness brought!
A megrim or a restless night
May cloud, alas! the mental light;
An ague strike some noble part,
And ERSKINE's self seems cold at heart;
A fever slightly burns the veins,
And PORTEUS but a clod remains!
In vain their powers, so bright before,
Are urg'd—their occupation's o'er;
Nor equity, nor awful laws,
Nor e'en religion's sacred cause,
Their chosen advocates can find:
The body has dethron'd the mind!

But lo! some true Machaon tries
The Pæan art—the megrim flies!
The fever yields to medic aid,
And all the chilling symptoms fade;
Again th' impassion'd periods roll
From their rich source in ERSKINE's soul;
Again from LONDON's mitred pride
Pours forth devotion's warmest tide.

'Tis plain, to make the man complete,
A healthy frame and mind should meet (*d*):

And

And virtue, genius, wit, and sense,
Tho' sometimes they o'erleap the fence
Of ills corporeal, that chain
The feeble body down to pain;
Tho' sometimes soul will buoyant rise,
And spite of clouds attempt the skies;
Traverse in thought the realms of day,
While yet pent up in suffering clay;—
Far more effulgent is their force,
And far more rapid is their course,
When all the energies of mind
Are with the body's functions join'd,
And to preserve of both the play
The true Physician points the way.

Say, who like him, when at the bed
Where anguish lays the proud one's head,
Can urge him to unlock his breast,
And make Humility a guest?
Or bid the sinner, as he lies,
Woo sweet Repentance e'er he dies?
Or teach the miser, robb'd of health,
The idle impotence of wealth?
Or the half-ruin'd spendthrift show
He still is rich, who will bestow
On pleasure less, on virtue more,
And gain the blessing of the poor?
Here TURTON's maxims, MILLMAN's rules,
Outpreach the wisdom of the schools;
And FARQUHAR, when the hand he holds,
And the dread line of life unfolds,
The hist'ry of the pulse records
In a few glad or mournful words;

And

And LETTSOM whispering in the ear,
Reviving hope or fixing fear—
The fear that bids the mind prepare
The pang of parting life to bear!
And REYNOLDS, when his eyes foretell
The knolling of the funeral bell......
And BREE (*e*), while the obstructed breath
Seems lab'ring at the gasp of death,
And the deep heaving of the sigh
Denotes the fierce convulsion nigh;
When BREE exerts his magic power
O'er Asthma dire at such an hour;
The renovating breath to give,
And the life-weary wretch relieve....
These stronger morals can impart,
And fix them deeper in the heart,
Than judge or bishop e'er attain,
Or from the bar or pulpit's strain.

Nor less the true Physician's pow'r
O'er *virtue* in *her* trying hour.
As at the good man's couch he stays,
While pain has fix'd, and reason strays;
Or, in the phrensies of disease
From fiercer throes, the senses seize;
Or yet more dire while thought prevails,
More keen—and *more than reason fails*:
The sharpest ill that man can know—
The dire effect of various woe,
When the soft charm of *hope* is o'er,
And spirits sink to rise no more!
Or, if there be a fate more dread,
When e'en a FUTURE hope is dead,

That

That ray in tender mercy giv'n,
Which guides the harass'd soul to Heav'n!

All these deep wounds of frame and mind,
To virtue as to vice assign'd,
The true Physician sees and hears (*f*),
Long ere the summon'd priest appears.
He views the wild and madd'ning eye,
Hears the loud shriek, the piercing sigh;
He knows each harbinger of death,
The livid lip, the catching breath,
The change that mocks the pow'r to save,
Or lift the body from the grave;
He marks the glance of dumb despair,
Or silent tear that melts in pray'r;
E'en here his lenitives avail,
His words may sooth where med'cines fail (*g*).

Go then, my friend! for none more true
To Nature's wholesome laws than you;
And none who better knows the art
To guide the person or the heart;
With temperate wisdom each to steer,
And with experienc'd skill to clear
Those treach'rous rocks, that smiling lie
Beneath the waves of Luxury!
Oh hasten where the sufferer calls,
Where beauty fades, and sorrow falls;
At once to sickness and to grief
O bring the cordial of relief;
For ev'ry scene of joy and woe,
The Muse has mark'd, full well you know:

And well the crowds that throng your door
Can paint your bounties to the poor;
And well the rich, releas'd from pain,
Can paint the blessings they regain.

But see on yonder hill a train (*h*)
That claims the Poet's loftiest strain!
Yet whose the strain, however high,
Can give the husband's, father's sigh?
Or paint the terror-started tear,
That freezes on the cheek of fear;
While life and death alternate seize
That tender victim of disease?
Or who the high-ton'd bliss can speak,
That thaws the tear upon that cheek,
While sister, husband, parent, friend, and wife,
Seem, in LOUISA's health, restor'd to second life?

NOTES.

Note (*a*), page 9.

Long time the sick ill shelter'd lay—

IF we look back to the origin of Medicine, we shall find its first foundations to be owing to mere chance, unforeseen events, and natural instinct. In the early ages the sick were placed in cross-ways, and in other public places, to receive the advice of those passengers who knew an efficacious remedy suitable to their disorder; and the better to preserve the memory of a remarkable cure, both the disease and the remedy were engraven on pillars, or written on the walls of temples, that patients in the like cases might have recourse to them for instruction and relief. Thus, what mere accident had discovered, was registered in those chronicles of health. This art arose from repeated trials and long experience, which gave an insight into the virtues of herbs and plants, metals and minerals.

Note (*b*), page 11.

And such there are, and bless'd are they—

Amongst this number are to be reckoned Baillie, Pepys, Saunders, and Latham, Vaughan, Pincard, Heberden, Sims, Rowley, and many others of established reputation or rising celebrity, in that great centre of genius and science, the metropolis. Likewise those ornaments of the country, Parry and Haygarth, of Bath; Bree, Carmichael, Gilby, the Johnstones, &c. of Birmingham; Page and Wall, of Oxford; Lubbock, of Norwich; Wilson, of Worcester; Currie, of Liverpool; Baddeley, of Chelmsford; Mackie, Hacket, and Whiteman, of Southampton.

Note (*c*), page 12.

Ah! if you can, ye rescu'd train—

It has been elsewhere observed, by the Author of the preceding Poem, that it should always be considered as amongst the foremost of the duties of a Physician to assuage the *mind*, as well as relieve

the person of his patient; and although a press of daily practice makes it necessary that he should set a just value upon *time*, he should never be governed by the stop-watch, to hurry away from the invalid, who he believes might be as much assisted by his Physician's *society* as by his *prescription*. On the contrary, it should be his constant practice to solace and cheer, by the prevailing aids of gentle and encouraging conversation, as much as by medicine; and if he really feels for the sufferings of man in general, and of his patient in particular, he would be disposed to devote many of those minutes not seized upon by other engagements, to quiet the throbbing pulse, and incline the wakeful eye to that sleep which, *indeed*, "ministers to both a body and a mind diseased," and so often *really* "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." An apparently slight, but in truth a most important office! Few, it is presumed, of the readers of the poem before them, who have not, at one time or another, by some one of the innumerable maladies "to which our flesh is heir," been consigned to the chamber of disease; and of these, we will venture to say, there is not a single being who has not felt his languor of body and misery of mind gain somewhat of strength and ease, or additionally to groan under the aggravation of both, as the medical gentleman called in, whether physician, surgeon, or apothecary, has been of a courteous or stern demeanour. The failing frame and the desolated spirit are as much raised by the one as sunk by the other. A kind look, a soft word, is sometimes of the utmost consequence: and the breath of hope in life, or of a happy reception in heaven after death, though conveyed in whispers to the ear and heart of a sick person, has done more than all the nostrums of the Materia Medica. The Author has been the more earnest to bring forward this quality, because, having been often a nurse and companion of the sick and sorrowful, he has sometimes seen in medical practitioners the very reverse of this amiable conduct adopted—a fundamental, and not unfrequently a fatal error. He hesitates not, finally, to say on this subject, that next to professional skill, the *modes* and *manners* of applying it, of addressing and conversing with the valetudinary, whatever be their disorder, should be relied upon as much as the most salutary medicines he can give: they are the best lenitives of pain; they are the soft balms of a distempered imagination, and most potent cathartics of the body and soul of man.

Note (*d*), page 14.

A healthy frame and mind should meet—

Sana mens in corpore sano.

Note

Note (*e*), page 16.

And Bree, *while the obstructed breath*—

Author of an excellent Practical Enquiry into the Causes of Asthma, a work highly spoken of by Drs. Currie and Gregory: and the principles laid down in the Enquiry are confirmed by a most successful practice by the ingenious Author.

Note (*f*), page 17.

The true Physician sees and hears—

These observations apply and extend to a true Surgeon and Family Apothecary, whose influence and power in their respective departments are no less important and *vital*, not only to the health but *happiness* of society.

Note (*g*), page 17.

His words may sooth where med'cines fail—

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hanc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.

Horat.

Note (*h*), page 18.

But see on yonder hill a train—

The residence of Colonel Wall, whose lady was recovered from a very dangerous illness, under the care of Dr. M. She still continues in the perfect enjoyment of health.

Notwithstanding what has been said in this Poem, or in a former publication, on the subject of English Quackery, the Author is by no means disposed to condemn, universally, all sorts of Medicine or Medical Men, out of the regular pale of the Medical College. He is aware that some of the most valuable auxiliaries to the Healing Art have been derived from discoveries and improvements

"Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
And maxims of the Medic Schools;"

and that these, however decried at first as the innovations and hardinesses of Charlatans and Tyros, have, in progress of successful experiments, been adopted by the most sage and legitimate sons of Machaon. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the Fever Powder

of

of Dr. James. Neither can the Author be sceptical in regard to the good effects of some of the means, however simple they may appear, which are thought to have an effect on the health of man, only by acting upon the imagination. It is not of much consequence, whether a bodily evil be ameliorated or cured by the medium of the fancy, or by any sterner power. If a malady is caused by the force of one imagination, it may, perhaps, find its remedy in another of yet greater energy.

If a disease can really be mitigated or removed by the force of the imagination, which is on all hands allowed to engender, or aggravate, many disorders, why find fault with the instrument that sets the said imagination to work? It seems very hard, not to let the magician help or cure herself in her own way. For pity sake, let us not renounce the good that may be derived from that source, whether in theory or practice; and especially where the delusion *can* do no harm. Sacred and prosperous then be every imagination that diminishes the miseries of life, without enlarging the sphere of moral or physical evil! and whether a poor fellow, racked by the tooth- or ear-ach, is actually relieved, or but thinks himself so, by an old woman's charm, or by a learned prescription, which he can as little understand, it is pretty much the same. If the sufferer insists that he is as well as ever he was in his life, by sleeping with a nurse's or granny's nostrum under his pillow, sewing it round his neck, or hiding it for a certain number of days under ground; and if the change of looks, from the discoloration of distemper, and almost of death, to the hues of cheerfulness and health, be obvious and avowed; in the name of charity let it pass. Physic, from its infancy down to the present moment, has, like religion, had, and will ever have, its superstitions, its charms and its magic; and it is well known that many of the Egyptian priests were a sort of medical conjurors and wizards, who dealt out their spells to the credulous. What of that? If the word Abracadabra, Abracadabr, Abracadab, repeated till it terminated in the single letter a,—which all admit was once a remedy in great repute,—if ever any of these *charmed* away the pain from the temples of one single swain or maiden,—never let Science or Wisdom stoop from their thrones of light to break the delusion, whether it come in the form of an herb, a flower, a fancy, a credulity. Such are more or less the friends of human life, and should be classed amongst at worst the harmless and frequently salutary delusions men practise upon themselves.

Heaven, who so fearfully and wonderfully made a Being, who

"Can smart and agonize at every pore,"

and who exhibits at once a miraculous combination of strength, weak-

ness,

ness, delicacy, and beauty; and, next to Heaven, ye who are the guardians and protectors of that Being whose health and happiness are in a great measure committed to your charge,—ye truly know, there is constant exercise for all your wisdom, skill, and experience, to keep the fine but fragile machine from getting out of order, and from totally falling to pieces before half the limited time, for which it appears capable of holding together. To illustrate the dignity and use of your characters, by selecting a few of the numberless instances, wherein your learning and your power are of unspeakable avail, has been the chief object of the preceding Poem.

But let it be repeated, that it is not against the innoxious superstitions which a patient indulges, nor the innocent external applications which a practitioner recommends, that satire, science, and philanthropy, ought to inveigh. It is against a more pestiferous race, that the weapons of truth, ridicule, and demonstration ought to be pointed. It is against wretches, who, by subtle means, and base ingredients, swiftly or slowly destroy the noblest fabric of the Universe; and who involve in its ashes the health, the spirit, the intellect, the imagination, all the energies, the virtues, and, alas! but too often, the life of Man.

PRAYER

PRAYER

TO

HEALTH:

WRITTEN WHILE SEVERAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS WERE SUFFERING FROM SICKNESS.

Soft'ner of every ill below,
And crown of every good we know;
Thou only pure and sterling wealth,
Blessing of blessings—roseate Health!

At thy approach each drooping flower
Shall spring more fresh than from the shower;
The Graces on thy steps attend,
And all the Loves before thee bend
As from thy breathings they inhale
More than Arabia's spicy gale:
All Nature, while it owns thy sway,
To Thee shall willing homage pay;
The Sun himself more bright shall shine,
The lustre his, the rapture thine!

Come then, fair daughter of the sky,
The sun-beams playing in thine eye,
Come on the pinions of the breeze,
And chase away the fiend Disease,
And hover round the cheerless bed
Where the stern tyrant bends the head;

Haste

Haste to the couch where CHARLOTTE lies (*a*),
Or arm the father ere she dies;
Arm him to bear the death-blow giv'n,
The pang that lifts his child to heaven.
And where yon mourning matron strays,
While at her feet a cherub plays,
Fling from the sphere a softer air,
And sooth a tender mother's care;
Revisit pale SIBYLLA's cheek (*b*),
Where mirth, like morn-beams, used to break:
And Genius shall resume his reign,
And Fancy pour her richest strain.
Then wave thy wand o'er HARRIET's brow (*c*),
And Sense shall charm, and Wit shall flow.

And give the Friend with wisdom fraught (*d*)
The power to *use* his stores of thought;
Stores to enrich the rising age,
Diffus'd thro' many a moral page.

Nor, ah! to that time-honour'd Seer (*e*)
Deny thy smile his age to cheer.
Age such as his shall still be gay,
If thou but deign to gild his way:
Sweet SHENSTONE's friend then still shall be
Blithe as his own EUPHROSYNE;
And, number'd 'midst the tuneful throng,
Shall still repay thee with his song.

And he, whose cup of joy ran o'er (*f*)
With Fortune's and THY richer store;
While Nature, Sense, and Beauty smil'd,
In the soft forms of wife and child:

But

But ah! who now on distant shores
At once a child and wife deplores,
Hides from himself, and vainly tries
To lose swift Mem'ry as he flies!
Bereaved man! O sooth his woe,
For HEALTH can still a balm bestow;
Can give the struggling mind relief,
Or strength to bear the sharpest grief;
Can the just breaking heart sustain,
And bid it beat to hope again;
Can urge the sinking soul to prove
The force of piety and love.

Nor yet to yonder laurell'd Sage,
The far-fam'd Nestor of the age (g),
Refuse thy salutary aid;
But wing thy way to Lowestoff's shade,
Where still the Grecian Muse is seen
In classic robes, and awful mien;
And woos the Zephyrs, as they rise
From azure waves and salient skies.

Then, if a boon remains with thee,
Deign to bestow that boon on me!
The frame which many a shock has worn,
The heart which many a pang has borne,
The nerves which Sickness oft has struck,
And Sorrow wrung, and Envy shook:
And foul Ingratitude, and Care,
Have bow'd to earth,—do thou repair;
O mitigate *each* suppliant's pain,
Nor let the Poet's prayer be vain!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note (*a*), page 25.

Haste to the couch where Charlotte lies—

An amiable and highly accomplished young lady, who died soon after this poem was written. A tender tribute to her memory, by her father, will be found amongst the original poetic contributions.

Note (*b*), page 25.

Revisit pale Sibylla's cheek—

The Author's beloved and ingenious relative, whose happy poetical powers have given an attraction to his former publications, and will be found to adorn part of the present volume under her accustomed signature—Unaltered in worth and talents, but, alas! still the victim of sickness.

Note (*c*), page 25.

Then wave thy wand o'er Harriet's brow—

The wife of William Moody, Esq. of Beau-Desert Park, near Henly in Arden. A woman of uncommon felicity of expression, and of a most generous heart. More than one effusion to her memory will be seen in the course of this division of Harvest Home.

Note (*d*), page 25.

And give the Friend with wisdom fraught—

Rev. Dr. Mavor, then suffering heavily; but now happily restored to his Friends and the Public, both of whom know how to appreciate the qualities of his head and heart.

Note (*e*), page 25.

Nor, ah! to that time-honour'd Seer—

Rev. Mr. Graves; of whose intellectual energy at the age of ninety-two *, an extraordinary specimen will be given in the course of this volume, amongst the poetical republications.

Note (*f*), page 25.

And he whose cup of joy ran o'er—

Rev. G. Glasse, who, in describing the misery which befel his family from his house having fallen down at Hanwell, and many other severe misfortunes that preceded the yet greater calamity mentioned in these Verses, observed—" All these sorrows have been heaped upon me, in order, no doubt, to prune the over-luxuriance of prosperity, that had known but little interruption; in order, I trust, to make me wiser and better—to *harrow* up the soul, as Ogden beautifully has it, in order to make it capable of producing the seeds of virtue."

Note (*g*), page 26.

Nor yet to yonder laurell'd Sage—

Rev. Mr. Potter; a notice of whose recent death, and a tribute to whose memory, will be seen, in the beginning of the Poem of " Sympathy," in close of the Harvest-Home.

* Now in his ninety-third year.

THE

THE TANJORE

THE POET'S COTTAGE*.

TO

DR. MAVOR,

WHO ZEALOUSLY ENFORCED THE EXPEDIENCY OF RAISING A FUND, TO SECURE THE COMFORTS OF THE AUTHOR FOR THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

Written at Oxford, Dec. 1, 1803.

YES, Friend, the Warning Voice I hear,
And know it comes from lips sincere.
What, tho' Imagination's ray
Yet shines on life's autumnal day,
And time allows me to prolong,
As Thought invites, my evening song:
What tho' my verse-enamour'd heart
To Poetry's enchanting art
Still fondly thrills; and with a smile
His garland Friendship weaves the while,
Affection's laurels to bestow,
And twine them round the fading brow,
Which, ere another lustrum fly,
Shall show the Wrinkles as they lie

* A few copies of this Poem have been distributed among the Author's friends, many of whom contributed towards accomplishing the object described.

Insidious

Insidious in their furrows dark,
And deeply stamp the envious Mark—
The Mark indelible,—which Fate
Indents to note our mortal date—
Of these the Warning Voice I hear,
And know it comes from lips sincere.

Fancy, thy lov'd and frolic play,
And magic touch and welcome sway,
And all thy pleasures must be o'er,
Nor charm thy drooping votary more.
And thou long-cherish'd, gentle Muse,
Thy smile withdrawing, shalt refuse,
When wanted most, thy soothing aid,
And leave me in the desert shade,
Deny one kind inspiring strain,
In days of weakness and of pain.
Ev'n like some Bird, whom Tyrant Fate
Has plunder'd of his faithful mate;
Left him where late embower'd he sung,
While thro' the Woods his love-notes rung:
Of this the Warning Voice I hear,
And know it comes from lips sincere.

And ah! a Lot more dire behind
Awaits debility of Mind.
Alas! when ev'ry Muse is fled,
How wretched He who writes for bread!
Who, when the joyous years are flown,
And Reason totters on her throne,
And Fancy fails, and Nature tires,
And Fame herself no more inspires,

And ev'n the sweet return of Spring
No more can make the Poet sing,
Tho' each Musician of the Fields,
Soft to the tuneful Season yields
The glossy plume, the warbling throat,
To Passion's and to Rapture's note,
And ev'ry shrub and ev'ry tree
Resounds with Nature's minstrelsy!
How wretched He who strives to shun
The clamour of the frowning Dun,
Or to keep Famine from the door—
That fiercest Wolf that haunts the poor!
How dire, that He, who many a year
Had rais'd the smile or caus'd the tear
Of wholesome Mirth and tender Grief,
Should want himself the Poor's relief!—
Condemn'd to eat the beggar's meal
In pangs that beggars ne'er can feel;
Or, when deserted by the Nine,
Forc'd to elaborate the line,
To labour more, yet less to please,
In the Mind's anguish or disease—
Of these the Warning Voice I hear,
And know it comes from lips sincere.

Ere thy lov'd Bard, dear Friend, is thrown
Upon the Poet's frozen zone—
Where ev'ry flower shall cease to blow,
And ev'ry stream forget to flow,—
To gild with a sun-setting light
The cheerless hours of mental night,
To fix the GLEANER is your care
In tranquil Age's elbow chair;

To guard him from those days of grief,
And make his last a GOLDEN Sheaf.—
Yes, well I know, ere Time advance,
And urge grim Death to lift his lance,
When Age on Memory is cast
To catch an Image of the past;
To give me then all life *can* give,
With wise and mild content to live;
The decencies of age secure,
And smooth what age must still endure:
It is for this the Voice I hear,
The Warning of a Friend sincere.—

Ah think, you cry, how sweet to sit
Sequester'd in some calm retreat,
When all your blossom'd years are flown,
In wicker chair, in cot *your own!*
How sweet, in Nature's icy hour
To *think* upon the glowing power,
On Summer scenes long past to muse
In memory's retrospective views;
In fond soliloquy to dwell,
And to yourself youth's story tell,
The school adventure, stripling feat,
The truant prank, and sportive cheat,
Or descant on that prouder time
When first the Muse inspir'd a rhime,
When She you prais'd did first impart
That grove of Laurel to your Heart—
The *Smile of Love*—to thought still dear,
And sweeter music to the ear
Than all that Fame has since bestow'd,
Ev'n when her wreath with roses glow'd.

And think how sweet, by Memory's light,
To give the mind a second sight,
Life's halcyon moments to renew;
And seem to have them still in view!
Now skimming o'er the level ground;
Now breathing up the steep profound;
Now basking in the sunny gale;
Now rushing to the bowery vale;
Now seeking more umbrageous groves,
Which Contemplation ever loves;
Eye the soft moon-beams from the shade,
While dew-drops tremble on the glade!
O think how sweet, ere life decline,
To make these balmy blessings thine!

But recollected scenes, like those
From whence in real life they rose,
At length progressively decay,
And Life's last day-dream melts away.
Oh, ere that awful hour shall come,
If such an hour must be thy doom,
When not a gleam is left behind,
Darkness of body and of mind,
When man can neither sow nor reap,
Mayst thou secure thy little heap,
That in thy *double* night shall give,
Till Heaven's good time, the wish to live;
The Harvest-home, thy blest supply,
Till Heav'n approves the wish to die.

MAVOR, all this I seem to hear,
The Warning of a Friend sincere.

Rous'd at the thought, at length my soul
Shall own, Self-love, thy strong controul;
Henceforth I worship at thy shrine,
The Gleaner's Harvest shall be mine.
You tell me, Friend, the fund is nigh
Which may the Gleaner's Cottage buy;
Which, ere the joyless time shall come,
May give the comforts of a home.

Congenial to a Poet's cot,
Each Muse-lov'd shrub must grace the spot;
A purling stream, a shady bower,
And many a fair Parnassian flower:
A rose,—What Bard's without his rose?
In ev'ry song it buds or blows;—
A rose of moss its sweets must yield,
Perfuming garden, house, and field:
The primrose too must grace the scene,
The violet blue, and ivy green;
And ev'ry other bloom be there
That 's hallow'd by the Muse's care.
But if this golden aim succeeds,
May each kind wish to which it leads
Be crown'd with Plenty's best reward,
The richest harvest of the Bard!

Oh, when the independent cot
And social hearth shall be my lot,
May those who chang'd, with generous power,
The fancied to the *real* flower;
Who help'd so well to store my purse,
And *realize* the scenes of Verse;

When

When visionary meadows yield
To Alma Mater's *actual* field,
And *boná fide* cottage fare
Succeeds to palaces in air;
And Fairy-land, where Poets range,
To solid Terra Firma* change;
May those who help'd to build my cot,
And beautify and bless the spot,
Be at my little mansion found,
The *Patrons of the smiling ground!*
Without endearing Friendship's power,
Unlov'd the cot, unblest the bower:
Unless a Friend partake the fire,
What comfort can the blaze inspire?
Unless a Friend partake the board,
What pleasure can the feast afford?
Then may each friend of soul sincere
The Gleaner's happy Cot endear!

And, MAVOR, thou, a *frequent* guest,
Mayst thou, in turn, like me, be press'd;
A sunny chamber shine on me,
A shady parlour smile on thee!
And, whether roof'd with tile or *thatch*,
O mayst thou often pluck the latch!
Friendship's a God! A key is thine;
A MASTER-key—by right divine.

* The reader will observe, in course of the present Volume, that this change is likely to take place.

[*Although the following Lines have appeared; yet, as they are alluded to in the Address which immediately succeeds, they are here reprinted.*]

VERSES

TO

MR. JOHN MAVOR,

OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD;

WITH A PRESENT OF SOME VIDONIA.

To you, whose frolic spirit on the wing
Of glowing youth spontaneously can fly,
To youth and nature's never-failing spring,
Where all the stores of youth and nature lie;

To you, my friend, who, blest in classic lore,
—An early moralist and youthful sage—
Who, from a rich and variegated store,
Can draw life's nectar, mellowed many an age;

What is the envied Cape, the proud Tokay,
Th' o'erflowing goblet, or the mantling bowl,
That makes the dull so wise, the fool so gay?
What can they give to such a buoyant soul?

Nor wit, nor wisdom, can they all impart,
Nor native passion, nor ingenuous truth;
These—the rich vintage of a fervid heart—
Gush in full tides of nature and of youth.

Yet still accept the humble gift I send:
Friendship's "the wine of life" when sound and true
—As sings the awful bard * to whom I bend,—
And such the friendship that I feel for you.

* Dr. Young.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A REGULATION SASH, ON HIS ENTERING THE LOYAL WOODSTOCK VOLUNTEERS, AS LIEUTENANT.

And now, my Academic Friend,
A different verse the Muse must send;
A different wreath in haste must twine
Around fair Oxford's classic shrine;
With bolder hand must sweep the lyre
To mark the Student-Hero's fire.
Vidonia's juice must cheer no more
The peaceful hours of learned lore;
For, ah! to days like these belong
Less pleasing gifts, and harsher song.

Lo! crimson War usurps the throne
Where Science us'd to reign alone;
The thund'ring drum assails her bowers,
Her holy fanes, her lofty towers;
And loud within her cloisters pale
The sights and sounds of strife prevail;
And Wisdom's self resigns awhile
Her sables with a Patriot's smile;
While every son of Science glows
To meet Britannia's threat'ning foes.

Go then, my Friend, where Honour calls,
And quit awhile thy Sacred Walls;
Go join the glory-breathing train
On yonder consecrated plain:

E'en on the spot * which Britain gave
To grace her Warrior great and brave,
Illustrious CHURCHILL! "Albion's pride,"
Let him thy virtuous ardour guide.
Behold the Column, where he stands
Superior o'er the spacious lands;
Ah! think his awful Figure moves,
And each heroic act approves!
Mark what his trophied Pillar shows,
And "sink like him thy Country's foes;"
By deeds like his embalm thy name;
By worth like his deserve thy fame;
Be, all his Trump sublime has rung,
And all thy Father's Muse has sung!

But soon as kinder Fates shall yield
Less iron harvests of the field,
When the proud Menacer has known
Her Sons can guard true Freedom's Throne;
When, ev'ry sterner duty o'er,
Fair Peace to Science shall restore
Her Heroes to the studious shade,
Where all but Wisdom's laurels fade,
—Save that the Goddess deigns to twine
Her sapient bay round Valour's shrine—
When War's dread fires no more shall burn,
O mayst thou safe, dear Youth, return,
A classic Victor to the scene
Where Wadham waves her sacred green!
May Learning then resume her Isle,
And crown thy labours with a smile!

* Blenheim Park.

And when, in fuller time, thy heart
Shall fonder images impart,
Shall sigh for Wisdom's brightest meed,
Mayst thou in *love* as *war* succeed!
May the young Soldier's early fame
Assist the Scholar's awful claim,
To charm some virtuous Maiden's eyes,
And Worth and Beauty be the prize!

TO
MR. HENRY MAVOR,
ON THE AUTHOR'S WITNESSING THE SIGNATURE OF HIS INDENTURES NOVEMBER 19, 1803.

THRICE, HENRY, has the rolling year
Warm'd in my breast the wish sincere,
To tell thee—and in Verse to tell,—
What Verse, methinks, can best reveal;
For oft the MUSE can truths impart,
And fix them deepest in the Heart—
To tell thee, how Affection's eye
Has watch'd thee, as the hour drew nigh
When all that Nature gave of rare
Shot up like May-blooms sweet and fair;
To tell thee, how, as they began
To open and unfold the Man,

I breath'd to Heav'n fond Friendship's pray'r,
That Heav'n would make those blooms its care;
And, as the growing fragrance spread,
Celestial sun and dew be shed,
Till the blest fruits shall blight defy,
Not idly ripen, fade and die.

But in Life's paths, so wild and wide,
Thus oft has Friendship softly sigh'd:
The trial of his youth to make,
Which shall my cherish'd HENRY take?
Shall that fair brow, those azure eyes,
That promise of the Hero size,
That spirit lofty yet serene,
That ardent and yet gentle mien,
Earn the proud trophies of the Field,
Or to the *milder* triumphs yield?
Shall MUSIC trance his melting soul,
The sterner passions to controul?
For sure in that young breast there dwells
The Spirit of melodious spells.
Or shall the Pencil's magic art,
Or the sweet Lyre, subdue his heart?
For sure in that young breast there lies
What heav'n-born Poesy supplies.
Or, to a different track consign'd,
Must other labours claim his mind?

Oh! to which path soe'er he bend,
May partial Providence befriend,
Still watch and help him on his way,
His guard by night, his guide by day!

For,

For, wheresoe'er that youth shall go,
A Spirit of the skies will glow.

But lo! th' eventful day appears,
And stamps the fate of future years.
Dear youth, thy pledge this night is given,
And witness'd in the face of Heaven!
Nor PAINTING's tints, nor MUSIC's sound,
Nor martial notes, though peal'd around
Responsive to a Nation's Voice,—
Nor Arts nor Arms are made thy choice;
A Power more awful and severe,
Who sees the Muse, with brow austere,
In whose unsunn'd yet golden lands
No air-built fairy castle stands;
Nor flowers of Fancy dare to blow,
Nor fabled streams presume to flow;
LAW, on his adamantine throne,
Has mark'd and seal'd thee for his own.

And must those charming talents fade
In legal Iteration's shade?
And all those vivid colours fly,
Whose brightness sham'd the Tyrian dye,
In one dull round of words and deeds,
Where Nature fails, and Art succeeds;
And Wit and Fancy, Sense and Taste,
Like noxious weeds all run to waste;
And harsh debate and puzzling phrase
Entangling Truth a thousand ways,
While Wisdom's self is heard to groan
In an eternal monotone;

And

And pert presuming Impotence
Assumes the tone of Eloquence; . . . .
Oh! must my HENRY's happy powers
Yield all their fragrance, all their flowers,
And to Law's thorny maze, resign'd,
Devote his yet unsullied mind?

Oh, no! Avaunt, aspersions vile,
And vulgar errors which beguile!
The cant of Prejudice confounds
With proverbs false and empty sounds!
Tho' oft-times foul and dark chicane
Forms an inextricable chain,
And snares by many a covert deed
Of dire delay, or cruel speed;
LAW, my lov'd HENRY, boasts a claim
Superior in the ranks of Fame,
And, when sustain'd with zeal sincere,
Is Virtue's buckler, shield, and spear:
Clad in such armour mayst thou go,
Fair Virtue's friend, and Vice's foe!

Resolv'd by honest ends to rise,
The LAW, my friend, the means supplies;
Unnumber'd objects round it wait,
To make its votaries good as great.
With awful power and generous pride,
HENRY shall take fair Honour's side;
To him the griev'd, the wrong'd, shall fly
For justice and humanity;
To him th' oppress'd shall suppliant kneel,
And sordid hearts be taught to feel;

His

His generous bosom shall disdain.
The low-born arts of length'ning pain;
His eloquence shall aid the Laws,
And plead with fervour Pity's cause;
Shall at the sick man's pillow stand,
And guide his weak reluctant hand,
Nor let the dying parent leave
A plunder'd family to grieve.
A champion for the orphan's right,
The neighbour's due, the widow's mite;
A friend to every virtuous woe,
And only to the base a foe.

Thus, in LAW's briery path, a flower
May often spring of mighty power.
The cottage rose, which Pride would rend
From some poor maid, those Laws defend;
The acres which a father gave
To some poor swain, the Laws may save;
That little field, the virgin's dower,
Which Fraud rapacious would devour,
The salutary Laws shall guard,
For Virtue's and for Love's reward.

Thus then shall HENRY's tender heart
Its native bounty still impart,
Be armed with more congenial sway,
And take a broader scope to play:
The fairest talents of his youth
Shall gain a nobler grace from Truth.
To guard the *real* cot from harm,
Exceeds the Pencil's mimic charm,

And

And Fancy's loveliest landscapes yield
To the glad peasant's rescu'd field *;
And Wisdom's smile and Mercy's tear
Shall my lov'd HENRY's choice endear:
For, whatsoe'er the art we name,
Virtue and Vice are still the same;
And whatsoe'er the ribald jest,
The upright man shall still be blest.

* This has been recently illustrated in a very singular and interesting manner. A poor widow, who received relief from Birmingham workhouse, came to the house of Mr. U., a professional gentleman, whom she had never seen before, and told him she had dreamt that he could recover an estate for her poor children, which a person unjustly detained from them; and that, although this person knew he possessed the estate unlawfully, he said he would never give it up, and that it was impossible for her to get it, as she could not afford to pay for law, and no lawyer would undertake her cause without money. Mr. U., no less concerned for the interests of the poor woman and her family than for the honour of his profession, after he had inquired into the truth of her statement, entered with becoming spirit into the business, dispossessed the man who detained the estate from her, and made him refund the arrears, and pay the costs of the suit. The poor widow and her children are now in complete enjoyment of the property thus rescued from the hands of a villain, which amounts to upwards of forty pounds a year: and thus her dream is happily accomplished.

TO

MR. GEORGE MAVOR.

AND what to you, dear blithsome boy,
Compos'd of ease and health and joy,
Fair round and sound, as hawkers cry
Their early cherries,—" Buy, come buy!"
What shall the Muse to you address
That may the Poet's love express?
For sure they both, as fondly true,
My playful George, appreciate you.

What tho' too young for War's alarms,
For Learning's or for Glory's charms;
A dearer debt to you I owe
Than Camp or College can bestow.

O when dark storms, on Winter's wing,
Forbade the cheerless Bard to sing;
When scarcely strung the chilling lyre,
Ere the verse froze upon the wire;
When Fancy's stream refus'd to flow,
And the dull thought congeal'd to snow;
When, sharper than the cutting wind,
A winter gather'd o'er the mind;
When mental vapours, storm and cloud,
Life's changeful atmosphere enshroud,
And, folded in Misfortune's gloom,
Silent I woo'd th' oblivious tomb:—

Or, still more dire, when pangs obtrude,
From cherish'd friend's ingratitude:
The eye that us'd with grief to flow,
The cheek that us'd with joy to glow,
Ic'd to their source; the faithless heart, ...
When these the hydra sting impart,
The air of that good-humoured face,
The artless jest, the mazy race,
The gleeful leap, the frolic bound,
As gay we took the garden's round;
Escaping now, now archly caught,
Beguiling thus a moment's thought—
And what for this to you I owe,
Ah! never, never mayst thou know!

And yet, dear George, immense the gain
Of one short moment stol'n from pain!
Stol'n from the gloom that wraps the mind
When trusted Friend has prov'd unkind;
More welcome than the dawning day
To the heath-wanderer on his way;
More precious than celestial light
To eyes but just restor'd to sight:
O 'tis the hope-beam, heavenly fair,
To cheer the darkness of despair.

And *what*, gay laughter-loving boy,
Your rising talents shall employ,
When you shall reach maturer time,
And claim my heart-felt wish in rhime?
Believe me, George, the happy *now*
Is smoother than your polished brow;

The

The minutes and the months more sleek
Than the young down upon your cheek;
And, save that here and there a page
Of Roman Bard or Grecian Sage
Puzzles your wit, and mars the fun
Which makes you wish the task were done,
The present are the days of glee,
And your whole life a jubilee;
And, trust me, never shalt thou share
A time, dear Youth, more void of care.

What then is left to Friendship's Muse,
But that, whatever path you choose,
Whether in Trade's tumultuous road
You toil to gain a golden load,
Or in soft solitudes you stray
Where Nature strews with flowers the way;
Whether devoted to the crowd,
Or cottager, where blossoms shroud;
Or merchant, who, to fill the sails
And waft his freight, invokes the gales;
Or holy man, on some fair green
Where you may lead a life serene
In rectory snug, your patron near,
Amidst good neighbours and good cheer,
Where fat and fair, my buxom lad,
You may be happy as your pad;
And both together take the air
As easy as your elbow chair;
And if you wive, may she, like you,
Be fat and fair, and buxom too!
Or if to sea your Fates should bend,
May day and night, as *now*, befriend!

May Thetis' self her god implore
To waft your vessel to the shore,
And gently rock you on the deep
In coral cradle as you sleep!—
In short, dear Youth, whate'er the plan
The Fates ordain for you as man,
May all the bliss you now enjoy,
With all the pains you feel as boy,
Permit you still to sport and caper,
In spite of cloud, and storm, and vapour,
Till you another GEORGE shall find
As blithe, good-humoured, and as kind,
Your frolic playfellow to be,
And give the pastime you give me!
Then son and sire like us shall race
O'er hill and dale to hiding-place.
Grant this till fourscore years are o'er,—
Affection's Muse can ask no more.

VERSES

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PICTURES IN THE EARL OF WARWICK'S COLLECTION, WHILE ON A VISIT AT THE CASTLE.

HAIL, PAINTING! hail thy wondrous lore
That thus can ages past restore,
Bid the triumphant canvass brave
The ravage of th' insatiate Grave,
And antient Time's dread wrecks repair;
Nor leave a crutch or wrinkle there!

Here, as I take a pleas'd survey
Of all that Genius can display
In TITIAN's hues, and GUIDO's air,
Or REMBRANDT's colours, rich and fair;
Arrang'd in order due, appears
The Glory of a Thousand Years.

Enraptur'd at the glowing view,
I see, in tinting bright and true,
Illustrious Heroes, Dames, and Kings,
And all that Power or Beauty brings
The Painter's kindling touch to fire,
And all his ardent soul inspire.

The Warrior-chiefs and Patriot-band
Seem breathing still in arms to stand:
Awful they rise upon the sight,
And frown, as eager for the fight:

They seem to know Britannia's wound;
And list' to hear her Trumpet's sound;
Burn in her righteous cause to start,
And feel her mighty wrongs at heart.
See how the Martial Figures glow,
To rush indignant on the Foe;
In dauntless England's hours sublime,
To triumph over Death and Time;
Show the proud Menacer his boast,
And pant to shame his daring host;
While conquering Beauty, standing near,
Blends Glory's smile with Pity's tear.

And yet to all these rooms of State,
To arts which rescue us from Fate;
That bid the pride of life rebloom,
And gain a victory o'er the Tomb....
Yes—to all these, though dear to Fame,
Yon' private Scenes more homage claim:
The Castle's *habitable* part
Gives fairer pictures to the heart;
There Truth and Genius hold their reign,
And Beauty charms without her train:
There Virtue keeps her milder sway,
While painted Shadows melt away.

Whate'er was shown of good and great,
Conspicuous in those rooms of State,
In real life here bloom in shade,
What Painting's Magic never made:
The living hand there plies its art,
The living voice there moves the heart.

The

The noble Matron there we find
Yields all the treasures of her mind;
Calls forth the mental bud and flower,
Herself the animating Power:
Now see her every grace impart
That aids the form or decks the heart:
The pencil now, and now the lyre,
By turns the youthful breast inspire;
Now teach the energies of Soul
To shed their lustre o'er the whole,
While every beauteous Charge receives
The awful lessons which she gives,
Yet scarce forbear to mourn the wealth
Thus purchas'd by a Mother's health.

Not RAPHAEL's hues, nor TITIAN's dye,
Can touching forms like these supply:
CORREGIO, ROSA, VERONESE,
With all their art ne'er tint like these.
Such groupes by Nature's GOD are giv'n,
And all the colours are from Heav'n;
They boast a soft retiring ray,
That yields through shades a lovelier day;
They seek the sweet domestic dome
Where the Mind feels itself at *home*;
The mild retreat which Virtue loves,
And modest Wisdom best approves.
Obvious to every honour'd guest,
The beauteous figures stand confess'd;
And generous Sons and Daughters fair
The Matron-Painter's power declare.

Here, her illustrious groupe around,
The graceful Artist will be found:

 Fair

Fair WARWICK here her Wreath shall claim,
The Garland of Maternal Fame;
While filial hands shall deck the parent-shrine,
And for a Mother's heart the tender chaplet twine.

TO A LADY*,

WHO CONVERTED A STRAW COTTAGE INTO A CARD-BOX.

YOUR Cot—so elegantly neat—
Might be Felicity's retreat;
And Lovers, such as we are told
Dwelt in the Cottages of old,
Where Shepherd-Swain and Shepherdess
Liv'd only to be bless'd and bless,
Might, just on such a spot, secure
A *Paradise in Miniature*.

There, little Man and little Wife
Might lead the true Arcadian life;
And could we, two of Elfin race
Establish in this charming place,
A tiny couple of that kind
Might there a fairy palace find.
And say, what prouder domes could match
Their small abode, tho' roof'd with thatch?
There's something in it so complete,
The blest Utopia smiles so sweet,

* Miss A. Thomason.

And looks—to Fancy's eye—so fair,
Would I were one of such a pair!

Such was the wish when first I saw
This beauteous Paradise of Straw;
But when the Furniture appear'd,
For which this Paradise was rear'd,
—A Magazine for Cards and Fishes,—
Swift as a thought I chid my wishes.

And, oh! I sigh'd,—and made wry faces,—
That I could pack off those four Aces;
That I might change those Knaves and Deuces
To things more fit for Cottage uses!
Then should the pompous Kings and Queens
Be all dismiss'd to prouder scenes;
Their Sceptres turn to CUPID's Darts,
And yet I'd hold the honest—Hearts.
But if a Diamond I should keep,
'Twould only be to purchase Sheep.
Perhaps I might the Spades retain,
As emblems of the happy Swain:
But if the Club staid in the Cot,
'Twould be as Guardian of the Spot,
Lest an INVADER dar'd to come
And violate the Peasant's *Home*.

A Cottage full of *cards* is strange!
In truth, fair Builder, you must change
—Which you can do with equal ease—
To sweet simplicities like these:
Your ready and creative hand
Will be obedient to command,

Will

Will bid each rural charm appear,
Till all that Fancy loves seems near;
The goodly China, in a row,
Shall on the Corner-cupboard glow;
The nut-brown Table shall be there,
The willow Couch and wicker Chair,
The Cuckoo Clock, and Bird-Cage small,
And Sampler gay, above them all;
A Picture meet for Parent's eye,
In token of fair industry.

But still, to crown the blest retreat,
A happy Pair must seem to sit—
A Strephon fit for Cottage Bride;
A Chloe smiling by his side;
The Chimney Corner these must grace,
Meet Furniture for that snug place;
And, while the social Faggots burn,
Each Comfort seems to take its turn;
And, that they may not pastime lack,
You may allow of Cards a pack,
Folded in paper three times double,
Just to consult in Joy or Trouble;
To see what Fortune has in store,
And when she means to frown no more;
And, when she smiles upon the past,
To find how long those smiles shall last:
Or, now and then, in stormy weather,
To play a harmless game together:
And blithesome thus, while rolls the year,
Their very Sorrows to endear.

Now when you thus have dress'd the spot,
The Muse shall call it ANNA's Cot,

Where

Where every Youth and Maid may see
What Cottage Furniture should be.
And though 'tis only Fancy gay,
That loves with Forms like these to play;
Which every Maid and every Youth
May, if they please, convert to Truth;
And, if they study Nature's Laws,
May realize what ANNA draws:
And though it seems a shining vapour,
Compos'd of pasteboard, straw, or paper,
Fit only for a Baby-house,
And Folks no bigger than a Mouse;
Yet may the Virtuous and the Wise,
Of any age, or sex, or size,
Who've learn'd true happiness to scan,
A Cottage build on ANNA's plan.
Though hers is an Epitome,
They may improve on what they see.
'Tis but enlarging such a spot,
To blend a Palace with a Cot.

Life is, indeed, a House of Cards,
But the best Trumps are such Rewards.
O then, since *you* that House have rear'd,
And Virtue has your taste endear'd,
That you those best rewards may share,
Shall henceforth be the Poet's prayer;
Till every Cottage joy be known,
Form'd on a model of your own.

THE WOUNDED MIND.

TO A FRIEND.

To all the Ills of varying Life,
To public and to private Strife;
To loss of Pleasure, Comfort, Wealth,
And e'en that Loss of Losses—HEALTH:
To these, the Suff'rer Man's resign'd,
To all things, but—A WOUNDED MIND.

But foul Detraction's felon breath
Is sharper than the sting of Death,
And serpent Envy's aspic tongue,
Whose venom in the dark is flung:
What Suff'rer is to these resign'd?
For these produce—A WOUNDED MIND.

Oh! for such Poisons, slow and sure,
Say what can minister a Cure?
What potent herb, or mental balm,
'Midst these, the Suff'rer Man can calm?
What healing Med'cine can he find
To anodyne—A WOUNDED MIND?

Yes,—there's a Cure, and one alone,
And that, my injur'd Friend, 's your own:
The GOD, the GOD within the breast,
Shall charm the Suff'rer Man to rest:
This was by Heav'n itself assign'd,
A TRIUMPH for—THE WOUNDED MIND.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

THE COUNSELS OF AFFECTION.

TO THE AUTHOR'S GRANDSON.

INTO my room whene'er you pop,
You think it is some workman's shop,
A *Poet's* shop—where scraps and scratches,
Made like a motley quilt of patches;
A sonnet here, and there a song,
Impromptu short, or epic long;
The fragment of an essay here,
The remnant of a drama there;
Here, to the Muse, a single line,
There, an address to all the Nine:
A queer mixt medley, old and new,
Just as you make an Irish stew;
The Poet thus crams things together,
And stirs them with a *Goose's feather.*

Rhyming, dear youth, is often said
To be a megrim of the head,
Caught chiefly in our early days
From novels, magazines, and plays:
With some, alas! 'tis in the blood,
'Tis then as natural as food:
When its first symptom is a sigh,
'Tis darted from a lady's eye:

But

But when to master giv'n by miss,
'Twixt jest and earnest in a kiss,
The smitten youth, in melting lays,
Shows he is struck a thousand ways,
And straight acrostics by the score,
Charades and rebuses *galore*,
Seize his poor pate, and off he goes,
Till the poor bard's brain-fever glows;
Then hot and cold his fit by turns,
And now he freezes, now he burns,
Till bound in strong poetic chains
A rhymester he for life remains.

Yet the gay links his ear so tingle,
He loves to hear the fetters jingle—
Hugs them with fondness to his heart,
And would not with one rivet part.
'Tis a sweet madness, which appears,
When truly touch'd, to grow with years.
Nay some, dear TURNER, as you see,
Become incurables like me,
And feel the rhyming power so strong,
They seem to live and die in song;
E'en like the swan, who, in a ditty,
Expires so pastoral and pretty.

Yet most things have their worth, dear youth!
E'en Fable is the friend of Truth;
And from this rhiming trick of mine,
Ere I the cherish'd lyre resign,
And quit the Muses, I would fain
Pour forth the salutary strain;

For you invoke the tuneful band,
And strike the chords with friendly hand.
My verse to other friends you view,
And wish some lines address'd to you.
Strange and unnatural the Muse,
Could she her tend'rest aid refuse,
Where Love and Nature both conspire
To harmonize the kindred lyre.

Lines to my GRANDSON! word of fears
To those who would conceal their years;
For *Grandpapa*, dear boy, you know,
Speaks crippled hands, and head of snow,
And feeble voice, and tott'ring pace,
And shaking head, and wrinkled face;
To Grand-*mammas*, indeed, this truth
Seems harsh, when bent on second youth;
But antient *Gentlemen* reveal
The symptoms that they *can't conceal*,
And when the silver hair is shown,
The years that brought it they will own;
Yet, lest you should them *older* guess,
Are somewhat vain, while they confess.
But, TURNER, were I older still,
Old as your Hoath's far famous hill,
In rhime I'd tell, and glory too,
In verse or prose, to profit you.
O thou lov'd object of my care,
In whom kind Nature opens fair
Her embryo stores, which fostering Time
Shall sweetly ripen into prime,
Shall bid each virtue spring to birth,
The bloom and fruit of heav'n on earth!

Hail

Hail to that air of bounding joy,
The blest delirium of a boy!
I love that leap, so gay and wild!
The ecstasy of Nature's child.
I glory in that hasty kiss;
'Tis unsophisticated bliss.
I dote upon that arch grimace,
That plays the wag in TURNER's face:
And for that hero's strut and stride,
Apeing the prince or warrior's pride—
That tragic stilt, or comic glee,—
They have a thousand charms for me.
While yet the down is on your chin,
They note a paradise within;
They note, or I'm no poet true,
What mellowing time shall bring to view.

Poets were prophets in old time,
Why not in days of modern rhime?
Their aim, their end, their means the same,
Why not assert an equal claim?
As one of the prophetic train,
Our sacred charter I maintain;
And now oracular foretell,
O mark the blest prediction well!—
That, when your boyish days are o'er,
Ere you have measur'd years a score,
Those spirits, which, in nature's play,
Run with your little self away,
Scarce wanting wings in air to fly,
Like some young eaglet of the sky;
And in your warm pursuit of fun,
Would dare, like him, the beamy sun;

Sport

Sport in his strongest blaze, and soon
Out-travel Herschel in the moon;
As if a star had giv'n you birth,
And you came down to visit earth.....
Yet, midst all this, the Muse can see
So far into the Fates' decree,
That, as you reach fair manhood's day,
You, too, shall give a steady ray;
Shall animate, yet not affright
With momentary meteor light;
But genial warmth around impart,
The sun-shine of a gen'rous heart.

Yet still, dear ardent boy, beware,
O be the Muse your guiding star!
And while she seems, like you, to play,
Much may she stead you on the way!
For many a gust, in summer seas,
May to a tempest work the breeze;
And though like Zephyr now you move,
As if your sails were fann'd by Love,
And budding life looks gay around,
As if lost Paradise were found;
Another Eden, fair and new,
On purpose made, dear lad, for you:....
Yet, if you stray where Fancy leads,
Or Passion, which no counsel heeds,
Too stubborn grown for Wisdom's school,
You still may live and die a fool;
Yea, though a hundred years were told,
'Twould only be a fool grown old.

Thrice envied is your present date,
The happiest in the round of Fate!
From sorrow and from sickness free,
Believe me, 'tis life's jubilee.

Of Vice, you scarcely know the name,
As far from blaming as from blame;
And so immaculate your breast,
That Virtue is its native guest.
How blissful, could such innocence
For ever be its own defence!
How blest, to glide from boyish time,
To life's decay, in moral prime;
The child of Love, and Joy, and Truth,
To latest age, from earliest youth:
Oh! were such gracious bounty giv'n,
'Twou'd be indeed on earth a heav'n.

But VIRTUE's self, alas! demands
That *her* allies should know the bands,
The numerous bands that ambush'd lie
To snare her truest votary.
And, O thou dear unconscious boy!
What hordes stand eager to annoy,
What foes in diff'rent forms array'd
Are all preparing to invade!
Not He who now with dæmon ire
Is vast enough the Globe to fire;
Not e'en the fateful Corsican
Could, on his universal plan,
So desolate, destroy, molest,
As one base Passion in the breast,

That

That puts to rout its guardians fair,
And acts the ruthless tyrant there.
For one such bosom-foe in arms
More than the Despot's host alarms!

Ah! be it then the Poet's care
To point at ev'ry covert snare
That serpent Vice shall guileful lay,
To make your tender youth its prey;
To note false Pleasure's specious claims,
And show you all her arts and aims;
That, should she meet you face to face,
And woo you to a fond embrace,
Whate'er her beauty, spells, or charms,
You may be found in equal arms,
Spread Virtue's shield before your heart,
And save from Vice's poison'd dart.

And first 'gainst ANGER's raging power,
Which ev'ry virtue would devour,
Arm the first temper of *your* soul,
That furious Giant to controul;
For, Oh! unless you can subdue,
He, by degrees, will vanquish you,
Impose a Vassal's servile pains,
And drag you in his galling chains.

Anger 's a monster, fierce and strong,
And always most inflam'd when wrong;
Will advocate, and rave, and fight,
Nay bleed, to prove that wrong is right.

The

The sea, when vext, can less deform,
And change less suddenly to storm,
And far less wild or mad appear,
Causing, in gentle minds, less fear
Than this fell Tiger of the breast,
When by his adversary prest;
And all he deems his foes, who stand
Against his proud and dread command;
And while red Phrensy fires his cheek,
And Passion swells—too vast to speak,
Or, if it finds a voice, is loud
As thunder from the bursting cloud;
Then, what is Parent, Friend, or Wife,
Or all the Charities of Life?
Where are the tender ties that bind
The kindred Heart, the filial Mind?
All 'whelm'd beneath foul Anger's wave,
Where Reason's wreck'd and finds a grave.

I know you oft will hear it said,
Tho' Anger is thus fierce and dread,
He dwells in many a generous mind,
And that the passionate are kind;
That, like the fury of a Lover,
The hot and raging fit's soon over.
Allow'd; but thus 'tis with the gun,
Whose mischief in a moment's done:
A single flash, and there's an end. . . .
But that one flash may wound a friend.
Thus Anger, by a single spark,
May carry Murder to its mark.

And yet Good-humour, when 'tis even,
Is a peculiar boon of Heav'n:
In Son, in Father, Husband, Wife,
Oh! 'tis the very charm of Life;
It can a thousand ways prevail,
When ev'ry other grace shall fail;
Nay, it shall give the plainest face
A conquest oft denied a Grace,
To man and woman shall impart
The pow'r to win and *keep* a heart.

Is a Friend injur'd? 'twill be found
Pouring a balm upon the wound:
Does Anger rave? it has the skill
To bid the storm of life be still;
It calms, by accents sweet and kind,
The mad tornado of the Mind:
Do Sickness, Sorrow, Want, betide,
And spread their random mischief wide?
Good-humour has for these a charm;
That, if it cannot quite disarm
Misfortune, Poverty, and Grief,
To all of these it brings relief;
And, where the ill admits not cure,
That ill can help us to endure;
Smiling, will half our burthens bear,
And even quarrel for its share:
But that alone the generous strife,
That darkens true Good-humour's life.

But he who wants this gentle guide,
E'en if he has no ill beside,
If *Health* and Wealth can give no more,
And Beauty smiles upon his store,

Is yet a most unhappy elf,
A scourge to others and himself:
And, in one line his fate to tell,
He carries in his breast—a Hell.

Blest be the Powers! that gift divine,
Good-humour, my dear TURNER, 's thine:
I see it with a grateful eye,
And bend in homage to the sky
From whence it comes, and feel my heart
A kindred influence impart;
For, by experience, well I know
What comforts from this source will flow:
'Tis a felicity of Fate,
Which, from my soul, I gratulate.
Happier the Beggar born to this,
Than to a Throne without its bliss;
If Nature, less than Fortune kind,
Denies this Sceptre of the Mind;
A Sceptre which, with sov'reign sway,
The subject World doth pleas'd obey.
How have I seen it, like the morn
When dew-drops glisten on the thorn,
Shine on the peasant's homely shed,
And bless the meanest board and bed!
How have I seen it too prevail,
Where Fortune blew a fairer gale,
With gentle rule guide private life,
And govern Beings form'd for strife;
By soothing art, the fierce subdue,
Yet prove to Nature fondly true!

Yes, thank the Powers, Heav'n-favour'd Boy!
This bosom-comfort you enjoy:

And though I sometimes see a start
That strikes upon my kindred heart;
And hear a question or reply
That wakes the momentary sigh;
And more than once have felt a tear,
At once the proof of Love and Fear,
When the voice thunder'd harsh and high;
And Passion's lightning arm'd the eye;
Your tender youth, and quick return
From all that made my fond heart mourn,
To filial duty, soft caress,
And all that can a Parent bless,
Made me repent those doubts of love,
Which your own Virtue will remove.

But *why* to you her deeds rehearse,
And with her crimes pollute my verse?
You, who will forge no fraudful art,
Nor hurl conceal'd the poison'd dart:
You, who will ne'er the weak oppress,
But seek the injur'd to redress:
You, who will Merit try to shield,
And in its cause the weapon wield.

May all that lur'd *my* youth away
Ne'er lead your sober steps astray;
Nor Love's, nor e'en the Muses' fire,
A zeal too warm, too fond, inspire;
Nor e'en Benevolence, though bless'd,
A beam from Heav'n itself confess'd
To light the traveller on his way,
And cheer Misfortune with its ray;
To soothe the Woe too vast to speak,
And dry the tear on Virtue's cheek;

Tempt

Tempt you to deviate from the line
Which every Virtue should confine!

Promiscuous Bounty gives the food
Appropriate to the Wise and Good,
To Fraud, to Folly, and to Art,
Which ill repay the generous heart.
These on the lib'ral breast obtrude,
And pierce it with INGRATITUDE;
Like the vile Snake, inflict a wound
On him who rais'd it from the ground.

Dear kindred Youth!—oh! when too late
I've found such hard return my fate,
How have I shrunk from human kind,
And sought a solace for the mind
In the recesses of the shade!
And woo'd Imagination's aid,
Some fair creation of her own
To place upon my bosom's throne,
Some vision'd Friend, who ne'er in thought
A tender Benefit forgot;—
And thus have found a sweet relief
In fancied good from real grief:
For, sure, the sharpest ill we know
Is Friendship when it buys a Foe:
Buys it by deeds that should insure
The Mind, whose wounds it sought to cure.

Yet never let Suspicion's eye
Prompt you to pass the Wretched by;
Or raise a rash ungenerous fear,
That all you see is insincere.

The

The marks of Sickness ne'er deceive;
The signs of Death you must believe;
The wasted form, and pallid cheek,
And catching breath, to Pity speak;
And when the mangled Wretch you meet,
Dragging his remnants through the street,
E'en tho' the boastive wound he shows,
And tells the story of his blows,
His naval feats, or martial scars,
And all the trophies of his wars;
Ah! think not these a borrow'd tale—
The marks of Truth can never fail;
And if th' assisting limbs are gone,
The reliques are Compassion's own:
When half the active man is dead,
Unfit to dig, he begs for bread.

And, oh! unnumber'd ills behind
Have claims upon the generous mind;
Full many are the wants reveal'd,
But more and deeper are conceal'd:
These never meet the general eye;
Unseen the Tear, unheard the Sigh:
Like waters mighty and profound,
Oft out of sight, alas! and sound:
Oh, let thy feet *their* haunts explore!
Oh, let thy hand their hopes restore!
Oh, let thy bounty here impart
A solace to the breaking heart!

Still many a varying theme, dear Youth,
Of import great to wholesome Truth,

The

The Muse of Friendship has to sing,
When hast'ning Time shall on his wing
The Years of riper Thought produce,
And make the Verse of greater Use.

'Twere but a waste of mental power
To antedate Reflection's hour;
Ambition, Vengeance, Love of Gain,
And Passion's mad and fateful Train,
And phrensied Jealousy, and Pride,
And many a foe to Man beside,
And Love itself, the child of Care,
To bid you *now* of these beware;—
To tell you, though like Heav'n they smile,
Not Hell itself can more beguile;
Would be to crowd the present time
With Forms of yet unthought-of crime.—
As life proceeds, Affection's eye
Shall watch the Seasons as they fly;
Th' attendant Muse shall still be near,
And like some Guardian Sylph appear;
Note all a generous heart should know,
To aid your progress here below.

Till then, dear Youth, be blithe as May,
Nor cloud with care Youth's holiday;
Nor let a presage intervene
To disemparadise the scene:
Be still good-humour'd, gay, and kind,
AND BUILD A HEAV'N WITHIN YOUR MIND.

LINES

PRESENTED TO THE SAME, WITH THE "BRITISH NEPOS*."

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome, and every Name
Sacred at once to Virtue and to Fame;
Whate'er the World's imperial Mistress taught,
Her Warriors conquer'd, or her Students thought,
In Latian Realms,—the Brave, the Good, the Wise,
The Schools will place before your wond'ring eyes.
SOLON the Good, and PLATO the Divine,
And the proud Chieftains of the CÆSAR line;
TULLY the Learn'd, and SENECA the Sage,
Are all emblazon'd in the classic page;
Of these already you have read the praise—
Their fame—the lesson of your boyish days.

But, ah! the fervors of my patriot heart
Would now a pleasure nearer *home* impart;
Sanction'd by Truth, and touch'd with fond delight,
Would *Albion*'s Heroes set before your sight:
Her *Native* Rights, with heart enraptur'd, show,
And teach your bosom, like my own, to glow;
All that is Briton in your soul would fire,
And many a god-like energy inspire.

In this rich volume, dearest Youth, survey
The awful claims our Albion may display:
Oh! take the Gift, and sacred be its place;
'Tis a rare Jewel in a beauteous case.

* An excellent class-book for the emulation of youth, by Dr. MAVOR,

Fix it on faithful Mem'ry's Tablet fair,
And guard it with a more than filial care:
The *story* of your Birth-right there behold,
Where generous Thoughts, and Deeds sublime, are told.

See, and admire, array'd in order due,
As the Historian moves his pencil true;
The Worthies of the Isle,—a chosen Band!
As in "their days of nature" seem to stand;
Breathing of Virtue pure, and Sense refin'd,
The boast of Man,—the Lords of human kind!
Vivid and warm, lo Bards and Heroes shine,
Proud Rome and Athens! bright and brave as thine;
Or thine, immortal Greece! though HOMER strung
His deathless harp till all thy mountains rung.

Praise to the Heathen Lyre! wherever found
Talent, or Worth, let Glory's Trumpet sound;
Wherever awful Genius may reside,
The Muse shall hail it with a patriot pride:
Light of the Earth! it is the spark of Heav'n!
Not to one Clime, but to all Nature giv'n:
Shine where it may, with homage will I bend,
Not to a Foe, but to Creation's Friend.
Thus Sol's blest beams, though in the East they rise,
Spread more and more till they illume the skies;
To Nature's utmost bounds diffuse the day,
And countless worlds partake the genial ray.

Yet let us to our own fair fame be true;
Ourselves to reverence, is no maxim new;
The Christian Lyre, and Laurel, sure, commands
The Wreath of Honours wove by Christian hands;

Our ALFREDS, SYDNEYS, NEWTONS, HAMPDENS, claim;
BACON of wise, and DRAKE of glorious fame;
MILTON, the British Muses' darling boast;
And Avon's matchless Bard—himself a Host!

These, and unnumber'd more like these, appear,
And the fair Volume, which I send, endear:
As in a pictur'd Gallery, here you find
The form and figure of BRITANNIA's mind,
Tints of her heart, and touches of her soul,
Wrought by the Painter to a beauteous whole.
Here you observe her shine divinely fair,
Her Friends' just Glory, and her Foes' Despair.

A POETICAL

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

Dr. BREE, of BIRMINGHAM,

FROM THE AUTHOR AT BATH;

CONTAINING A PARALLEL BETWEEN THOSE TOWNS.

I thank you, Doctor, for your prose,
Wherein your wonted Friendship glows;
Wherein, as usual, you condense,
Well mixed good counsel and good sense.
For most disorders that attach
To feeble mortals you 're a match,
And for each great or little ill,
Within the reach of draught or pill,
However sharp the pain or grief,
I should, from you, expect relief.

But one there is—distemper strange!
A sort of irritating *mange*;
That the Materia Medica,
Clubbing the art, could ne'er allay.
The *Rhyming Itch* is a disease
Which only rhyming can appease;
And when all pow'rs of med'cine fail,
Sometimes a stanza may prevail;

But when the inflammation 's strong,
The remedy, of course, is long.

Yet, not confin'd to Spring and Fall,
With *me* 't is constitutional;
I'm subject to it all the year,
And several fits since I 've been here
Have my poor Fancy much annoy'd,
And kept me constantly employed.
And truly, in a town like this,
The malady I scarce could miss;
There's something in the air that's catching,
And half my time I have been scratching:
A kind of intermittent case,
Caught in this verse-creating place;
Where causes of the Bard's disease
Spring up with almost ev'ry breeze,
Sudden, a thousand symptoms strong
Break out, and then go off in song.
It seizes at a ball or play,
At parties grave, and parties gay;
Frolic or Folly, Fun or Spite,
Brings on the fit, and makes him write.

And though I here was struck before,
I find the mischief is not o'er;
The Muse is a Tarantula,
Whose bite we *sing*, not dance away.
Indeed, I've thought—but may be out—
The Poets feel a sort of gout
Peculiar to their own poor heads;
And though not chaining them to beds,

Like

Like martyrs of the smarting toe,
It often comes and goes, I know.

On *my* poor nerves th' effect is plain,
I feel it swell in ev'ry vein;
Behold, already, how it rages!
But yet, I hope, a few more pages,
As earnest I apply in time
The soothing anodyne of rhyme—
If you have patience to endure,
—Will work a temporary cure.

Methinks I see in this great town
A strong resemblance to your own;
A strange comparison, you'll say,
'Twixt one so dull and one so gay!
True, Birmingham's to trade confin'd:
Yet Commerce of a different kind,
And somewhat in a different way,
More showy, popular, and gay,
The Manufacture sometimes pretty,
Is carried on in this fam'd city.

Upon an old establish'd planning,
We still deal here in Bath japanning:
Not wrought in paper, or on tin,
But a soft varnish for the skin,
Prepar'd with such surprising grace,
It re-creates an antient face,
Fills up each wrinkle, plait and chink,
And so veneers, that you would think

The

The polish'd mirror had more specks
Than the new creature it reflects;
The young old Lady then appears
In all the bloom of fourscore years!

And I should notice, as we pass,
That sometimes here we work in *brass*:
This branch of trade we show by night,
Like auction goods by candle-light;
Expos'd in Exhibition-rooms,
Where Beauty everlasting blooms;
Or, if it fades, we can renew,
And bring it fairer to the view;
Bid Cupids, Venuses and Graces,
Long after they've resign'd their places
To Crowfeet, Furrows, Pits and Pimples,
Revive, with all the Smiles and Dimples:
Simply by using the Bath Varnish,
Which neither Time nor Chance can tarnish.

Here, too, both Art and Nature bend
Mutual, their damag'd wares to mend;
And often, where the latter fails,
The former in the work prevails;
For in her toil the Belles unite,
And show their articles each night;
Their undress'd Figures, Statues, Blocks,
Enough to melt, or harden rocks;
Enough to make e'en Lovers freeze,
To see them brave the midnight breeze,
To see them *breast* the wint'ry sky,
In noble scorn of drapery!

And

And courting, prodigal of treats,
The "Wind, that kisses all it meets."

Were I to run the Parallel
'Twixt the dark town, wherein you dwell,
And this, all rear'd of free-stone white,
Comparisons would still be right!
In point of Trade, you see we vie
With yours in Manufactory;
And sure our Mistresses of Arts
Discover as good natural parts,
To polish and to mend a toy,
As any Artist you employ.

But, for a fascinating cram,
What are your mobs at Birmingham
To those which Fashion here displays
In her inextricable maze?
Here, 'tis a Herculean bout
To elbow through a well-pack'd rout:
'Tis easier to thread *your* mazes,
'Midst all your burnishings and blazes.
And here the furnaces polite,
Kindled by day to flame at night,
Make all the Belles and pretty Fellows
Fume, fuss and blow, like BOLTON'S Bellows
And nothing, at your fam'd Soho,
Such crucibles and forges show.
Your world of Buttons and of Rings
Must yield, my Friend, to BLADUD'S Springs;
And Birminghamians, to a man,
Will see we beat them at Japan.

Nor

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

Nor yet in other dext'rous ways
May you do more than share the bays.
Doctor, although I know full well
Your townfolk in an art excell,
With help of Gentile, and of Jew,
To make the false appear the true;
To turn a *Blank* into a prize,
That shall deceive all honest eyes;
Transmuting metals with such skill,
You seem to have a Money-Mill,
Which goes so magically round,
It grinds a Shilling to a Pound;
And with surprising Alchemy
You give it such a currency,
The King—God save the mark—*your* crown
Might take—Heav'n bless him!—for his own.
And a Brum Guinea from *your* mint,
Although it scarce had sixpence in't,
Might so the sacred Image bear,
'Twas George's honest stamp you'd swear.

Great are the claims of Birmingham,
I own, for this majestic sham;
And Maia's Son, the God of Cheats,
Could ne'er surpass your Counterfeits:
In truth, that Forger in the skies
Your Money-Mills with help supplies;
Bidding each Farthing base inherit
Some of his own Mercurial spirit.

But in the *coining* art, my Friend,
All Birmingham to Bath must bend;

Indeed,

Indeed, no part of Britain's nation
Can beat us at *this* Fabrication:
Here, in such wondrous vogue the trade is,
The Firm can boast of Lords and Ladies;
Believe, our polish'd hordes of Skippers
Surpass, in slight of hand, your Clippers.
You've none so well can forge a face,
Or cheat you with so good a grace;
Or neighbour's goods so quick purloin,
Or put off base for sterling coin;
Make copper look like silver pure,
And Bristol stones like gems allure;
And tinsel gaudier powers unfold,
To charm the eye, than *virgin* gold:
All this is here so understood
To be intrinsically good,
Th' ingenious processes so neat,
The operation so complete,
The nice machinery so true,
To bring a perfect whole to view,
That, in this commerce most refin'd,
We leave, I think, the world behind.

Another article is ours,
Proud GUNNERY! with all its pow'rs;
And, sooth to say, in that great trade
Bath has such vast improvements made,
That Birmingham, though three times bigger,
Cannot presume to pull the trigger:
Our Ladies here profess the art
Of musketry, to pierce the heart,

So many fascinating ways,
That their light troops must wear the bays;
Like Patent Pistols, they require
No hacking Flints to rouse the fire;
But Flint itself can teach to feel,
And soon subdue a breast of steel.

At Bath, in beautiful array,
I see them exercise each day;
And, at least nine times out of ten,
Manœuvring better than the men:
And such good gen'ralship appears,
When they beat up for Volunteers;
Or when a raw recruit they find,
With so much care they drill his mind;—
Or when he dares their power to brave,
Scorning to be e'en Beauty's slave.
The proud corps male, though here a band
Arm for the glory of the land,
And feel the military heat,
Must seek for safety in retreat,
Or else must be content to sigh
In Cupid's soft captivity;
Or bound in rosy chains for life,
Unless they snap them in the strife.

Your Artisans, poor devils! tire on
The sounding brass, or stubborn iron;
Labour 'midst sulphur, fire, and smoke,
And pour their souls at ev'ry stroke;
And, after all their work is done,
But thump and hammer out a gun,

A sword, a bayonet, or pike:
Our Artists, in a *moment strike*:
You drive a dull and tedious trade,
Our armoury is ready made;
All beauteous from a mould of Nature,
Dress'd cap-a-pie, is each fair creature;
Form'd of materials that catch,
Prim'd, cock'd, and ready for a *match*;
And, braver than Leonidas,
Nobly defend or make a pass:
No dilatory plans they know,
But, like a rocket, off they go.
And, ere *your* Founderies produce
A single cannon fit for use;
Which, after all your pains and wit,
May, in the proving, burst or split;
Our lovely Bath artillery
Kill in the twinkle of an eye;
Nay, tho' they take their aim so sure,
Soon after killing *they* can cure—
Order their dead to live again,
And more than "thrice can slay the slain."

Then, for Sharp-Shooters—O ye powers!
What Female Troops can rank with ours?
Doctor, our Rifle-*Women* fair
May strike an army with despair:
Dear Son of fam'd Machaon, say,
Who can like these in ambush lay?
So top the hedge, or in a ditch
Await, or batter in the breach?

Do

Do so much mischief with a shot,
And die, or conquer, on the spot?

And then for *Miners!*—mighty Stars!
O Venus! Queen of Scarfs and Scars,
Say, who can boast such charming wiles,
As those you arm with Loves and Smiles?
In ev'ry well-directed sigh,
A Zephyr shakes a Battery;
And who can scale Ambition's walls?
When one soft tear from Woman falls,
A Trench in each sweet Dimple lies,
And Victory sparkles in her Eyes.

'Tis true our Female Warriors fight,
And frequently attack, by night;
And choose to throw th' unerring dart,
As if in ambush, at the Heart;
And, ere to arm the Trumpet sound,
Thus, imperceptibly, gain ground:—
The Mine is sprung, the Ball has sped,
The Victor crown'd, the Vanquish'd dead:
The Battle bravely fought and won,
Ere the foe thought it had begun,
By Fair Field-Marshals of the plain,
Triumphant in a *coup-de-main.*
These Warriors act on double plans;
As Instruments and Artisans;
They are, themselves, as you must know,
At once the Quiver and the Bow;
The Sword, the Spear, the Lance, or Pike,
And vanquish with what arms they like.

Nor only Youthful Heroes yield,
But practis'd Vet'rans quit the field;
E'en hoary Age their prowess feels,
Dragg'd at the Victor's chariot-wheels.

Another point that prompts my rhyme,
Is our grand Quarrel here with *Time*:
With *you* he labours hard his powers,
Yet you 're contented with his hours;
Or, if you think his pace might mend,
Upon the whole you call him Friend.
At BATH he never can succeed,
Although himself an Invalid;
Whether on Crutches or on Wings
He creeps or flies to these gay Springs,
He's ever in an awkward strait,
His day too soon, or else too late.
Or if, perchance, he nicks the minute
For Belles or Beaux to saint or sin it;
So quick the wish'd-for moment's past,
Or else so long the visits last,
Charybdis here, and Scylla there,
Th' insulted God is in despair.

A town of pastime you suppose
This Bath, where Time himself might doze;
O strange mistake! in half a year
You ne'er can catch him napping here:—
A tann'd and trowser'd cabin-boy
In packet-boat has less employ,
When the sick passengers demand
Assistance from his busy hand—

Than

Than has this hard-work'd Deity,
And all his slaving Family.
Doctor, by both Time's wings I swear,
He's not a *second* here to spare;
From night to day, from day to night,
He seems to run as in a *fright*;
Nor would it be an idle notion
To call him the Perpetual Motion.
Whether on horseback, or on foot,
In shoe, in slipper, or in boot,
In sandals, gaiters, or in spurs,
In satins, velvets, or in furs;
Or in the high-ton'd nakedness,
Which Fashion calls her Ev'ning Dress;
Whether he moves on wheels, or legs,
The Veteran here for quarter begs.

Instead of hours but twenty-four,
Were each compos'd of twenty more—
Ladies who love to correspond,
The kind, the busy, or the fond,
Their letters, whether prose or rhyme,
From Bath, would still complain of *Time*:
"Dear Ann! I'm fagg'd thro' day and night,
"I've not a moment left to write;
"I really *now*, my sweetest Friend,
"Purloin from sleep the words I send;
"My card-racks with invites are broke,
"For thirty ev'nings I'm bespoke:
"This very day—'tis striking three—
"I've promis'd half the world to see.

"Dear Ann, I steal the time for you,
"To say—I can no more—Adieu!"

Time here, at Bath, is like a horse
That ever runs the self same course;
A horse, my Friend, that in his mill
Never gets on, yet ne'er stands still;
Whirling eternally his round,
Till jaded without gaining ground.
This *proves* him the Perpetual Motion,
And on this proof I make a motion—
That—for this grand discovery,
My claim is good on Ministry:
As truth is not the worse for rhyme,
For my reward I'll trust to *Time*.

Thus far in sport the Muse of glee,
Shading her aims in pleasantry,
Has struck the frolic lyre; but now,
With sober air, and serious brow,
Ere to a close her subject draws,
She pours the note of just applause.
Tho' Bath is PLEASURE's wide domain,
And vast and numerous her train;
Tho' all her Vot'ries here disport,
And here, in truth, she holds her court;
Tho' FASHION here has fix'd her throne,
And proudly mark'd it for her own;
Tho' *they* stroll here who've nought to do,
Tir'd of themselves and others too;—
A desp'rate but a true Bath case—
Tho' 'tis a d——d good lounging-place;

Tho' NONCHALANCE, with careless air,
Comes down to saunter and to stare,
And drags his listless length along,
The weakest thing that e'er was strong;
Of nods profuse, of words so spare,
There was a tax on tongues you'd swear;—
And truly, Premier Addington,
'Mongst your new schemes this might be *one* :—
Indeed these *dummy* kind of Beaux
Might speech reduce to Ayes and Noes.—
But then the *Belles*,—— I'll leave off joking,
The subject here grows too provoking:—
Tho' Bath is sought by WANT and WEALTH,
The general Hospital of HEALTH;
Tho' such as FORTUNE long has troubled,
And such as long HOPE's Cape have doubled;
Adventurers of either sex,
Whom FANCIES or whom FEELINGS vex;
Who with their disappointments come,
Here to obliviate their home;
Thinking the Pump, like Lethe's Spring,
The wish'd Forgetfulness may bring,
Or that the renovating Stream
May grant their wishes in a dream,
When the mind wakes and body dozes,
As the warm dip each care composes;
When *Fortune*, after all her thumps,
May, unexpected, turn up trumps.
Yes, though here throng these motley trains,
To this resort of JOYS and PAINS,
Not unattended do they roam,
For with them oft the VIRTUES come.

Favour'd

Favour'd of Heav'n, HUMANITY,
And her first-born, sweet CHARITY;
Soft PITY, offspring of the skies,
And GENIUS with the sun-bright eyes;
And active, warm BENEVOLENCE,
Without parade, without pretence;
And PIETY, who, tho' sincere,
Still for the faulty has a tear;
And BEAUTY too, a gift divine,
Unsullied, as from Nature's shrine;
And cloudless TRUTH, an angel guest,
And PEACE, the cherub of the breast;—
These, and full many a Grace beside,
At Bath, or visit, or reside.

In spite of PLEASURE'S varied scene,
Her melting voice, alluring mien;
In spite of PAIN'S despotic sway,
That oft encumbers BOUNTY'S way;
In spite of harden'd APATHY,
That turns to rock the rising sigh;
In spite of FOLLY'S idle crew,
Of narrow thought, and sordid view;
And ENVY by a serpent fed,
Seizing the Living and the Dead;—
In spite of these, fair BATH shall long
Be laurell'd in the Poet's song;
To VIRTUE and the MUSES dear,
And, mid' the Nations, blest appear.

THE

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

TO ELIZA BREE.

PHILOSOPHERS, dear girl, have toil'd
Two thousand years, and still been foil'd,
To find that far-fam'd precious *Stone*
They arrogantly call their own;
And they yet rack their sapient brains,
And get but Labour for their Pains.

Alas! they all agree, at length,
To make it out is past their strength;
And so conclude, with reason sound,
This Stone is no where to be found;
But still they talk and write about it,
And wonder how they live without it.

Some place the precious Stone in Gold,
Beyond what Crœsus ever told;
Some give it to corporeal Health;
And some will have it mental Wealth:
Others determine it to mix
In Fashion and a Coach-and-Six;
And some have labour'd hard to prove
It is a Cottage bless'd by Love:
This thinks 'tis Shade, that swears 't is Sun,
And finish just where they begun.

The grand discovery then is mine;—
Since I can prove, sweet Maid! 'tis *thine*.
If in true Happiness it lies,
It revels in ELIZA's eyes:

And if it blooms in Health's fair rose,
In dear ELIZA's face it glows;
Like morning-beams we see it break,
And sport upon ELIZA's cheek.
And when she takes her playful round,
In every step it seems to bound.

Or if, as Sages oft have told,
The charm consists in making gold
Pure as if stamp'd in mint divine,—
ELIZA, still that mint is thine;
And your sweet Alchemy shall claim,
Beyond the Sage, superior fame.
From that rich mine—a *merry heart*—
You draw, with more than chemic art,
Of happy thoughts a copious store,
And radiant Gold *without the Ore*,
And the gay vein of sportive Sense
Enrich'd by sterling Innocence;
Th' undrossy treasures of the Mind,
Good-humour'd, graceful, and refin'd;
And, rivalling the Seers of old,
Whate'er you touch transmutes to Gold.
The Brass of Life, and e'en the Lead,
Turn to this envied Stone instead,
And, by the power of Transmutation,
Grow better by their alteration.
And hence 'tis plain this envied Stone
Belongs to Innocence alone;
And those who are as good as you,
May, if they please, possess it too;
For to be good, and gay, and free,
IS STILL THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A NEEDLE-CASE, SENT FROM BATH.

In Friendship's estimate, 'tis said,
Small gifts are great, if kindly made,
And great ones small, if they impart
No token of a willing heart:—
Hence you, who know me for a Friend,
Will prize the trifling gift I send.

Yet think not lightly of the Case,
Presented from this idle place;
For, when the Furniture you buy,
Which Birmingham can best supply,
To solid use you can employ,
And wisely too, this paper Toy;
When stor'd with that same Furniture,
Some faults 'twill mend, and others cure.

The Muse of Hist'ry could unfold
What Miracles were wrought of old,
What mighty Wonders have been done,
What Trophies and what Triumphs won,
By that mysterious Instrument
For which a Cover I have sent—
E'en from the days of charming Folly;
Blest Days of Infancy and Dolly.
Dear to the heart of Babyhood
The Nurseling—altho' made of wood—

It

It shines the mark of Women sage,
From earliest Youth to latest Age.
This may ELIZA's Sampler tell,
This may her daily tasks reveal;
Whate'er she wears may this explain,
From Ball-night Frock to Bed-gown plain.
The Needle! a long-honour'd name,
Stands proudly in the Ranks of Fame;
Its magic powers of Industry
Can all but conqu'ring Time defy.

In every venerable Dome,
Where'er the Traveller can roam,
Some token of the Needle's art
Doth fair Œconomy impart:
It gives a rich and goodly grace,
Where'er our Ancestors we trace:
It decks the chambers of the Great,
And adds a pomp to rooms of State:
In tap'stried Parlour, trophied Hall,
In Palace vast, in Cottage small,
In back-stitch, tent-stitch, netting, knitting,
In all that 's seemly, fair, and fitting,
We view it in each fold and pucker,
E'en from the shoe-string to the tucker;
We view it in each darn and plait
Of matron thrift and maiden neat;
Things poor and rich it holds together,
In spite of wearing, wind, and weather;
And still preserves when Beauty's fled,
And matters hang but by a Thread:
In short, 't is obvious, more or less,
In every thing but *Idleness*.

But

But why to You the Needle's praise,
Who prove its worth a thousand ways?
Have I not seen you mend and make,
And tear, as if for mending's sake;
And then again your work undo,
Mending the rent, to rend anew?
And when too happy to reflect
On what, when grave, you ne'er neglect,
Have I not seen—when play has ended—
When thrice you've rent what twice you mended,
How hard you work'd?—no doubt to show
You are both Romp and Housewife too.

And looking hence to after-time,
Your Bard shall prophesy in rhyme;
He sees that all which Art can give,
And Nature from such aid receive,
And all which springs from work or play,
From all that's grave and all that's gay,
Your Worth and Talents will unfold,
Richer than Needlework of Gold;
The native treasures of the soul,
True—as the *Needle to the Pole.*

QUESTIONS TO CUPID,

RESPECTING

HENRY HORRIBOW *.

Ruler of all the Powers above,
And all below! say, God of Love,
Why did you so much skill employ
To form this Cupid-looking Boy?
Tell me, and pr'ythee tell me true,
Why did you make his Eyes so blue?
They mock the tender Violet's dyes,
And match the azure of the Skies.

Next tell me, if, in youth's gay course,
You mean them to increase their force,
Till their sweet beams, that now, so mild,
Charm like the spirit of a child,
No more shall innocently play,
But take a more destructive ray?
If so,—instead of Eyes so blue—
I would the Boy were blind as you!

Next pr'ythee tell, and tell me true,
Wherefore, to suit those Eyes so blue,
Gave you the Boy such beauteous hair,
Soft as your own, of flaxen fair?

* This interesting Child performed the part of Julio, in 'The Hunter of the Alps,' at *six* years of age.

While this sheet is going to press, a friend informs the Author that the only duplicate copy of these verses has been given to a Morning Paper. But, as Mr. Sheridan observes, "Things of this kind always circulate best in manuscript."

Now

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERF

Now if his *Heart* be not as true
And tender as his Eyes are blue,
Those tresses may to Serpents turn,
And like some fatal Meteors burn!
If so—instead of locks so fair—
Would that his head like mine were bare!

Then for that *Voice*—that Voice of Love,
Form'd, like your own, to melt and move,
And tun'd with all your Mother's arts,
To charm and captivate all Hearts,—
Why in the Boy's melodious throat
Did you infuse so sweet a note?
If, like a Syren's, 't is design'd
In fatal spells those hearts to bind,
May Discord seize on every sound,
And be the Spells by Truth unbound!

Last for his Lips—Now, Traitor! tell,
Why you made those Lips so well,
Aurora with a Blush might rise,
Spite of the tint of orient skies?
For May's *first* Rose-buds moist with dew
Are less attractive to the view:—
If for *Deceit* those Lips are made,
Sooner than Rose-buds may they fade!

And Thou, Minerva, pr'ythee say,
Why with so bright a *mental* ray,
And all that marks the blue-ey'd Maid,
Hast thou this favour'd Boy array'd?
With ready Thought, Expression fit,
And sterling Sense, and playful Wit!
If these rare Pow'rs are giv'n the Youth
But to disguise immortal Truth,

And

And Falsehood thus belie the God,
Would he were duller than a Clod!!

Yet if—oh, if those Eyes of blue
Prove, like BRITANNIA's colour, *true*;—
If those sweet Lips, and silken Hair,
And silver Voice, and frolic Air,
Are giv'n this Cupid-looking Boy,
To form some virtuous Maiden's Joy—
May Lips and Eyes still glow and shine,
And Love for each a garland twine,
Till Life be one unclouded Day,
As fair, and young, and fresh as May!

TO

A BEAUTIFUL SPANIEL,

WHO CAME AND PASSED A SOCIAL HOUR WITH THE AUTHOR, WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN BUT ONCE BEFORE.

DASH! thank you for this morning visit,
—I'm serious, and don't mean to quiz it—
A call of Love, from Man or Beast,
Is always for my heart a Feast:
Again then, thank you, honest Creature:
For sweet the Friendship form'd by Nature.
I know by that ingenuous face,
Thou feel'st I love thy generous Race:
Full many a Puppy, plain or pretty,
From various parts of this fam'd city,
Not half so faithful, kind, or true,
Had been less welcome, DASH, than You.

March 30, 1804.

MUM'S COT:

WRITTEN WHILE ON A VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. BRIMGARD, AT WOODLANDS, IN THE NEW FOREST, ON THE AUTHOR'S BEGINNING TO RECOVER FROM A SEVERE INDISPOSITION.

A couple, tir'd of public life,
Withdrew at length from all its strife;
And, blest with fair and well-earn'd gain,
Resolv'd to settle on the plain;
So built an unpresuming cot
On fertile Hampshire's happiest spot:—
They boasted many a loftier dome,
But here they felt themselves at home.

A rhyming Friend of theirs had long
Built many a pretty Cot in Song;
But, too poetical in purse,
Could only run them up in verse;
And though they cut a dash on paper,
Are unsubstantial as a vapour;
Frail as a house of cards, which boys
Erect, and which a puff destroys.

This Man of Rhyme, from various care,
At length fell sick, and wanted air;
For thought he could not sleep a wink,
So 'twas PRESCRIB'D he *must not think*;

The doctors bid him only play,
And give his Muse a holiday*:
On this our Couple, good and kind,
Begg'd he would leave his Muse behind.

"Dear Bard," said they, "quick leave the town,
The Pool mail-coach will set you down
Near to our garden's rustic gate,
Come then and share our tranquil state;
But first, my tuneful Friend, be sure
You can such solitude endure.

"To you, who love a calm retreat,
Our Forest-Hut will seem most sweet;
For there, in undisturb'd repose,
You may in dormouse-fashion doze;
And shelter'd 'mongst our forest trees,—
Just freshen'd by the ocean breeze,
That visits Southton now and then,
Comes with the tide, then goes again;—
You, with a rustic and his wife,
Like them may taste a cotter's life.
Yet still we must repeat—Be sure
You can such solitude endure."

"World-weary souls are we, who fly
To forests from society;
Our household is one little maid,
Fit for a couple in the shade:

* The beneficial effects of this excursion to the New Forest have been already mentioned by the Author in plain honest prose, confirmatory of those poetic effusions, no less honest and faithful as to the fact.

We

We likewise boast a little man,
But still upon the simple plan,
Just knows his left hand from his right,
And when 'tis day and when t'is night.
A little dog who loves to sleep,
Which doth our Cot more silent keep;
And if he barks he barks so sweet,
The echo thinks it quite a treat;
We also keep a pair of cats,
Black as a pair of new-made hats;
Yet both so still about the house,
That each you might suppose a mouse;
And for the rest, our bucks and does,
That silent trot along in rows,
Are scarcely than ourselves more dumb;
Which makes us call our Cottage *Mum*.
Yet if, dear Bard, you'll dare to dwell
In such a hermit kind of cell,
Where all around you are at rest,
We pr'ythee haste to be our guest:
But still we say once more—Be sure
You can such solitude endure."

Enamour'd of the sylvan scene,
And Nature's charming ray serene,
Where, in soft shade and green retreat,
Health and Contentment fix their seat,
Detesting all the noisy jars
Of private or of public wars;
Detesting too the miser's care,
The vain man's pomp, the coxcomb's glare,

 And

And all the pageantry of life,
Which keep the world in constant strife;
Enamour'd too of those pure hours,
Whose white wings are perfum'd by flowers;
Our Bard, with a desiring sigh,
Pray'd for those wings more swift to fly;
But, wanting those, fair Fancy brought,
Which serv'd as well, the Wings of Thought;
These bore him instant to a Cot,
Yet far as ever from the spot;
And so to reach the place *indeed,*
By the best mode of mortal speed,
Than Fancy's Pinions scarcely less,
He took the Mail for the Recess.

But how to leave the Muse behind,—
For she, a part of Poet's *Mind,*
—A fact unknown to men of prose,—
Attends the Bard where'er he goes;
In her, as the warm wheel turn'd round,
A fellow-traveller he found,
And so he begg'd her for a song,
To charm him as he rode along.
"Something," said he, "in praise of flowers,
And woods profound, and waving bowers,
A quiet cot and leafy cell,
Where like a hermit I shall dwell;
While sacred Silence takes her round,
A forester, to guard the bound.

"O aid, dear Muse, when I get there!"
—'Twas thus he ended with a prayer,—

"Assist

"Assist me with thy warmest lay,
The debt of gratitude to pay,
To Quietude an ode inspire,
Yet scarcely seem to touch the lyre;
Let airs Æolian round me move,
Sweet as the voice of whisper'd love;
And oh! another note to thee,
Joy of my life, Tranquillity;
Tranquillity, for which I roam,
In hopes to find one peaceful home."

Approaching near, he saw the wood *,
Which many a century has stood;
The pride of many a Baron bold,
Bower within bower a thousand fold!
And now the deer before him bound,
"I 'm here," he cried, "on holy ground;
Ah sacred shades, my soul invest,
And sick of crowds, O let me rest!"
The Muse so rag'd in every vein,
Scarce could the coach our Bard contain;
In ev'ry branch of every tree
He thought he saw Tranquillity.

At length the hospitable Pair
Receiv'd him with Affection's care:—
"Since then you tell us, you are sure
You *can* our solitude endure,
Welcome, thrice welcome, Man of Rhyme!
Mayst thou serenely pass thy time!
Yes, welcome to a woodland life,
With a plain cotter and his wife;

* New Forest.

Through

Through the wide forest mayst thou roam
For rides and walks, but this thy *home*,
A still and calm, though dull recess,—
But Quiet sure is Happiness."

He scarce was seated, when there came
To dine a neighbour and his dame;
And, later in the self-same day,
Popp'd in a traveller on his way;
And yet a fourth till twilight staid
With man and wife and cottage maid.
Next morning brought some faces new,
Then more to chat an hour or two;
And yet another that way bends,
And then a chariot full of friends,
Begirt with cherub children fair,
Who came to breathe the forest air.
Last came a lady in a gig,
And all were merry as a grig,
And kept it up from morn to night,—
In truth it was a bustling sight:
"Zooks!" quoth our Bard, "we here have got
A thronging city in a cot;
I might have left the Muse behind,
For deuce a moment do I find,
Either without doors or within,
She could a single verse begin;
And, 'faith, the Goddess I must tell,
I like the forest life so well,
Unless she comes to laugh and play,
It were as well she stay'd away;
All things are better order'd here,
For health, for pleasure, and good cheer.

"Now,

"Now, as to Helicon's proud Mount,
Of which the Poets make account,
And their far-fam'd Castalian stream,
They're both skim-milk to Forest cream;
Yet glassy brook and purling rill
I wish of my acquaintance still;
And, when well mix'd with malt and hop,
My Verse shall celebrate each drop;
And for their gay Parnassian Steed,
Give me a pad of Forest breed,
Just such a nag as here I stride,
When for an appetite I ride,
Aye and the thing I ride for *get*,
For both of us return sharp set;
And as he nimbly trots along,
Shows me the theme and aids the song,
Where yellow furze and purple heath,
And many a flow'ret peeps beneath,
Or takes me to the bower or cot,
And lets me draw them on the spot.

"So, in few words, my Lady Muse,
If to assist me you refuse,
Or think'st to keep me poor and pale,
Henceforth my Nectar shall be Ale;
My Inspiration shall be Wine,
One Forest Brimmer 's worth the Nine!
And if I needs must run the course,
It shall be on—MY HOBBY HORSE!"

VERSES,

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE LIBERAL OFFER OF A GENTLEMAN AFTER READING "THE POET'S COTTAGE*."

"Accept," a generous Stranger said,—
Touch'd by the pages he had read,—
"Accept, since you at length have found
Joy-giving Health on Hampshire ground;
Hampshire, where Health delights to reign,
The Goddess of the Wood and Plain:
Accept a little sylvan spot,
Where you may build your Poet's Cot;
Nay where, already cut and dried,
A river running close beside,
With valley low and mountain high,]
And many a capability,
A Cot you'll find, which little care
And no great cost may soon repair:
That Cot is yours, and garden ground;
But first survey the Scene around."

Our grateful Poet bow'd the head
To all the generous Stranger said;
And Fancy, with her usual charm,
Resolv'd to keep the Subject warm;
Pursu'd in sleep the tempting theme,
And sketch'd *her* Cottage in a Dream;

* This Poem appears in page 30 of the present Volume.

And

And they who know her power can tell
Her style of Architecture well;
Nor wonder, if, in labour light,
Her work was finish'd in a night.

Auspicious to the Poet's prayer,
The morning came, and it was fair;
For never did Aurora shine
Or tint more exquisitely fine:
And though the gale of Autumn blew,
And her rich clouding swiftly flew;
Now dark and menacing a storm,
Striding the Sun in giant form;
And now, more beauteous to behold,
The colours dipp'd in heavenly gold.
'Twas a Bard's Morn, when earth and sky
The richest scenery supply.
Oh, Man! like *thy* much-chequer'd day,
Now with heart-cheering prospect gay;
Envelop'd now in awful gloom,
Pointing the prospect to the tomb;
Thence bursting forth again to light,
Making the prospect doubly bright.

Yet more, it was the day decreed,
With chosen Friend on Forest Steed,
To view the generous Stranger's Cot,
And *Land of Promise* on the spot.
Forth then they went o'er hill and dale,
And stubborn heath and ductile vale.
With hope elate, and weather fair,
A few hours' riding took them there.

And

And now our Poet view'd his ground,
Enter'd the premises, and found
The *terra firma* fair and good;
Enough of garden, orchard, wood;
Enough of water, were it freed
From straggling sedge and wanton weed:
And for the Cot, 't was strong and stout,
And snug within, and warm without;
And the blest southern Sun his ray
Shot in aslant at early day:
A rural church, a parsonage near,
And baronry of grander air;
And, what the Poet thought most sweet,
The scenery around complete;
And, what was still to him more dear,
A nest of little dwellings near,
Where the small neighbourhood, at ease,
Did seem to prosper like their trees;
While ruddy cheek, and sparkling eye,
Bespoke a healthy peasantry,
With whom the Bard his hours might share,
And in hard times relieve their care;
For, from a morsel split in twain,
Enough for nature may remain.

Thus, at a glance, did all things seem
To realize our Poet's Dream.
" A few additions to all this,"
Observ'd the Friend, " were not amiss;"
And those to give—the same kind Friend,
Who help'd to make, now help'd to mend;
She who so well had wrought before,
Now, zealous, form'd one fabric more,—

Without

Without a shovel or a spade,
Or other instrument of trade,
Mortar or lime, or brick or straw,
Cement or trowel, axe or saw,
FANCY did all things fit command,
With the slight waving of her wand;
And, without digging, sowing, planting,
To house and ground sent all was wanting;
Dress'd Bard in Fortunatus' cap,
And lull'd Dame Reason with a nap;
And while the spell was stronger making,
Kept only Muse and Poet waking;
And what they did, in one half-hour,
Exceeds a dozen draymen's power,
Counting a day against a minute,
Yet smil'd as there was nothing in it;
Play'd with their work, and did such things,
Time lagg'd behind with weary wings.

FANCY, her wand light waving thrice,
Settled impovements in a trice;
A room was added to the end,
With a spare chamber for a Friend;
Both smiling on the mountain's brow,
And vale and meadow grounds below:
The furniture was simply neat,
Just fit for Poet's lov'd retreat:
A dingey wall, that fronts the door,
With evergreens she cover'd o'er;
The crazy hovel, near the well,
At FANCY's touch obedient fell;

The

The swampy land she dried and drain'd;
The good old apple-trees remain'd:
She, in a moment, made a Mead,
For happy Poet's Cow and Steed.
A Horse like that the Poet rode,
A better sure ne'er Bard bestrode;
For, though he once did make a slip,—
Heav'n help us all!—who does not trip?
Then for the Garden, swift she brought
Green sward and gravel with a thought;
Topp'd the rude hedge, enwove a bower,
And bade her new creation flower;
In short, commanded all things meet,
Till Cot and Garden were complete;
And *Brown* and *Repton* needs must own,
To FANCY they should yield the throne.

While thus she work'd, our Bard survey'd
What Friendship gave, and Fancy made;
He heav'd involuntary sighs,
And tears unbidden bath'd his eyes.
"And shall I then yet call my own,"
He cried, "when half my years are flown—
Though flown, alas! my heart, too slow,
Swift though they were for swifter woe!—
And shall I then no longer roam
The varied World, in search of Home?
From, foul INGRATITUDE, thy strife,
Hyæna false of social life!
And, Slander, from thy venom'd tongue,
And, Flattery, from thy syren song,

And

And from Deceit in Friendship's shape,—
Oh! from all these shall I escape?
Shall I from snakes and snares retire,
To Summer bow'r and Winter fire;
My Friend receive, forget my Foe;
And only those who love me know:
While all the rest shall keep aloof,
Nor dare profane my humble roof?
Oh joys! of every joy supreme!
What pity still 'tis half a dream!"

With this soliloquy he clos'd;
But Reason now no longer doz'd;
And Fancy vanish'd into air.
"Oh, Bard!" stern Reason cried, "beware!
Half of thy wish before thee lies;
Let *Reason* teach thee to be wise:
For t'other half with patience wait,
The happier turns of future fate;
The premises contented take
E'en as they are, nor dare to make,
Except by gentle, due gradations,
Any of FANCY's alterations.
She may, I own, thy heart allure;
But I, though slow, work far more sure,
And those who treat me with respect
Find me a better architect:
In honest truth, I'm better skill'd
A Cottage to repair or build;
For, though the thing's complete in verse,
I never build *without a purse*;
Know what my Fund can safely bear,
While Fancy's Bank is form'd of Air."

The

The Poet bow'd, and, sighing, said,
REASON should surely be obey'd;
He only hop'd the sacred Dame
Would not the Bard or Fancy blame,
If, till that distant, golden time,
They were to help him out in rhyme;
For, sure, in Rhyme itself there's Reason,
Till things more solid are in season.
"If Reason frowns at this," said he,
"Her Majesty's no Queen for me:
How can I keep her lines and rules,
Till Fortune helps me to her tools?
But, while they both my suit refuse,
Welcome, dear Fancy and the Muse!
For, till I dwell in Reason's Cot,
These best can beautify the spot:
Alternately they work and play;
And *Hope* works with them, ever gay.
And, though they all are fond of Verse,
What's REASON, pray, without her Purse?

"But, mighty Dame, when that is fill'd,
O come, and help thy Bard to build!
Then FANCY, and the tuneful throng,
Shall yield to thee in all but song;
Invite thee to the Poet's bower,
And offer incense to thy power:
Nay, thou shalt be our constant guest,
By Fancy and the Muse caress'd."

TO

MRS. ROBERSON,

OF OXFORD.

WHAT is that trembling, tender Thing,
Whose Love is ever on the wing,
Attended by a thousand Cares,
A thousand Hopes, a thousand Fears?

Say, what is that, whose wakeful eye
In the smooth calm can storms espy?
Whose quick and ever-wakeful ear,
When all is safe, thinks peril near?
Can raise a tempest from a breeze,
And swell a pimple to disease?
Can, while the sun is clear and bright,
Anticipate the dead of night?
And, while an infant smiles in sleep,
Keeps guard lest it should wail and weep?
On tip-toe glides along the floor,
In dread to ope or close the door?

And what is that,—in tranquil hour,
When Love exerts its softest power,—
That o'er the fondling, at the breast,
Attentive bends to guard its rest;
Protects it from the night's alarms,
And saves it through the day from harms;

Foregoes

Foregoes with joy all balms of sleep;
A joy so true it needs must weep?
Not always do the eyes o'erflow,
To soothe the agonies of woe;
For Nature gave the tender tear,
To mark her woe or bliss sincere.

And what is that,—as Woman weak,
And doth our pity oft bespeak,—
Who, if some lion, fierce and wild,
Should fasten on a sucking-child,
Would braver prove than bravest men,
And track that lion to his den;
Would mock the horrors of the wood,
And buffet the more savage flood?

O what is that, fair LUCY, tell,
That feels so quick, that acts so well;
That is so strange, and yet so common?
It is that wondrous compound—Woman!
It is—you'll know I tell you true;
'Tis a FOND MOTHER—IT IS YOU!

TO MRS. BILLINGTON:

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HEARING HER SING AT MR. RAUZZINI'S CONCERT, APRIL 4, 1804.

WHAT can be said of Voice, or Face,
Of Richness, Elegance, and Grace,
In magic Sounds that may be new
To your Admirers or to You?

A thousand times you must have heard,
Enchantment hung on ev'ry word;
The chime of praises has been rung,
The Harp of Panegyric strung
On ev'ry accent, ev'ry note,
That warbles in that tuneful throat;
Till all, that now could be express'd,
Would prove tautology at best.

Yet, not to praise you when we hear
What charms and captivates the ear;
Not to admire the wondrous art
That so can thrill th' enraptur'd heart;
Not when sweet MUSIC wins the Cause,
To join the Chorus of Applause,
Doth cold Indifference imply,
Or Envy base, or Apathy.

For though Attention, mute as Death,
May strive to check the vital breath;
And, while the rich vibrations roll,
May *every* Sense, but one, control;

Yielding to Harmony, her ear
Entranc'd, and only live to hear;

When the melodious periods close,
And warm and deep th' impression glows;
With fervid hand, and voice, and lay,
She owns CECILIA's boundless sway:
And list'ning Silence joins the train,
The throne of Music to sustain.

Take then, Enthusiast! your due;
Resistless Praise belongs to You:
Transcendent Talents will excuse
The Repetitions of the Muse.

April 4, 1804.

TO

MISS SHARP,

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

THOUGH BILLINGTON, in Music's pride,
Sat like APOLLO's radiant Bride,
—APOLLO—God of Harmony,
Of Light, and Sacred Poesy—
Like him, unrivall'd in his rays,
Though *She* her sov'reignty displays,
And lesser Planets, in their sphere,
Shorn of their wonted beams appear:

Yet,

Yet, 'mid the blaze, thy milder shine,
Sweet Maid! proclaims thy gift divine.
Still in thy orbit art thou seen
"A gem of purest ray serene,"
Like some New Stranger of the Skies,
That doth in modest lustre rise;
A beauteous Star, just travell'd into sight,
Which in its lucid course shall gain upon the light.

TO A FRIEND,

ON RECEIVING A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

By various stress of time and weather,
For half a century together,
Some joy-drops and deep show'rs of weeping,
Spite of the balmy dew of sleeping,
My Eyes were all the worse for wear,
And were in *search* of some repair:

When you, my Friend, in lucky hour,
Bestow'd the sight-relieving power;
A boon as useful as 'tis kind—
Yet had no Eye but of the *mind*—
Had I been deaf, and blind, and dumb,
For half a century to come,
That Eye, in vision bright and clear,
Would view your worth, and hold it dear.

But now, assisted by your gift,
Which gives the Optic Nerves a lift—
I see to tell you, till they sever,
Or close in death—I'm yours for ever!

ADDRESS

TO A SPACIOUS HOLLY TREE BELONGING TO MRS. INGRAM, AT WOOLFORD HOUSE, WARWICKSHIRE.

Hail! happy, hardy Evergreen,
Who fresh and fair art always seen;
And through each long revolving year
Dost still immutable appear;
Unlike the evanescent flowers,
Which only bloom in sunny bowers,
Or those frail shrubs and stinted trees,
That flourish in the warming breeze,
Then, in precipitate decay,
Pass, like the Lady-bird, away;
No more to sport, till May's best sky
Revives the vernal Butterfly!

Apt Prototype of those who bask
In Fortune's shine, then drop the mask;
And those who Friendship, weak and poor,
Profess, and then are heard no more!
Too feeble for the world's harsh strife,
Too fragile for the storms of life.

But,

But, hail thou hardy Evergreen,
That still unchangeable art seen;
Fair Emblem of a *faithful* Friend,
Who can both shelter and defend;
By Nature strong and potent made,
To guard the Dome thy branches shade!
And never since that Dome was rear'd,
And thy first pointed leaves appear'd—
Oh! never since thy parent Earth
Nurs'd those unfading leaves to birth,
E'en to the present hour sublime,
That shows thee still in glossy prime,
Tho' many a century be past,
Triumphant o'er each wintry blast;—
No, never didst thou shade impart
To a more kind or generous heart
Than hers who owns thy soft retreat,
Wisdom and Worth's establish'd seat;
For she, like thee, her succour lends,
To shelter and protect her Friends;
In antient hospitable pride,
To spread her bounties far and wide;
In storms and calms, like thee serene,
Like thee, A FRIENDLY EVERGREEN.

But when at length even THOU shalt fade,
And Time shall branch and root invade,
When not a leaf of thine shall live,
Her Worth shall Time itself survive,
And bloom a fair and goodly Tree,
When not a trace remains of thee.

EXTEMPORE

EXTEMPORE,

ON HEARING MONSIEUR VON ESCHE'S MARCHE RELIGIEUSE.

Decent, pious, pensive, slow,
To the House of God they go;
Sacred Sisters, bending there,
Pour the suppliant soul in prayer;
Soar sublime, 'bove sordid earth,
And feel themselves of Angel birth;
Till hallow'd tears, and holy sighs,
Lift their spirits to the skies!

Sweet Musician! in thy notes,
Where another spirit floats
On airy wings of solemn sound,
We see those Sisters pacing round;
Seem their plaintive voice to hear,
Feel their sigh, and catch their tear.

SONG.

SUNG BY NINE SISTERS ABOUT TO SEPARATE.

Ah Sisters, sweet Sisters, although we must roam,
Far, far from our Parent, our Friends, and our Home,
How soothing to think that no space can divide
The bonds which Affection and Nature have tied;—
Have tied round your hearts—and tho' scatter'd they lie,
All space they elude, and all parting defy:

North and south, east and west, tho' we diversely go,
Those bonds of Affection and Nature shall glow:
Tho' form'd of young roses, they're stronger than steel,
And brighter than gems all the mines can reveal;
In our bosoms the rivets are fix'd to *remain*,
For, though distance extends, it ne'er weakens the chain;
Each Sister's a link, wheresoe'er her retreat,
And our Parent the centre at which we all meet.

THE TWO SOPHIAS;

OR, THE

INNOCENT ELOPERS.

Both Mother and Daughter gone off with a man!
And boarding and bedding a part of the plan!
But as Father and Husband approve of the fray,
The Scandalous World can have nothing to say.
Your time has no doubt pass'd both merry and hearty,
Since Cupid and Hymen were both of the party;
And when such brisk travellers journey together,
They may keep themselves warm in despite of cold weather.
White Favors, Cockades, flaming Torches and Darts,
And Mortals and Gods fed with bride-cake—in *Hearts*:

'Twas enough to make all the beholders regret,
As the carriage pass'd by, they were not of your set.
For myself I must own, altho' trips of that sort
When time has knoll'd fifty they're not a man's forte,
I wish it had been my good fortune to ride,
Pack'd up in a corner, near Bridegroom and Bride:

Yet

Yet not for the world to take other folks' places,
But purely to look at two happy young faces;
And if there's a feast for the heart of Bard Pratt
More rich than another, I'll swear it is that;
And Critics and Snarlers may say what they will,
I know better than they the delights that I feel.

Now, though I'm too late in your Jaunt to take part,
I still may pour forth the soft pray'r of my heart—
That the Gods who went with you may greet your returning,
Cupid's Quiver be full, Hymen's Torch be still burning;
And when *you* and their Godships shall no longer roam,
Like yourselves may they find in your dwelling a HOME!

ON ACCIDENTALLY SEEING A FATHER TAKE LEAVE OF AN ONLY SON.

TO MR. WHATELEY*.

O THOU of few but smiling years,
Who fill'st a parent's eyes with tears;
Tears of sweet hope and tender joy,
And trembling love for thee his Boy!
O it is fitting thou shouldst know
For thee alone those heart-drops flow;

* Of Grafton-street, no less distinguished for professional skill than for the gentleness with which he exercises an art that demands the union of firmness and humanity.

And

And as they bathe a Father's eyes,
'Tis Heav'n itself the stream supplies.

Think then, ah think that Fathers feel
More than the *fondest* tears reveal;
Think that Affection bids them start,
And that their Fountain is the Heart;
Think that they fall, lest thou shouldst stray
From filial Virtue's path away:
Who greatly love must greatly fear,
And both united form *the Tear*;
It agitates, yet gives relief,
At once the cause and cure of grief.

A *parting* treasure thou, dear youth,
Of thy poor Mother's love and truth;
Who perish'd as she gave thee breath,—
A legacy, alas! in death;
One precious gem brought safe to shore,
When life's rude storms would spare no more;
And, should that precious gem be tost
By those rude storms till it be lost,
Think how complete a wreck were there,
And think how vast thy Sire's despair!

Ah then how deep the source of tears,
How justified a father's fears!
Yet all those fears shall groundless prove
In a dear Son's observant love.
Thy blooming health, ingenuous child,
Thy pleasures pure, affections mild;
Sense which derives from mirth a charm,
And truth conducting fancy warm,

Shall

Shall give to that now trembling Sire
All that a Parent can desire!
And all these duties thou shalt twine
Around thy Angel Mother's shrine;
And make her, in her seraph state,
Enraptur'd view her Husband's fate
As oft from Heav'n she sees her Boy
Deserving all a Father's joy!
And if that joy, too great to bear,
Should still demand a tender tear,
O meet it with a holy kiss,
For 't is the sweet excess of bliss.

WRITTEN IN THE EMPTY HOUSE OF A FRIEND, ON THE FAMILY QUITTING TOWN.

WHILE gleams the moon-light on the naked walls,
Pale Fancy in her shroud seems flitting by,
And mourning Mem'ry many a scene recalls,
And all the passing shadows seem to sigh.

As from their graves, and this their spot belov'd,
The Ghosts of buried Happiness appear;
Spectres of Joys entomb'd, or far remov'd,
While Friendship views them with a tender tear.

Yet Hope still rises to disperse the gloom,
And gently bids her new-born sunbeams play;
Whispers that fond Affection still shall bloom,
And the Heart follows where she leads the way.

IVY COTTAGE.

WRITTEN IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER, WHILE ON A VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. MACGEORGE.

In yonder modest Cot, with Ivy bound,
Full many a pleasing theme has Friendship found.
Around the pictur'd rooms the eye regales
On mimic mountains, and on painted vales:
On these the barren suns appear to glow;
On those to ripen fruitful fields below.
Kings, queens, and princes, deck the storied walls;
Here floats a wreck, and there a ruin falls.
And, though stern Winter chills the earth, we see
Frost hangs his spangled pictures on each tree;—
Fantastic forms—amusing to the view,
Chaste to the chisel, to the pencil true:
Some airy frolic, or some quaint device,
Lovers in frost-work, buxom dames in ice;
Hoar monks congealing on the bending bough,
And hooded nuns all freezing in their vow;
And damsels petrified, as frail as fair,
Their virgin whiteness form'd, alas! of air—
Of fleeting air—for Sol's first amorous ray
Full soon shall melt the yielding maids away:
A second beam, more warm, shall instant draw
The crystal convent to a general thaw.
These charms without:—within each guest can tell
That Love and Friendship in this Cottage dwell;

That

That Hospitality in smiles is there,
The Friend to welcome, and the Feast prepare.

And, would you see what rarely Cots bestow,
And Palaces more rare,—this Cot can show;
Three objects yet the attentive Guest invite,
To give the friendly heart more full delight:
Three happy Portraits drawn from real Life,
And two of these—O strange!—a Man and Wife;
The third a Child—of both the darling bliss,
And their sole strife is for an Infant's kiss:
And whosoe'er dispute their happy lot,
Have but to make a visit to the Cot;
But, would the Cottagers these Portraits see,
Their faithful Mirror will reflect the Three.

TO

MR. AND MRS. DROUGHT.

Six years, my Friends, you tell me, you've been wed;
And yet, so smoothly those six years have fled,
That this fair morn seems but your bridal day!
On Love's own wings must they have pass'd away.

Thrice happy Pair! to those who live in strife,
Six years would seem a long and luckless life!
Cupid and Hymen seldom keep together
But just in pairing-time, while full in feather;

The

The first a bird of passage, like the swallow;
To spend a summer month the last will follow;
Then leaves poor Hy. to winter and grow old;
His torch blown out with sighs, himself quite cold.
But both the gods—Ah, bliss bestow'd on few!—
Agree to take up their abode with you;
By their own almanack—oh, happy fate!—
Have taught you both the time to calculate;
Count days but minutes—minutes, that appear
Too swift to roll away the blithesome year.

O blest Arithmetic! and be it yours,
While all that sweetens time below endures!
Such be your happy Reck'ning, till you prove
Bliss *beyond measure* in the realms above!

Claines, near Worcester,
March 5, 1802.

APOLOGY TO A FRIEND,

FOR ADDRESSING HIM SOME TIME AFTER A MELANCHOLY EVENT.

AMONGST the first to *share* your sacred grief,
The first, alas! its cause severe to mourn,—
Ah, blame not, though the last to bring relief,
Or weave the cypress round the sainted urn!

For

For, O how feeble is Affection's lyre
To soothe the anguish of a woe profound!
How vain is all that Genius could inspire!
And Pity's tear but aggravates the wound.

In Nature's pangs 'tis Nature bids us feel,
Beyond or Friendship's or the Muse's power:
Th' ALMIGHTY hand that bruis'd, alone can heal,
And pour a balm upon that bitter hour.

He, only He, a solace can impart;
Teach us to think the blow was kindly giv'n;
Can waft a comfort to the Widower's heart,
Breath'd in soft whispers full of Hope and Heav'n.

INVOCATION TO FORTUNE.

PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A SHARE IN A LOTTERY-TICKET.

WHY, Fortune, art thou painted blind,
Partial, deceptive, and unkind;
A false coquette, a fickle dame,
A jilt, and each opprobrious name?
It is because mankind agree,
Those are most blind who *will* not see.

Hence thy deluded votaries shower
Indignant curses on thy power:

Hence

Hence fools are creatures of thy smile;
Thy favourites oft the base and vile:
And oft thy prostituted wheel
Turns to enrich a heart of steel;
Or some unsocial, sordid elf,
Who has no idol but himself;
Or points the prize to some State knave,
Or Fashion's fool, or Passion's slave:
Yet when the Good thy help invoke,
That cruel wheel receives a spoke;
Or whirls from Virtue far away,
And leaves soft Beauty to decay.
Yes, Goddess! hence it is we shower
Indignant curses on thy power!

But if that curse thou wouldst remove,
And change it to a generous love,—
Make sweet SOPHIA now thy care,
And it shall soften to a prayer:
O henceforth be the Friend of Truth,
Of Beauty, Innocence, and Youth:
Then Bards shall pray that thou mayst see,
And twine their choicest bays for Thee.

TO *******, ESQ.

WAITING THE EVENT OF A CHANCERY SUIT.

If a good *Cause* were always Law,
In *yours* there could be found no flaw;
If Sense and Worth could rule the Knave,
You might a whole Banditti brave.
But Lawyers, e'en when honest Men,—
A case that happens now and then,
And I could name you not a few,—
Cannot do much, my Friend, for you:
Reasons for this, alas! there's plenty;
This moment I could mention twenty:
Yet one or two may well suffice
Why to the Rogues *you've* been a prize.

Imprimis, you were rich and young,
And hence, in part, the mischief's sprung;
And, secondly, the Rogues were poor,
And old;—'t were needless to say more—
Old men in vice, if not in age.—
My Friend, when Striplings dare engage
With such as these, 't is ten to one
The Good are by the Bad undone;
And Law and Lawyers long outwitted,
Ere with a halter Knaves are fitted.
And if the Clients freely bleed,
And Sense and Worth at length succeed,

Though

Though Truth be *your* Attorney's guide,
If Falsehood takes the other side;
The first preserving the straight line,
The latter moving serpentine—
A Cause may be exceeding good,
Yet what, alas!—in a wild wood,
Where thorns and brambles, and no sun,—
Has Honesty to do, but run
From the fast-following, dext'rous Thief,
Till to be caught is a relief?
Or, if the Law should hang the Elves,
Or they at length should noose themselves,
The gallows and the rope, when near,
Are so preposterously dear;
So much the Rogues have made *their* prey;
Clients still paying, still to pay;
That when the true Man views the Case,
They almost wish the false Man's place,
And seem at last in balance whether
It were not best to swing together.

Oh! had I but the Woolsack's power
For half a day—nay, half an hour,
Ye Gods, such rare Decrees I'd make,
That Rogues, and Lawyers too, should quake!
Instead of making endless strife,
And Chancery suits a suit for life,
As now a dire estate in *fee*,
Or a tremendous legacy;
Or an hereditary jail,
Left by our ancestors, in tail,

To our *Assigns* and Heirs for ever:—
My Laws should be more short and clever;
The "Law's *delay*" I would reverse,
And institute a Code so terse,
To catch, convict, and prove, the Thief;
Or let him go on Trial brief;
Whether a trinket he espy'd,
And, furtive, twitch'd it from my side;
Or, yet more daring, bade me stand,
Or plunder'd me of house and land;
Or whether, viler still, he stole
And sold the secret of my soul;
Made of my faith a felon's prize,
With Friendship's vizor o'er his eyes,
That made him look so just and true,
The bosom open'd at his view,
And gave him every Treasure there,—
His Throne of Honour, Trust, and Care.

All this, methinks, I would comprise
Within a reasonable size,
So different from the present track,
Each of *my* Clients to his back,
Instead of one suit, might have twenty,
And yet for Lawyers *trimmings* plenty:—
Suits for the backs and *pockets* too—
That, QUICK AS LAW—a System new!
Should be the Proverb.—What a change!
And he who could this Code arrange
Would surely merit—say, ye train
Who Hope and Fear have 'plied in vain—

Hope, that, like Zanga's in the play,
Has "told you Lies from day to day,"
And Fear, more honest, which your mind
Prepar'd for what of course you'd find—
Ye who have plough'd the rocky steep
Of Law, and sow'd what others reap;
Ye who could Metaphors exhaust,
To tell what Law and Justice cost,
Say what to *Him* your hands would give?
I hear you chorus—"He should live
In our hearts' core—should flourish there;
Our blest Preserver from Despair!"

And as for You, ye Men of Law,
What from *your* Bounty should I draw,
For making out each knotty Case
Plain as the nose upon the face;
Make your long Labours brief and terse;
Lighten your Cares, but not your Purse:
The Verbal Army put to rout,
Whereases—a far-fam'd Redoubt!—
Your *Forasmuches* and *Likewises*,
Your standing army of *Devises*;
Phalanx of *Alsos* and *To-Wits*,
And *So-forths*, which your force completes:
Except your Army of Reserve,
A troop of Aides-de-Camp which serve;
And your Sharp-Shooters, who succeed
In desperate Case of Act and Deed.

And then your *Miners* and Enfolders,
Who take the Foe by head and shoulders;

 Your

Your Hangers-on, who, though they follow,
Will often beat a General hollow,
In their manœuvreing and planning,
Or boldly seizing, or trepanning:
Then in strong-holds their Prisoners lock,
—Stronger than fam'd Gibraltar's rock—
And keep them there for Actions civil,
Close as the Damn'd are by the Devil!
What would ye give?—Methinks, you cry;
"O rather ask—*what we'd deny?*
—Albeit, provided he makes good,
(For that must be well understood,)
We'd give him all our Inns of Court,
Thus to cut matters smooth and short;
We'd give the Parchments on our shelves:
We'd give you all things—but Ourselves."

But lo a Tribe less known to Fame,
And her fair Courts, than those of Shame!
The Pettifoggers of the Law,
Who are, in *Nature's Code*, a Flaw;
At once the horror and the scorn
Of those whom Bar and Bench adorn;
Whom every Honest Man must hate,
Although too numerous and great
For Law itself, with all its force,
To stop them in their felon course:
A Scouting Party, stout and strong,
To whom the Spy's worst arts belong:
An Host! who though, in order due,
They march to Battle two by two;

Th' in-

Th' insidious Sons of Roe and Doe,
—As oft, alack! the Poets know!—
With a slight touch upon the shoulder,
Can conquer better, and are bolder,
Than all your Troops of Volunteers,
Horsemen, and Foot, and Grenadiers;
Nay, more than all New France *conceals*,
With Buonaparte at their heels.
What would these Wolves to him assign
Who could THEIR dæmon power confine,
And keep them all within the fence
Of Virtue, Brevity, and Sense?
Who lopp'd away Tautologies,
And all the sacred Law's disease?
The Understrappers, to a Man,
Would scout a simplifying Plan;
Deem it with Office making free,
And call the scheme—a Nullity,
Poetic folly, quiz, and trope,
And for th' Inventor vote a Rope.

Then since, alas! 't is plain, my Friend,
Nothing the course of Law can mend,
And Revolutions make it worse,
Or aggravate the legal Curse,—
All that remains is, as you see,
To pray for your delivery;
Pray that you bravely may endure,
And your Release, though slow, be sure.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH A SPRIG OF BALM.

Written in Winter.

ALAS! no morning Incense blooms!
  Sweet Children of a Summer's day
Are wither'd in their earthy tombs,
  Save *Balm*, that blossoms in decay.

Yet in my breast one Flow'ret blows;
  One heav'n-blest Flower of fadeless blue!
FRIENDSHIP! more fair than Sharon's Rose;
  And that, my Friend, shall bloom for YOU.

TO LADY MOSTYN,

ON HER PROPOSED JOURNEY TO CLIFTON.

IF aught which on Earth's surface grows,
Or which in beauteous Water flows;
If Clifton's air, or Bristol's spring,
The wish'd-for Health to MOSTYN bring,—
Each wholesome Breeze and salient Stream
  (For, in *her* health, the Rich, the Poor,
  The Young, the Aged, ye restore!)
Shall be the Muse's grateful Theme:
Oh! make *her* then your guardian Care,
Ye Gales, ye Springs,—and win my Prayer!

March 31, 1804.

SOPHIA'S
ADDRESS TO SORROW.

Source of the Stream, that from the gushing heart
Flows to the eye, and down the polish'd cheek
Of Youth and Beauty, as of furrow'd Age,
Takes its perturbed course! ah, cease to pour
Thy bitter waters on the gentle breast
Of sweet Sophia: dear, unhappy Maid!
Who, the grief-rounded Year, alas! thrice told,
Has steep'd her Birth-day pillow in her tears;
Oh, think that 'twas for Virtue's sake they flow'd!
A Daughter's duty, and a Sister's love.
With these, perchance, another potent cause
Mixed its soft drops! To love, and to resign
Love's fondest hope, *that* Virtue too is thine;
A bleeding Laurel of a Virgin heart!
The Conquerors of the World have rarely won!

Choose then, afflictive Power, some fitter mark
Of wholesome discipline; thy arrowy store
Point at the guilty breast; at his, who mocks
At sacred Chastisement, though sent from Heaven!
Or Gold's vile Slave, who, from his vacant heap,
Or thrift usurious, can from Famine's lip
Withhold the vital morsel; or false Friend;
Or those who laugh at others' miseries,
And weep their own.—These, and unnumber'd more,

Deserve,

Deserve, demand, thy vengeance—Then be these
Thy future Victims! But let milder Guests
Enter Sophia's dwelling; soft Content
And modest Happiness, and Love approved,
And the high conscious Sense of acting well,
And Honour tried—A smiling Family!
Lovelier when sent by Sorrow to the spot
Where, Heav'n-commission'd, she has prov'd the Soul.
Accord this boon!—So shall the latest tears
That fall from her bright eyes, be tears of joy!

THE POET's PETITION.

TO AN INFANT.

Although of such—as Fancy and as Faith
Pourtray to Man—are Heav'n's Inhabitants—so shap'd,
So featur'd; and, if fair as Thee,
Sweet one, scarce wanting Angel wings
To bear thee to thy Cherub Sisterhood—

Ah! in soft pity, *aid* with thy pure breath
Thy Poet's prayer! O fold thy seraph hands,
And to the Firmament lift thy mild eye
Of kindred blue, and raise thy tender voice
Of kindred harmony, to supplicate
The Power who made and owns Thee, yet to lend,
Ev'n as a Beam of his own Blessed Self,

 Thy

Thy Graces to the Earth! Ah loveliest Babe!
Spirits there are too thrift in this bad world,
Spirits of Darkness! sprung from the foul Fiend,
Who fills them with the poisons of their Sire:
And oft assuming, infant Innocence!
Thy lilied robe and thy unspotted look,
They stain Life's fairest path, and from the Rose
Of Friendship, and of Love, and sacred Truth,
Tear ev'ry fragrant Leaf, wither the Branch,
And rend the holy Roots! and in their place
Set Slander's deadly Nightshade, Fraud and Strife,
The Mind's dire Hellebore.——But thou, sweet Bud!
No secret worm, no canker nourishest
In thy pure folds; nor dare even Slander's self
Sully thy whiteness, or thy perfume blast
With her empoison'd breath. Tarry then,
Ah tarry, with thy fair ethereal Powers,
To cheer us and to bless. *Petition Heaven;*
And how can Heaven refuse an Angel's Pray'r?

THE

THE TRIBUTE:

WRITTEN MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH, 1804,

AT THE

TOMB OF LADY CALDWELL,

Who was buried at Weston, near Bath, March 18*th*, 1796.

PARTNER of Him, who, from my early youth,
My soul had mark'd for Honour and for Truth;
Whose generous Sorrows, and whose tender Sighs,
Heav'd from a Heart where still thy Image lies;
Who, as he views thee in thy Daughters fair,
Still feels a Husband's love, a Father's care;
And, while more strongly swell'd the tide of grief,
Brought on the wish'd-for show'r of kind relief;
And 'midst the storm they caus'd, more fondly press'd
Thy beauteous Pledges to his aching breast;
Saw all their Mother in their forms survive,
And scarce, alas! could think them not alive.

True to thy Worth, tho' eight sad years have pass'd
Since near this sacred spot he look'd his last;
And many a dire event and distant scene,
With all that Chance or Change could intervene;
His faithful Spirit to thy Tomb has flown,
And mark'd thy sacred Ashes for his own.
His faithful Spirit leaps the space between,
And summons *thine* to CALDWELL'S* once-lov'd scene.

* Castle Caldwell, the beautiful seat of the family, near Ballyshannon in Ireland: a scene of the highest picturesque beauty.

There

There Fancy sees thee still amidst thy flow'rs,
Along thy walks, or in thy fav'rite bowers;
And tho' beneath this stone thy relics lie,
Fresh—as when summon'd to th' expecting sky,
Thy graceful Manners, Form, and beauteous Mind,
Still seem to bless the Spot thou hast resign'd.

Take, then, dear Shade, while awful thus I bend,
O take the Tribute of thy Husband's Friend;
A Friend who knows his love, devoid of art,
The richest offspring of the noblest Heart *!

* The following is the Inscription to the Memory of this estimable Lady:

" In Memory of

LADY CALDWELL,

Daughter of GODFREY MEYNEL, of Bradley, in the County of Derby, Esq.

Wife of Sir JOHN CALDWELL, of Castle Caldwell, Bart.

In the Kingdom of Ireland.

Obiit Anno Ætatis suæ 39, Mar. 18, 1795.

To the Best of Wives, to the Best of Parents,

To a Beloved and Fond Companion,

To the Sweetest and Dearest of Friends;

To such an Exalted Character,

Which in dignifying her Sex honoured Human Nature;

Whose Excellence must live as long as

Virtue and Goodness shall be respected among Men,

This unadorned Stone is placed here;

As the humble Record, and affectionate Tribute,

Of an Affectionate and Disconsolate

Husband."

AN

AN ODE,

FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE CHARITY-SCHOOL OF ST. JOHN, WAPPING.

O Thou! to suffering mortals giv'n,
Whom the Almighty Father calls his own,
And plac'd Thee near his everlasting Throne,
Amongst the best belov'd of Heav'n!

Sister of Pity and of Love,
O Charity! supremely fair,
Now, in thy native realms above,
Receive, receive our tributary prayer!

For now the blessed hour appears,
After the Sun his hundred years
Hath on thy temple shone with light divine;
And now thy chosen Bands,
With ready and obedient hands,
Would pour their incense o'er thy hallow'd shrine;
Their free-will offering now would pay,
More bright and beauteous than the ray
That Sun in *His* centenary could dart—
The sacred Incense of a grateful Heart!

Say, can the beam of orient Morn
So gem, with lucid light, the Thorn

On whose fresh bud the dew-drops shine,—
Can these with the rich crystal vie
That glows in cherub Pity's eye,
Or, gentle *Gratitude!* with thine?
Say, can that orient Morn *itself* display
So pure a tribute, or so soft a ray?

To that the noon-tide Orb is pale;
And faint, Arabia's boasted gale
To the sweet sigh the widow'd Mother heaves,
Or smile of orphan'd Babe, whom Charity relieves.
Zephyrs of Paradise were rude
To thy soft breath, O *Gratitude!*

And, hark! responsive to the mingled sound,
While Music spreads the breathing charm around,
With folded hands and flowing eyes,
What suppliant, tender Forms arise!
What bosoms taught by Thee to know
Of *Gratitude* th' enraptur'd glow!
In every voice we hear it speak,
We see it bloom on every cheek;
We see it in each smile and tear,
That hails, O Charity! thy votive Year:

And while thy tender Mercies we proclaim,
Catch a bright portion of thy heav'nly flame;
Fill'd with thy Spirit, feel the spark divine,
And learn to make *our Treasures blest as thine**.

* I am just informed by the Secretary of this laudable establishment, that the Charity School of St. John, of Wapping, arose originally from a society

society of young men, who were used to meet in the vestry-room of the parish-church, on the last Sunday in every month, to read and expound the Scriptures, preparatory to receiving the Sacrament on the Sunday following.

The first School was opened on Whit-Tuesday, A. D. 1704, and twenty boys only were admitted: it then became patronized by donations, collections at charity sermons, and yearly subscriptions. In the year 1708 a School was instituted for the reception of girls; and, accordingly, ten were admitted.—By the benevolence of the inhabitants it increased; and the old School being both out of repair and too small, the present edifice was erected in the year 1760: since which period fifty boys and forty girls have been educated and annually clothed; having extra linen, a pair of shoes and stockings every Christmas-day, and are moreover supplied with every necessary for their education. They are admitted at the age of seven years, and remain in the School until they attain to their fourteenth, when they are put out apprentices. The boys have a premium given with them of five pounds, and the girls four pounds. There have been educated and clothed, since its first establishment, 1263 children, including those now in the Schools, and have been disposed of as follows, viz.

Boys put out apprentices, - -	482	687
To sea, and otherwise disposed of, -	205	
Girls put out apprentices, - -	2	486
To service, and otherwise disposed of,	484	
Fifty boys and forty girls now in the School,	-	90
	Total,	1263

There are men now living in the parish, in respectable trades, who were educated in this School, and who do not scruple publicly to avow, that to this institution they are indebted for their present prosperity and the rank they hold in society.

THE

THE MODERN HERCULES.

TO JOHN VANCOUVER, ESQ., ON HIS PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH A GOLDEN PEN.

EXCEPT that muzzy Quiz, an Owl,
A Goose seems Nature's silliest Fowl;
But this Lavat'ring judgment makes
A thousand rude and rash mistakes.
An Owl, 'tis said, is Wisdom's bird:
Wisdom in this appears absurd;
For with my might I do aver,
The Goddess should a Goose prefer.

What can an Owl but sit and blink,
And slumber while she seems to think?
Mope through the day in barn or house,
Then wake to hunt a starveling Mouse?
A Fool, that dares to look profound
With Folly's visage fair and round?
Just as the Parrot, Custom's slave,
Is call'd an arch and witty knave,
Because, without or sense or thought,
She apes and slanders as she 's taught.
But if the Owl steals forth ere night,
She finds she was not born for *flight*:

Is

Is spurn'd by all that wing the plains,
Till she her hiding-place regains.
And thus this favourite of the Wise
In drowsy darkness lives and dies.

But for the Goose—Ye Periods, roll,
To vindicate that injured Fowl!
'Tis true, when Geese have got together,
—Like other Gossips of a feather—
They 'll graze and gabble half a day,
And neither sense nor wit display:
But then in this you know they find
Their counterparts in Humankind.
And grave Historians relate
A Roman Goose once sav'd the State;
And though I own an Idiot-look
Hath ne'er the Goose's head forsook,
Which seems extremely dull and stupid;
Yet Pallas, Venus, Mars and Cupid,
And all the votaries of Apollo,
Are still oblig'd to steal or borrow,
Whene'er they try to soar or sing,
A feather from *the Goose's wing*.

And how could absent Lovers woo,
And carry on *their* bill and coo,
Without their guardian Goose's quill
To mark a page of coo and bill;
To spread from east to west a sigh *
Responsive of the tender lie—
Pardon—I mean the tender Truth?
For every Boaz boasts a Ruth!

* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole." POPE.

Not PALMER's wheels could cheer the Maid,
Without a Goose or Gander's aid!
And if, as sometimes is the case,
The Swain or Maiden's in disgrace,
What like the Goose-quill can impart
A lesson to the roving Heart?
Or what to bleeding Constancy
Such balmy comfort can apply?

And, ah! how poor the Warrior's fame,
Did not the Pen assert his claim!
And as for frolic, fun, and spirit,
And all that Belles and Beaux inherit,
A Goose can keep them all in awe,
By teaching justice, sense, and law.
In short, though Birds of prouder note,
More gaudy plume, more tuneful throat,
With loftier lays the Bard inspire,
Should claim more homage from his lyre,
A single feather from the Goose
Shall prove of more intrinsic use;
A truer friend to *Virtue's* cause,
And those submissive to her laws,
Than all the Owls that wing the air,
Although MINERVA's partial care.

But how, my Friend, shall I receive
The splendid instrument you give?
A Poet with a GOLDEN Pen
Preposterous seems to prosing men;
Who with the Goose *their* stomachs fill,
And leave poor Poets but the Quill.

 Yet

Yet since you thus indulge the Muse,
She would be churlish to refuse.
But what must be her theme sublime,
Her thoughts august, and lofty rhyme?
Oh! what should be the soaring lay
To suit a gift so rich and gay?
Shall she some Warrior's fame rehearse?
Or shall the Lover's grace her verse?
Shall Friendship mark the glowing line?
Or, Pity, shall the strain be thine?
Direct me, ever-honour'd Muse,
The subject of the Song to choose.

I paus'd. Methought as if inspir'd,
As if by some emotion fir'd,
The Pen of Gold, upon its stand
Self-mov'd, began to seek my hand;
And thus to Fancy's ear replied,
By Fancy's self personified,

"O Bard! be mine the first essay,
And let VANCOUVER be my lay:
To him by grateful right belong
The Golden Present's virgin song;
And well his powers of head and heart
Congenial numbers will impart.

"But how shall I the theme begin?
Shall Slander*, with her tongue malign,
First pour her venom o'er the page
With more than dæmon's deadly rage?

* Alluding to some unmerited calumnies.

Shall

Shall she the marks of Heaven deface,
The characters of Hell to trace?
Shall she pervert each glowing thought,
And swear that Head with mischief fraught?
Shall she pronounce that generous Heart
A store-room vile of selfish Art?
Shall she, in Envy's colours, show,
That e'en the Balms the Good bestow,—
Balms which those smiling Cots adorn *,
Where late prevail'd the wounding thorn,
Where beat the rain, and blew the wind,—
But prove some latent fraud behind?
Though ev'ry fair and household Guest,
Day's honest labour, evening's rest;
The Parents' blissful smile and tear
Exchang'd for meagre looks severe;
And Village Virtue, that before,
Indignant, shunn'd the Peasant's door,
Leading to ev'ry deed obscene
And vice of the polluted Green:
The Cot now yield to kinder Powers,
That round it twine Life's moral flowers;
The buds and blossoms of the Soul,
And Nature's charms to deck the whole;
The Jess'mine fair, the Woodbine gay,
And Children blooming sweet as they:—
Oh, shall the Muse all these pass by,
And all the good they bring deny?
Shall she, with frantic Party Hate,
From Tachbrook† to the Castle Gate‡;

* Alluding to some improvements recently made for the comfort of the poor.

† Tachbrook-House. ‡ Warwick-Castle.

Thence

Thence far diffused by many a maze,
Where Malice, with Satanic gaze,
Eyes the fair Eden with disdain,
Where Virtue, Truth, and Beauty reign;
Shall she pronounce all these a snare,
Some *mighty ruin to prepare?*

"Or should she paint the Worth within,
That decorates the private scene;
Distinguish, in the ranks of men,
The Donor of the Golden Pen;
Paint Brother, Sister, Friend, and Wife,—
Their comforts anchoring on his life;
Show him intrepidly pursue,
Though Envy's Snakes were full in view;
Undaunted by the brow austere;
His honest arms uncheck'd by fear;
Show him, at Midnight's darkest hour,
Defying the Assassin's power;
Seek his lov'd home, though perils wait,
Superior to the wiles of Hate?
And, with magnificent disdain,
Scorning to falter, or complain;
But keep the tenor of his way,
And ne'er to Vice or Vengeance stray?"

Here ceas'd the Pen, and Fancy fled,
Whilst Truth confirm'd what both had said:
For Truth, with Reason on her side,
Had been Imagination's guide,
And every trace of every line
From Truth receiv'd a stamp divine.

Go,

Go, then, my Friend, in Honour's cause,
Nor heed the obloquy it draws:
Accoutred thus, fair Truth thy guide,
On shalt thou march with generous pride;
A modern Hercules shalt move,
More arduous Toils and Perils prove.
The glorious Parallel shall run
Till thou surpass Alcmena's son;
For nobler labours claim thy might,
And greater Monsters urge thy fight.

Was the proud Chief of awful Jove
Arm'd by the fav'ring powers above?
Did Ocean's God a shield afford?
Pallas and Hermes helm and sword?
Vulcan a brazen club bestow?
Phœbus his arrows and his bow?
Did thus the daring Hercules
The victims of his prowess seize?
The hundred-headed Savage slay?
And the fierce Centaurs make his prey?
The foul Augean Stables clean
Of their enormous filth obscene?
Tam'd he the Mares of Diomede,
Wont like the Cannibal to feed?—
By these was his proud might confess'd,
Whilst Men and Gods his altars bless'd?

But, oh, my friend! 'tis left for you
A task more glorious to pursue;
More than Nemean beasts to tame:
To bid vile AVARICE taste of shame;

The Hydra PREJUDICE destroy,
And Giants yet more dire annoy:
Compel that foulest child of Hell,
INGRATITUDE, thy arm to feel:
Drag her fell Snakes to public view,
More fierce than those Alcides slew;
Bid them no longer sting the Breast,
Fit only for an Angel Guest;
No longer cling, with fatal twine,
Round spotless Virtue's native shrine;
Nor, with insidious serpent Art,
Wind round the noble WARWICK's heart.
These from that Paradise expel,
As erst from Heav'n the Spirits fell,
Degraded, from th' indignant skies,
With Lucifer, no more to rise;
And ne'er, till Penitence restore
Their *honours*, be their exile o'er.
Then Pity, where she long has shone,
In GREVILLE's breast, her proper throne,
In recompense of Grief sincere,
Shall seal their pardon with a tear.
But till that work of *genuine* Grace
In their dark bosoms seek a place,
Confessing whence the darkness rose,
Oh, may they prove VANCOUVER's foes!
And only Courage be his friend,
Till Virtue's means gain Virtue's end.

Then what shall recompense the Deed?
Say, what shall be *thy* glorious meed?

If the *first* Hercules could claim
Homage as great, as great his Fame;
If Fanes magnificent were rear'd,
And he the Deity rever'd;
If worship, human and divine,
Was heap'd upon his Pagan shrine;
If Statues crown'd th' imperial Dome;
And the Farnese of sacred Rome
Has been with pomp for ages shown,
A Work superior and alone;
If, when his vast exploits were o'er,
The Earth consented to adore;
If on his medals shone the Lyre;
If still his great achievements fire
To mighty deeds, and deathless lays;
The theme of universal praise:—
If to a Hero, stain'd with crime,
Are paid these homages sublime,—
Say, when thy *virtuous* labours end,
What honours shall thy life attend?
When thou hast taught the Base to know
The worth of salutary woe;
When thou hast made the Good thy care,
And the Poor bless thee in a prayer:
Oh, say what temples shall arise
To point thy Labours to the skies!
What statues shall *thy* form express?
What medals shall *thy* power impress?
Shall the enormous shoulders spread?
A Giant's frame, a Giant's head?
Shall we transfer the club and bow,
And near thy figure bid them glow?

Shall

Shall the huge arms, and ample chest,
Denote a Hercules confest?
Shall limbs colossal, from the mould
Of sculptur'd marble, brass, or gold,
Seem starting into life, to prove
Thou wert another Son of Jove;
And, tho' thy tasks of toil were o'er,
Thou couldst have borne twelve labours more?

Ah no! Far other Wreaths shall twine
Around VANCOUVER's purer shrine.
In the rich TEMPLE OF THE MIND,
Sacred to love of humankind,
A nobler altar shall be rais'd
Than e'er in heathen temples blaz'd:
The triumph of a generous Heart,
Accus'd of every selfish Art;
The glory of the Good and Wise,
Without one sordid sacrifice;
Th' *ordeal* of true Friendship past,
And every Virtue PROV'D at last.

TO
MRS. VANCOUVER.

To you the Golden Pen should bend;
To you its grateful verse extend;
For who, like You, from earliest youth
Can testify each glowing Truth?

You,

You, who for thrice ten years have known
The faithful HEART you made your own;
Have watch'd it with a careful eye,
And bless'd it with a virgin sigh:
Have seen it every virtue prove,
Of Honour, Constancy, and Love.
You thro' all changes best can tell
What Bosom Friends alone can feel.

Yes,—you in ev'ry trying part
Have seen th' ORDEAL of his Heart;
Have witness'd it, in Sorrow's hour
When Hymen frown'd on Cupid's pow'r;
And when the God with alter'd mien
Mark'd with glad smile the nuptial scene,
That Heart have seen in wedded life,
Your bliss as Maiden and as Wife.

'Twas yours to share his cloudless day;
And when Affliction quench'd the ray,
When shifting Fortune frown'd austere,
And started in your eyes the tear,
You saw the manly Virtues rise,
The temper firm, the judgment wise;
And weeping, you with joy survey'd
In spite of Grief, each duty paid,
As Brother, Neighbour, Friend, or Man,
Awful enlarged the social plan.
You then beheld th' expanding Soul
Give strength and beauty to the whole.

Such Truths the Muse receiv'd from You,
The object ever in your view:
Oh, sacred proofs! by Heav'n bestow'd
Alone upon the truly Good.
And never has his Soul known fear,
Save when for you he shed a tear;
Save when for Brother, Sister, Wife,
He mourn'd the ills of varying life;
Save when from, Sickness, thy fell pow'r,
He saw fair Nature's loveliest flow'r
Forsake the cheek of her he lov'd,
When it "was Virtue to be mov'd."
But e'en in that severest Ill,
'Tis yours to speak his Virtue still;
Yours still to mark his Heart the same,
A Lover alter'd but in name:
A tender Husband, proud to own
You reign unrivall'd and alone;
And though, alas! Disease severe
Has prey'd on many a bloomy year,
Alike your soft and gentle sway,
As in Hygeia's proudest May.

O then, since you so true, so well,
The history of his Heart can tell;
Can all its sterling powers unfold,
More worth than Pens or Mines of Gold;
You who, in every trial, found
The Heart he gave to you was sound;
You, who can summon long-past Time
To aid the Prophecy sublime

The

The Muse has dar'd, in mirror bright,
To press upon the admiring sight,—
That his proud Triumph on the View
Shall start till Foes *confess it too,*—
Confess it with ingenuous shame,
Own their mistake, and join his fame:
To You the Golden Pen should bend;
To You its grateful verse extend!

And ah! may Heav'n allow the prayer,
That you that Triumph proud may share!
Then, though some wayward shafts of Woe—
The common Lot of all *below*—
May reach, as now, thy tender heart,
The balms of Love shall soothe the smart.

TO MISS VANCOUVER,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BOUQUET OF WINTER FLOWERS.

The fragrant Present you have made
Bloom'd in December's deepest shade,
And cheer'd the desolated view;
Emblem of *Friendship* fair and true.
For thus it is Affection's flow'r
In stormy Life exerts its pow'r;
Beneath Misfortune's chilling skies,
A beauteous Sun-flow'r see it rise:

And when stern Winter, like a thief,
Robs the vast wood of ev'ry leaf,
This shall the felon blast survive,
And amidst Nature's ruins thrive:
This Blossom of the Soul shall glow
Unchang'd, and no corruption know:
While other blooms shall droop and die,
And in promiscuous ruin lie,
Perish'd as if they ne'er had been,
True Friendship proves an EVERGREEN.

TO A LADY,

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR, WHAT SHE SHOULD DO TO DESERVE THE CHARACTER OF AN INDUSTRIOUS WOMAN?

IF, while ten thousand eye-lids close,
And half the world are in a doze,
You, more *industrious* than the Sun,
Half of your morning's work have done;
If, while pale Indolence, in bed,
Complains of nerves and *aching head,*
An early blessing you impart,
And soothe Misfortune's *aching heart;*
Patron alike of Want and Grief,
If you have sent the day's relief;
If, while the puny Dames of Fashion
Shiver in furs, yet talk of passion;

Or,

Or, close embox'd in curtain'd chair,
Are terrified at evening air;
You, fearless, court the wint'ry sky,
And wind and rain alike defy:
If your warm heart, ne'er chill'd by snow,
With Bounty's genial heat can glow;
The Rich with social rays inspire,
And give the Poor a social fire;
If thus you aid the Griev'd and Poor,
Ere to the Rich you ope the door;
If, at an age when *most* who live
To such a date, *themselves* survive;
Feel mind and body both decay,
While you are merry, wise, and gay;
Preserve Good-humour, sterling Sense,
And Wit that scorns to give offence;
If, on so fair and good a plan,
You lengthen thus the mortal Span;
Nor lengthen only, but improve,
While all the minutes cheerly move:—
If thus—by Wisdom's reck'nings clear—
Your day is worth the Idler's year,
Tell me, while you this course pursue,
Who so *Industrious* as *You** ?

STANZAS

* The lady to whom the above lines are addressed is Mrs. Jeffrys, of Bath, sister to the late celebrated John Wilkes, whose wit, spirit, politeness and affability she inherits. She displays to an innumerable circle of friends all those splendid natural gifts and acquirements, at a very advanced period of life, in a degree almost beyond belief: to which she superadds the effusions of a generous heart, that beats unceasingly to the comfort or accommodation of all who truly know her. Her hour of rising is four in the morning, winter and summer; and without disturbing the repose

STANZAS

TO

THE NEW MOON.

EMBLEM too just of all that's Beauteous here!
Thou spell-crown'd Regent of the varying Earth!
Fairest of things in thy sublimer sphere,
Though changing ev'ry moment with thy birth!
Lovely Inconstant! hear the Muse's pray'r,
Nor let thy Albion's sighs be lost in air!

What though thy wasted rays were quench'd in show'rs,
And wint'ry torrents swell thy summer stream;
If softness grace thy renovating pow'rs,
Still shall thy bounty be Britannia's theme:
On thy new birth let cloudless azure shine,
And Nature's self shall bow before thy shrine.

For not her delug'd flowers alone decay,
Her Garlands these, and these unwept might die;
But, ah! her fostering *food* if swept away,
In one vast ruin Man's chief hope must lie:
Oh, then, let Plenty fill thy rising horn,
So still shall genial beams thy *Harvest-moon* adorn!

repose of the family, she employs herself in a thousand occupations, amusive to her own mind, or useful to a long train of her daily pensioners. She constantly sits and even sleeps with the windows open; and when the rain blows, or the snow drifts into her apartment, she has it removed in the morning. In a word, it is known to innumerable persons, that, whatever be the defect of the verses inscribed to her, they faithfully record a simple fact in every line.

STANZAS,

STANZAS,

ON FAVOURABLE WEATHER HAPPENING AFTER THE AUTHOR'S FIRST ADDRESS TO THE NEW MOON.

Auspicious Planet! thou hast heard my pray'r:
  Unshrouded now thy crescent beams prevail;
Thy drooping sister is at length thy care;
  Already Ceres feels the ripening gale:
Her sickled swains behold thy genial ray;
Blithsome prepare for toil, and watch the day.

Without one spot, now glows to Fancy's eye
  Thy bounteous throne of heav'n's cœrulean clear,
And all the hills and valleys we descry,
  In thy fair visage crown'd with sheaves appear;
The Lunar harvests shining there we see,
And kindred Earth repays each sheaf to thee.

But not to transient scenes like these confin'd,
  'Tis said, O magic Orb! thy power extends
To the wild movements of the wand'ring *Mind*,
  When from her shaken seat smote Reason bends:
Ah, then, this Moon-struck rage of War controul:
Loose the dire spell of blood from Man's distemper'd soul!

TO

A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION,

WITH "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Receive a beauteous Casket, which enfolds
A Gem more rare than all Peruvia holds.
This little Book a wondrous charm contains
For the vast catalogue of human pains:
There's virtue in the Leaves, which you must bind,
With gentlest pressure, on your wounded mind;
And soon o'er every aching sense will creep
A mental slumber, sweet as infant sleep;
A trance will follow, stealing o'er the past;
Then a soft dream, and wak'd by Hope at last:
The Book of Magic, then, dear Suff'rer, take;
Let the Spell work, nor fear that it will break.

Ah me! how oft, in deep Misfortune's hour,
When Fortune broke *her* charm, I've tried its power!
Tried it when Falsehood ill repaid my Truth,
And bore full hard on my disaster'd Youth;
Tried it in life mature, when many a year
My eyes had fill'd with Sorrow's various tear;
When foul Ingratitude,—the crime of Hell,
By which from Heav'n itself the Angels fell;
The poisonous tooth, like some envenomed dart,
Tore, without pity, my believing heart;
E'en then I found Hope's life-restoring beam,
Like soothing visions in a sick man's dream;

The pale cheek tinting with Hope's genial ray,
Begun, once more, like morning-light to play;
Gradual expell'd the darkness of despair,
And the half-doubting Soul subdu'd to pray'r.

Oh, Gift of God! blest Hope! e'en now thy smile
May still my *latent* grief, though sharp, beguile.
I woo thy aid, fair Daughter of the Sky!
To check th' embitter'd drop, and soothe the sigh;
Or bid them both alternate heave and flow
More fast, and give the Lenitives of Woe:
Till, o'er the mist which now thy power enshrouds,
Thy Beams shall rise, as from a World of Clouds;
E'en like the Rainbow Promise to the Soul,
Shall the dread Tide of 'whelming Fate controul.

TO MR. AND MRS. FONBLANQUE;

ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF THEIR CHILDREN.

From Death's sharp pang, which Stoics ill can bear,
Yet by your Suckling borne—'tis yours to spare
Resign'd the tender Suff'rer,—who was giv'n
To smile on Earth, then seek its native Heav'n!
There, *near its God*—the spotless Infant's place—
Haply the Guardian Angel of your race,
It sits enthron'd, with Cherubims sublime:
Superior o'er the powers of Death and Time!

THE ELLISTON;

OR,

BATH QUESTIONS.

WHEN new-imported Faces meet
Faces less recent in the street,
In Union-Passage, or Cock-Lane,
Where crowd the fashionable Train,
A kind of morning Jostling-bout,
Rehearsing for the Evening Rout;
Or settling the next day's devices,
At Morland's, over Soups and Ices:
Thus runs the chit-chat of the Springs,
Amongst a thousand other things;
The Rooms, the Play-house, and the Papers;
The Riders, Walkers, Scribblers, Scrapers;
Rauzzini,—Prince of Badon's Stringers,—
With all his Concerts and his Singers;
The Volunteers and Sailors hearty;
Pichegru, Moreau, and Buonaparte;
The Loungers, Dashers, Drinkers, Eaters;
The M. P. Lists of lovely Creatures;
The Fairies at Miss Fleming's Ball;
The Christie who out-fairy'd all;
The Elfin-Train of Elliston,
And which *her* dancing Laurel won:
The popular Divine for Sunday;
The *extra*-Bath-Gazettes for Monday;

 The

The latest Fashion that came down,
Hat, Cap, and Shoe, Pelisse, and Gown;
The hopes, and *how*-do-you's polite;
The visit paid, and new invite;
The little Slander of the Day,
With many an et-cetera.

QUESTION I.

"Pray, Madam, since you rattled down
To this dear, fascinating Town,
Have you yet seen that child of *Fun*,
The modern Proteus—Elliston?
So arch, so odd, so droll, so sly—
He's sure the Soul of *Comedy!*"

QUESTION II.

An Invalid, beside the Pump,
Thus question'd, leaning on his stump,—
"Pray, have you seen that Child of Sorrow,
Who makes us all dispos'd to borrow
Niobe's tears for our relief,
When he insists upon our grief?
Yet sweet the tear, and soft the sigh—
He's sure the Soul of *Tragedy!*"

QUESTION III.

The next, a late-invited Guest,
The transport of the heart express'd—
"Since the Bath course you have begun,
Pray have you met with Elliston?
Could you but get to hear him *read*,
You'd have a charming treat indeed:

Such Taste and Feeling! all agree—
He's sure the Soul of *Company!*"

QUESTION IV.

"Pray," ask'd a fourth, at Phillot's stand,—
The tumbler smoking in her hand,—
"When all his Spirits are on wing,
Have you heard Elliston yet *sing*
His Song of Frolic, or of Gloom?—
I'm speaking of him in a room—
By turns such pathos, humour, glee—
He's sure the Soul of *Pleasantry!*"

If dear Variety be sweet,
He needs must prove a constant treat,
Who can so variously excel;—
Does all things, and yet does them well.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

PRESENTED ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND: INCLUDING THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR APPEARING IN BLACK.

How's this?—in *mourning*-garments, and the night
When Undertakers would array in white,
Were they a pair just married to attend?
When e'en the jetty Raven would assume
The Swan's fair colours, could she change her plume,—
And comes in black the Poet and the Friend?

I own

I own the charge:—but Bride-nights have been sung
Since Love's first Couple, when the World was young;
  A pair most fond, though rather near akin:
Both seem'd by Nature—Love's Mamma—design'd
To form but One in body and in mind;
  In troth, they were as near as bone and skin.

To hail this Marriage came the tuneful Nine,
And their first Song was laid at Wedlock's shrine;
  To them the Hymeneal harp was giv'n:
And ever since that Union, every Pair,
On bridal days, have been the Muses' care;
  And some have thought each Match was made in
    Heav'n.

In very truth, there's not a simile,
A trope, a figure left, alas! for me;
  Stripp'd are the Trees of Fancy and of Love;
And, just like Shakspeare's Mulberry,
Fiction has cut a Forest from a Tree;
  And Hymen, who loves shade, has not one Grove.

At least a hundred thousand songs, thrice told,
—'Tis lucky that these Muses ne'er grow old—
  Have hail'd as many Weddings; and, I fear,
Successive Poets have so hard been prest,
And each oblig'd to borrow from the rest,
  There's nothing left for Matches made this year.

Nothing, I mean, that's new:—bride-pinks and roses
Have long been us'd in Matrimonial Posies,
  That scarce a bud remains for Beauty's pillow;

Bards have to true-love-knots turn'd all the bowers,
And made so many chaplets of the flowers,
That I have nought to offer but the Willow.

And hence it is I am in sables drest,
While bloomy vestments grace each other guest:
Yet still my heart-warm Wishes are as true,
Though breath'd in an undecorated lay,
As if all Eden's fragrance strew'd the way,
And Love's first Paradise around me grew.

Then since the flowers Parnassian are o'er,—
May all the Garlands Bards have twin'd before,
And all that Fancy ever imag'd true,
Of fair and good, of tender and of kind,
In this day's happy Nuptials be COMBIN'D,
To form a fadeless Wreath, my Friend, for YOU!

TO AN OLD MARRIED COUPLE;

ON THE AUTHOR'S BEING PRESENT AT THEIR MEETING AFTER A SHORT SEPARATION.

WHEN to the happy Time you've pass'd
You both have measur'd ten years more,
May those be happy as the last!
Then add another happy score.

May ev'ry parting lose a tear,
And ev'ry meeting win a kiss!

Or,

Or, should you weep though both are near,
  Oh, may it be a tear of bliss!

And if the Fates so friendly prove
  To add another six or seven,
May these, too, bless you as they move,
  Then both go lovingly to Heav'n!

Nay—now a wishing-cap the Bard
  Has put upon the Muse's head—
When you have gain'd Love's last reward,
  And Thomas reigneth in your stead,—

When wedded, may that gifted Boy
  Live as a Bridegroom with his Bride;
Like you, a Heav'n on Earth enjoy,
  And share your Heav'n of Heav'ns beside!

TO THE MEMORY OF *******.

Though in her cheek soft Beauty's flow'r maintain'd
Its loveliest bloom when Youth no longer reign'd;
Sweeter than Beauty or than Youth, the art
Which plucks the thorn from Sorrow's aching heart;
Which pours the balm of Pity on the wound,
A healing balm in Pity only found:
Such art, oh dear lamented Shade! was thine:
But, the balm lost, the cureless wound is mine.

EX-

EXTEMPORE.

TO A LADY IN FEEBLE HEALTH.

Why do the Fates so oft decree,
To frames of steel, and lungs of leather,
To shallow brains from thinking free,
And tongues that prate for years together,

A privilege all day to laugh;
Without a care through life to roll;
All night the cup of Joy to quaff,
Till empty as the Drinker's soul?

While, miser-like, those Fates dispense
The trembling nerve and slender form
To such as You—to Wit and Sense,
And leave a Reed to brave the Storm!

'Tis strange, and yet there's reason in it;
For Sense or Wit more blest appears,
And lives more life in one short minute
Than Dullness in a hundred years.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

THE same the air, the same the scene,
The whispering trees, the varied green,
The fields still rich with golden store,
The copse and root-house as before;
The same the ivy, moss, and reeds,
The tangled paths, and waving weeds,
The thick shade closing up the view,
The curious sun still peeping through;
The same the hospitable shed,
The board as plentifully spread,
The drooping ash, th' aspiring oak;
The damsel's blush, the rustic's joke.
What,—these the same,—dear Corde, say
Has chang'd them all since yesterday?
What want they now, less good or kind,
The crown of all?—A KINDRED MIND.

ON MARGARET PICKARD'S *

ENTERING HER SIXTH YEAR, JANUARY 1, 1802.

OF Birth-day lines to Girls and Boys,
  Though, like themselves, so smooth and pretty,
I think them worse than children's toys,
  Or than the Bellman's Christmas ditty.

* Daughter of Capt. Pickard, of the 36th Regiment.

Such

Such fuss is made of forms and features,
Of Daddy's virtues, Mammy's graces,—
They're just like pills to the sweet Creatures,
Who take 'em, not without wry faces.

Yet when a thousand things combine
And mix, dear Margaret! as in you,
One should not wonder if the Nine
In an old theme found something new.

In you, sweet non-descript, each Muse,
Were there, instead of nine, a score,
Her darling attribute might choose
Till the Mythology was o'er:

For in that little head and mind,
And in those little lips and eyes,
A young Euphrosyne we find,
Minerva speaks, and Venus lies!

Your fun, your frolic, and sweet folly,
Roguish caprices and conceits,
Your moments of soft melancholy,
Frisks, bounds, and gay fantastic feats,

Are quite enough upon this day
To make Olympus tune its lyres,
And every year descend to play
Whatever Margaret inspires!

THE FATE OF THE BARDS.

THE Poets are a gentle race,
And Nature form'd their souls for love;
Yet Love and Nature have decreed,
The woes they pity they should prove.

The Rose, their favourite flower, they bring,
And paint it in the tints of morn,
The offering lay at Beauty's feet,
The incense hers, but theirs the thorn.

And many a mansion fair they raise—
Temples and towers that pierce the sky—
Make beds of state for Queens to rest,
While they on humble pallets lie!

A QUESTION, BY A FRIEND,

IN REPLY TO "THE FATE OF THE BARDS."

'TIS true that "Poets *gentle are*,"
Their souls by *Nature* "form'd for love;"
But, *is it true* that Fate decrees
"The woes they *pity* they must PROVE?"

And

And when the blushing "Rose" they bring,
Tinged with the softest hues of morn,
An offering fit for "Beauty's" shrine,
Say, does *her* smile not BLUNT the thorn?

Or, when the "Mansion fair" they rear—
With magic thought, raise lofty "Towers"—
The Royal Pillow deck with state,—
DOES IT NOT STREW THEIR OWN WITH FLOWERS?

TO
MRS. POTTER,
ON CASTING THE AUTHOR'S NATIVITY.

You tell me that the Stars intend
To be henceforth the Poet's friend;
And that the Planets, stern before,
Resolve at length to frown no more;
That the High Powers who rule the birth
Of us poor dwellers upon earth,
Determine me a happier lot
Upon this sublunary spot,
Than hitherto they have inclin'd
To give my person or my mind.

Oh, if your Prophecy come true,
What will the Poet owe to you?
How shall he speak a grateful heart,
Or pay due tribute to your art?—

Art

Art more than magic, which reveals
What Fate from Ignorance conceals.

Thus let it be—If *demonsiration*
Shall crown this blissful calculation;
If Sickness shall to Health give way,
And Fortune lend a fav'ring ray;
The Poet shall an offering give—
For You, as Prophet, shall receive
More than the Oracles of old,
More than Peruvia's splendid gold;
For the first day of every year
He'll pay you—GRATITUDE SINCERE!!
That precious Jewel sent from Heav'n,
That brighter Star than all the seven *.

TO GEORGIANA BYRON,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, FEB. 9, 1799.

VERSES on Birth-days have been sent,
In way of yearly compliment,
E'er since—in truth, so long ago
Their origin I do not know;
Most likely from the birth of Rhime,
Which follow'd fast the birth of Time:

They certainly were of a feather,
And, tho' not twins, were young together.
And, haply, as Time's pinions grew,
The *first* gay Bard a feather drew,

* Alluding to the Seven Stars.

A fair

A fair PEN-feather from his wing,
TIME's *anniversary to sing.*

Now, tho' no sage traditions say
That Adam on *his* natal day,
From Angel-Friend, or Mother Earth,
Had Verses sent upon *his* Birth,
Yet, as he was a well-bred man,
And *Gallantry* with him began,
It is but just we should believe
He sung the Birth-day of his *Eve!*
Thrice bless'd the She whom Heav'n did *crib*
So charmingly from off his rib:
At any rate, as Love was born
Upon that memorable morn,
The *Muses* hail'd the nuptial hour,
And tun'd a lyre in Adam's bower;
Spontaneous harps all ready strung
Connubial gratulations rung;
Soft airs on every flow'r and bough
Embalm'd a Song, or breath'd a Vow;
And each revolving year, I ween,
Those airs were heard, those flow'rets seen.

Since then you know, my charming Maid,
An annual Verse is always paid,
Once every year, each being woos,
Or buys, or hires a Natal Muse;
A little tiny *Godling* She,
A sort of store-room Deity,
Who upon small occasions strings
Her household harp, and softly sings,

Mingling

Mingling with every line a kiss—
The Birth of Master or of Miss—
So sweetly gentle, that I trow,
Scarce hear we if she sings or no,
Blown like her kisses—yet from Love
They both proceed, and we approve.

Amidst the joys, then, that environ
The natal Morn of lovely Byron,
Oh, shall the faithful Friend refuse
To court for thee, dear Maid, a Muse?
Methinks he sees, in fair array
The *Virtues* dress thee for the day;
Dress thee in robes of modest bloom,
All wrought in a celestial loom;
Sky-dipt the colours, wove in heav'n,
A mantle by its cherubs giv'n
Just eighteen spotless years ago,
To grace their Sister here below.
Oh, may the pure materials last *
Till eighteen years thrice told are past:
Unchang'd the hues of innocence,
The blameless thought, th' unsullied sense!
And, to complete the Muse's prayer,
The heavenly present mayst thou wear
Uninjured to its latest thread,
And mark the place where thou art laid:
Then thy pure Spirit, yet more white,
Shall be array'd in—*robes of light!*

* This interesting Being, alas! did not live to reach her second Birth-day from the penning of this prayer.

TO

TO SOPHIA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

HAIL to the morn that gave Sophia birth!
Than morn more fair when Spring revisits earth!
Sweet child! since first thy beauties bless'd the day,
Three years have flown on downy wings away:
Three years of sunshine bath'd sometimes with showers,
But showers of April when they fall on flowers.

Say, dearest, what can friendship wish thee more,
Than that such suns and dews may ne'er be o'er?
May sports as innocent, as easy joys,
As airy spirits, and as harmless toys,
Sorrows as gentle, happiness as gay,
Remain to greet thy sixtieth natal day!

Had I that wondrous cap so famed of yore,
Which on the head such mighty magic bore;
Would Fortunatus his vast treasure send,
And I to thee, dear maid, that treasure lend,—
Or as a birth-day present bid thee take
The envied gift, and wear it for my sake;
That ev'ry wish thy little heart could form,
In life's mixt element of calm and storm,
With wishing might be had,—a purer bliss
That cap could never give, sweet babe, than this!

TO A LADY,

WITH COWPER'S POEMS ELEGANTLY BOUND.

Lovely without—still lovelier within,
Rich hues of Heart, that to the polish'd skin
Lend the soft tints of Beauty and of Grace,
And Feeling's rose and lily to the face;
High-pictur'd Thoughts that from bright Fancy roll,
And radiant Genius beaming o'er the whole:—
Such is the fair, congenial Gift I send,
And such the Mind and Genius of my Friend.

EXTEMPORE.

TO MRS. SHEPHERD,

IN PAYMENT OF A SHEET OF PAPER.

Though Poets deal in black and white,
And often draw a Bill at sight,
And mark their Drafts on paper;
And though they're drawn upon a God,
What may to money'd Men seem odd,
They're little more than vapour.

Nay, should Apollo undersign,
And the Bill,—back'd by all the Nine,—
Gain credit in Parnass,
Good Men would spurn it at the Bank;
And Newland, thinking it but blank,
Protest it must not pass.

Yet currency it sure may gain,
Not only where the Muses reign,
But on a richer spot;
When thus to Worth it would impart
The warmest wishes of the Heart
In the *good Shepherd's cot.*

IMPROMPTU,

ON MR. PHILLIPS'S LENDING HIS TOWN-HOUSE TO THE AUTHOR.

THIS is indeed, my Friend, an age of changes!
And who can say that miracles have ceas'd?
When at his Publisher's the Poet ranges
O'er a fair mansion—surely they've increas'd!

A mansion too, so goodly and so fine,
And large enough, though there were poets twenty;
And then so bravely furnished, all the Nine,
And Graces Three, to boot, would find room plenty!

I'faith,

I'faith, my Friend, so well am I appointed,
Cook, Cellar, Kitchen, Parlour—all my own!
My Brother Bards will think me your anointed;
A vain Usurper of *King Philip's* Throne.

Yet is your house less spacious than your heart;
And if you'll give me a warm *corner* there,
With your whole mansion freely will I part,
And quit my envied throne for one more fair.

ADDRESS TO THE LYRE.

WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF VAUCLUSE.

Yes, friendly Bow'r, that dost my anguish hide
In the soft Vale where Petrarch us'd to stray,
Wailing the Fair the cruel Fates denied,
Midst haunts ne'er gladden'd by the sunny ray;

To thy dark Glooms like him do I repair,
Breathing to thee my deep embosom'd sigh;
To thee and to this Harp, and yonder Air
That nightly hear my wish to sleep and die!

Come then, grief-subduing string,
All thy world of Magic bring,
To lull the sense of agonizing pain:
Try, ye chords, such lenient lays
As when twilight Zephyr plays
A soft and sweet Æolian strain.

Like

Like that heav'n-descended Breeze,
Rising, falling, by degrees;
Now like blissful Lovers sighing,
Now like hopeless Lovers dying;
Vary thus th' enchanting Lay,
And steal—O steal me from myself away.

LINES

WRITTEN AT A FRIEND'S VILLA AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Sweet Scenes! since last thy charms I view'd,
Thy Winter's gone, thy Sping renew'd,
And ev'ry Shrub and ev'ry Flower
Confess'd the ever-*changeful* Power;
Or to the stormy Winds a prey,
Or Autumn's bright but deep decay.

Yet One Flow'ret still I find,
Beyond the reach of wave or wind!
And though, full oft, that flow'ret fades,
Or in dark Misfortune's shades;
Or, sad Willow! like to Thee—
Weeping plant of Sympathy,
That fragrant Flow'ret, still sublime,
Survives the wreck of Chance or Time!

And though oft, alas! prevail
Sorrow's shocks, and Envy's gale,

Here

Here the plant, of heav'nly birth,
Its power asserts o'er feeble Earth:—
Immortal FRIENDSHIP can impart
The Balm that soothes and glads the heart;
That's the flower whose sweets afar
Scatter Perfume through the Air,
The GILEAD that, which through all Seasons glows,
Nor scorch'd by Summer's Suns, nor chill'd by Winter
Snows.

SONGS.

THE CAPTIVE.

THE Bird within his cage, 'tis true,
May sing as on his native tree;
But he forgets, or never knew,
The Sweets of lovely Liberty.

Yet Man, alas! attempts in vain
With songs his prison hours to cheer;
Still, still he feels the galling chain,
And drops upon his wounds—a tear.

THE WEAVERS.

WHETHER clear or entangled the Threads of Life run,
By the Fates,—rare old Weavers!—those Threads were
all spun;
The Work is then past into Dame Nature's Loom,
And woven to suit both the Cradle and Tomb.

Hence Destiny's Doublet for Mortals is made
By these same rare old Weavers, the first of our Trade;
And whether entangled or clear the Threads run,
We must dress in the Jacket their Worships have spun.

'Tis true that the Jerkins, though done in one frame,
Are plaguy uneven, and seldom the same;
'Tis here a rich tissue from ankle to throat,
And there patch'd and piec'd like a Harlequin's coat:

Here thinner than cobweb, there standing in gold;
Here tears in a day, and there never looks old:
With some it wears smoothly, with others more rough;
These find it of silk, and those feel it is stuff.

One swears 'tis too coarse, and another too fine;
But troth, Brother Weaver, 'tis vain to repine:
For, whether entangled or clear the Threads run,
We must dress in the Jacket their Worships have spun.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LIFE.

Of what have poor mortals, alack! to be proud,
Whose lives are made up thus of Sunshine and Cloud?
Clearing and lowering,
Shining and showering;
Dark Shadows, bright Bubbles!
Short Pleasures, long Troubles;
Much rain, and much wind, and a little fair weather,
And all the odd elements jumbled together.

Take Life as it is then, its joy and its sorrow,
Though to-day's overcast it may clear up to-morrow;
And while the storm pours,
Or hurricane roars;
Lightnings flashing,
Thunders crashing;
Though on straw lies my head,
And yours on down-bed,
If snug we *both* lie,
Till the Tempest goes by,
Though you're in your palace, and I'm in my cot,
We both may be very well pleas'd with our lot.

THE

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

MANKIND are all *Fish*, and I'll lay you a bet
I prove that they all will come into the Net.
The *Lawyer*'s a *Shark*; and they who in shoals
Run into his jaws must be *Flats* or poor *Soals*.

The *Lobster*'s a *Turncoat*; the *Sluggard* a *Snail*;
The *Curate* a *Shrimp*, and the *Vicar* a *Whale*;
The *Soldier*'s a *Sword-fish*; the *Critic* a *Carp*,
That delights in the mud, and, though *wary*, bites sharp.

The *Heir* is a *Gold-fish*, but turns to a *Gull*;
True *Lovyers* are *Oysters*, both silent and dull;
The *Poets* are *Spawn*, but are scarce worth a drag;
Young *Misses* are *Mackarel*, caught by *red Rag*:

Their *Swains*, though all *sly Fish*, full frequently feel
That a fair and fresh *Mack'rel* oft turns to an *Eel*.
A *Rake*'s a *Dorado*, persisting and rude;
A *Beauty*'s a *Flying-fish*, always pursued.—

Thus by *hook* or by crook they are *all* to be caught;
Nay, wise ones have said they are all to be *bought*;
Some at high, some at low, some at fair market price,
Not a farthing per pound, or a *guinea a slice!*

For *Maids* that are *good*, there's no price to be set,
But for those that won't keep, or will jump to the Net,
They're

They're not worth the scales on the rump of a *Dace*,
Though Thousands are offer'd to catch a good *Place*.
And as for our *Herrings*, they're *Fishes of Gold*,
When in this good old Market each night they are sold.

THE FISHERMEN'S FINALE; A CATCH,

FOR A GROUPE OF CHARACTERS.

FRIENDSHIP, Love, and Liberty!
These at length are ours, my Boy!
Cuckoldom and Slavery!
These are yours—I wish you joy!
Would you taste the *bliss* of Life,
Ask of bounteous Heaven to send—
Soother sweet of every strife,
Mistress true, and faithful Friend.
Would you taste the *plague* of Life,
Beg of bounteous Heaven to send—
Charming sources of each strife,—
Mistress false, and faithless Friend!
I that faithful Friend possess:
Still the vagabond may grieve me:
I a Mistress true caress:
Yet the varlet may deceive me!
Davy grieve me?
Kate deceive me?
Never! never!
Never!

Never! never!
Ever! ever!
Jack e'er grieve me?
Sall deceive me?
Never! never!
Ever! ever!
Davy grieve me?
Pat deceive me?
Never! never!
Ever! ever!
Marriage is a sick'ning dish!
Ne'er was seen so odd a fish!
But I swear,
Though Partlet here
Oft has griev'd me,
And deceiv'd me,
On the Sea and on the Shore,
I do love her more and more!
And though you
Have not been true,
And have griev'd me,
And deceiv'd me,
Here and there, and every where,
By these Boys and Girls I swear,
On the Sea and on the Shore,
I love *Trimboat* more and more!
Would you taste then bliss of life, &c.
Friendship, Love, and Liberty, &c.

ON

ON BEING PRESENT AT THE NAMING OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

THE *Spirit* of the Babe, 'tis said, ascends
More welcome, when the Priest his succour lends;
When hallow'd Drops by sacred hands are spread,
The blessed Cross beams lambent o'er the head.
But surely Thou, sweet Infant, hadst found Grace,—
Cherub already opening in thy Face,—
Had no such mark of the Baptismal Vow
Been gently sprinkled on thy polish'd Brow;
The Sire and Son, upon their starry Throne,
Long ere this Morn had "mark'd thee for their own."
Yet, ah! may Heav'n awhile its claim forgo,
And spare thee to thy Parents here below!

PRESENTED TO THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE BLACKMAN, ESQ. WITH "PITY'S GIFT," A SELECTION FOR YOUNGER MINDS.

WHEN Age matures the growing Sense,
And your Hearts *feel* benevolence;
May every Tale you here shall view
Be fondly realized in you!
To every creature be a Friend,
For Heav'n *returns* the bliss we end:
The Breast that with compassion flows
Is the best gift that Pity knows.

WRITTEN AT THE

HERMITAGE, NEAR BATH,

Late in the possession of PHILIP THICKNESSE, *Esq.*, *now belonging to Mr.* COWARD *of that City.*

IN times long past, when Life was young,
And the Muse frolick'd while she sung,
And Nature tun'd the playful lyre,
While Fancy sported with the wire;
And those were in their pride of bloom
Who now are moulder'd in the tomb;
In these hermetic Shades I sought
And fondly nurs'd poetic thought,
And twin'd a wreath with Millar's Bards,
Well pleas'd, O Vase, with thy rewards;
Thy myrtle deeming a renown
Surpassing Cæsar's civic crown.

Here, too, I oft was wont to sit,
And share the feast of Wine and Wit
The Owner of the Scene display'd
Through many a playful theme pourtray'd:
So rich in both was Philip's store,
The flowing cup full oft ran o'er.

What pity—that so warm a heart,
Which so much pleasure could impart,

Replete

Replete with so much Spirit, Sense,
And genuine Benevolence,
And Hospitality's true fire,
That could a social heart inspire
With Humour, Fancy, Jest, and Glee,
And Wisdom chast'ning Jollity——
What pity—that, while all was gay,
Vivid and bright as Summer day,
Should, swifter than the Winter storm,
So oft this Hermit's Cell deform;
That, sudden as the phrensied Wind,
Some dread Tornado of the Mind
Should rise to desolate the scene,
Nor leave a trace of what had been;
And where fair Sun-beams play'd before,
Fierce Thunders roll'd, to cease no more,
And, in the madd'ning tempest wild,
Spurn'd was a Neighbour, Friend, or Child;
Sense, Reason, Nature, urg'd in vain,
Crush'd by the fateful Hurricane.

Yet still the Muse delights to tell
Her welcome to the Hermit's Cell,
And warm the tributary lay,
That Gratitude is prompt to pay;
For many a social pleasure known,
And many a mark of kindness shown:
And Mem'ry bids the Bard review,
With Fancy's eye, the Form he knew—
Anna, who perished in her bloom,
Now clos'd in yon fantastic Tomb.

And often too, in this fair spot,
Have I the Hermit's faults forgot;
With rapture heard his mirthful tale,
Nor seldom seen the heart prevail,
Seen the kind drop illume his eye
Embalming deeds of Charity.
Ah, then, in sympathy sincere,
Let Charity return the tear.

Peace to the Dead! the Living throng,
To whom these hermit haunts belong,
Afford the Bard full many a bower
Auspicious to the Muses' power.
Here Painting too has fix'd her seat,
Here MARY* seeks her green retreat,
Where Nature rears her varied throne,
And Friendship calls the spot her own.

* MARY COWARD, second daughter of the present proprietor of this beautiful retirement, who with a rich natural talent for the pencil combines a most worthy disposition, and justifies the pride of the fine and numerous family of which she forms a part.

Of St. Catharine's Hermitage, for so it was formerly called, Mr. Thicknesse has himself given the best account, in a Letter addressed to Sir John O' Carrol, which was published upwards of thirty years ago, and, on reperusal, I find it so truly descriptive, not only of the place, as I well remember it then was, but of the Describer, that some extracts from it cannot fail to be entertaining.

"You ask me, dear sir, to send you *a description of my delightful Hermitage;* and though your residence in another kingdom, and my desire to oblige you, urge me to attempt it, yet I must apprise you, that it is impossible to comply with your request.

"Descriptive

"Descriptive writing is, of all others, even with an able pen, the most difficult; and though I might succeed a little in the description of *Montserrat* *, (an object so novel and so singular) yet I feel myself utterly incapable to describe such a spot as this—a spot so fortunately placed, so irregularly marked, and a little improved by my own hands. For, when all is said that can be said, the best description would convey but a very imperfect idea of the place described.

"It commands a south-west prospect, and hangs on the side of Lansdown hills, and so close under a high tump to the north, that we are perfectly sheltered from the severe winds of that quarter, and in a great measure from the east winds also; for though it is a quarter of an hour's steep walk from the west end of the Royal Crescent in Bath, and commands just so much prospect that the eye can take in the verdure, and no more, yet Lord THURLOW was pleased, in *pleasantry*, to name it *Gully-Hall.*

"From my little study-window, however, I look down upon BATH with that indifference, which age, and a long knowledge of its contents, or rather discontents, have furnished me with; and with infinite pleasure on a mile and a half of the gentle AVON gliding down the vale, and, now and then, seeing the swelling bosoms of deep-laden barks freighted with merchandize; which I consider as returning messengers, whom I have sent forth to fetch me tea from Asia, sugar from America, wine from France, and fruit from Portugal.

"No little spot of ground can be more beautifully irregular, broken, and divided, than this dingle; and no wonder; for it is as GOD formed it, and as He willed the stately trees to grow, which shade it, and who causes the whole surface annually to be covered with the primrose, violet, and all the elder sisters of the spring. I have therefore taken a few steps about it, but with caution, to avoid disturbing such adorable marks of the Founder of all things, visible and invisible; and my eyes are as often turned upwards as downwards, with delight and gratitude, that such a walk, narrow and humble as it is, and limited as I am, is to be my last scene on this side the grave.

"The insolence † of a fellow who possesses more land than manners or honesty, once drove me out of this sequestered shade, and I sold it to my youngest son; the house I then left upon it (if a house it could be called) he was pleased to *improve*, and now its front resembles Alderman

* See Mr. Thicknesse's account of the Hermits of that place.

† Behold a touch of his quality, my Friend: alas, poor Human Nature!

GLEANER.

Pudding's

Pudding's house, over-against the Pack-Horse on Turnham-Green; and therefore the inclosed drawing* is sketched from a point in which only a bit of the house is seen, peeping through the trees. You will see, however, the hermit's hut, built on the side of the dingle, at which we chiefly reside in the summer.

"So much for a little art and nature:—but I must inform you, that from the great quantity of broken urns which were turned up, wherever we opened the ground, on a little lawn which overhangs the dingle, I was led to suspect this to be the spot where the ROMANS buried their dead, when they inhabited BATH; and upon *deeper* enquiries, I found my conjecture established beyond a doubt. But unfortunately the SAXONS, or some succeeding race, made the same use of it, so that I have never met with a perfect urn, but thousands of their fragments, and many of the convex stones which covered the tops of the urns to prevent the incumbent mould from mixing with the ashes of the dead.

"Three stone coffins have been dug up, two Saxon, and one Roman; the latter had the body in it, quite perfect, and some of the flesh on the skull. It had been covered with a pickle, which preserved it.

"Fast fixed (and never more to *move*) on the side of my hermit's hut, is secured the body of my old *Wandering Shaise*; and on an old decayed oak, which grows through the roof of the kitchen, the following lines are engraven on the rind, as a *memento* to MAN:——

"Stranger, kneel here, to age due homage pay!
When first ELIZA held *Britannia*'s sway
My growth began:—the same illustrious morn,
Joy to the hour, was gallant SYDNEY born—
SYDNEY, the darling of *Arcadia*'s swains,
SYDNEY, the terror of the martial plains.
He perish'd early; I just staid behind
An hundred years, and lo! my clefted rind,
My wither'd boughs, foretell destruction nigh.
We all are mortal:——Oaks and Heroes die."

"Near a rude arch, on all sides embraced with the twisted eglantine, is a perforated rock-stone, from which constantly runs a small stream of the purest water imaginable, that falls into a Saxon coffin dug up hard by;

* A View of the Hermitage, taken by the Hermit, accompanied the Letter to Sir J. O'Carrol.

from

from the length and narrowness of which, I have disposed myself to believe the body which I found in it to be that of a beautiful Saxon virgin; so that instead of being hurt with the idea of its original use, it is become only a memento of what we must all come to. And who knows but some "kindred spirit" may, a thousand years hence, make the same use of my departed daughter's coffin; which, alas! lies hard by, and in close contact with the old Roman knight's, mentioned above, which is to receive what remains of myself?

"Now do not wonder! for I must inform you, that some years since I had scooped out a cave on the side of the dingle, under the spreading roots of an ash tree, and turned a rude arch in front of it; and there placed, cut in relief, the head of that wonderful genius THOMAS CHATTERTON, with the following lines beneath it:——

"Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS CHATTERTON.
Unfortunate Boy!
Short and Evil were thy Days,
But the Vigour of thy Genius shall immortalize Thee.
Unfortunate Boy!
Poorly wast Thou accommodated,
During thy short Sojourning among us.
Thou livedst unnoticed,
But thy Fame shall never die."

"Since which, the long, painful, and hopeless illness of my daughter, which had worn her down to death, and her parents to such a deep sorrow, that the idea of the procession of removing her remains down the hill seemed to us but one remove less painful than that fatal remove between LIFE and DEATH; and therefore, as she was virtuous, dutiful, and not void of some genius, we have deposited her body beneath the only monumental stone raised in *Britain* to the greatest Genius *Britain*, or perhaps any other nation under the sun, has produced: apologizing, however, for so bold a step, by the following beautiful lines from POPE, and fulfilling, in some measure, the offerings proposed:——

"What though no sacred earth afford thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.

"Here shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
Here the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made."

"Since which, some (unknown) admirer of my daughter published in one of the Morning Papers the following lines, which he modestly terms 'Elegiac Lines' offered to her memory. They were too flattering to be neglected, and therefore on the model of the LYONS *Taurobolium*, which guards the unhallowed spot, they likewise are impressed, and are as follows:—

"READER, if Youth should sparkle in thine eye,
If on thy cheek the flow'r of Beauty blows,
Here shed a tear, and heave the pensive sigh,
Where Beauty, Youth, and Innocence repose.

"Doth Wit adorn thy mind—doth Science pour
Its ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?
Behold, where Death has cropt the plenteous store!
And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.

"Does Music's dulcet notes dwell on thy tongue,
And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?
Behold, where low she lies! who sweetly sung
The melting strains a Cherub might inspire.

"Of Youth, of Beauty, then, be vain no more,
Of Music's power, of Wit, and Learning's prize;
For while you read, these charms may all be o'er,
And ask to share the grave where ANNA lies."

"I cannot, however, quit this melancholy subject, without mentioning an accidental object, which, on a superstitious mind, might operate very forcibly. The workmen in turning this rude arch, put up the stones unhewn, and in the most irregular manner; yet it so happened, that two whitish stones, something of a bastard alabaster kind, were so laid, that, *since* my daughter's death, and the place becoming more an object of serious attention, I perceived that those stones, at a certain oblique point of view, offer a very striking figure of a winged angel, and consequently are now emblematical of the lines, which almost touch the "silver wings" of this natural piece of sculpture.

"Dr

"Dr. Young, author of the Night Thoughts, being introduced where I was on a visit in London, he attracted the attention of all the company, and in a particular manner that of an elderly lady, who was so astonished to find him a cheerful lively old man, instead of the gloomy being she conceived him to be, that she could not help expressing to him her agreeable surprise. "O Madam (replied the Doctor), there is much difference between *writing* and *talking*:"——

So, that you may not conclude *me* altogether lost in sorrow and sadness, I must give you the epitaph of one of my fellow-travellers. He was a very honest fellow, as the following lines will testify:——

True to his master, gen'rous, brave,
His friend, companion, not his slave;
Fond without fawning, still the same,
When Fortune smil'd, or when the dame
Led the poor Wanderer such a dance,
An exile sad, thro' Spain and France.

Blush then, ye human sons of b——s,
Who fawn on rascals for their riches,
Yet grudge the tribute of a tear
To the poor dog which slumbers here.

Mrs. Thicknesse, who presents her compliments to you and yours, calls out, "*Pray put me in*, for I am afraid I shall die soon." So I repeated to her the following Epigram:—

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me "Phily, I shall die."
I griev'd; but recollecting strait,
'Twere bootless to contend with Fate;
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
'Twas well it did;—for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will to *spare my wife*.

* You will conclude *, my dear Sir, that a spot which is so respectable for *modern* as well as *antient endowments*, and which is to be further en-

* The Author's works altogether could not more accurately describe Mr. T. than this single passage—a volume in itself.

riched with *kindred ashes*, will not be left liable to the precarious disposal of an auctioneer's wooden hammer :—No, Sir; if no child of *our's* survive us to enjoy it, it shall devolve to a most respectable GENTLEMAN of BATH, or to his heirs; a Gentleman, with whom I never ate or drank, and for reasons he, or they, will *then* know; but which I will carry to the grave with me.

The following lines, which are in a little recess at the foot-path gate, are too applicable to be omitted:——

Here let Time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by slow degrees,
My sluggard blood wax chill and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
The scenes of deep Eternity;
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake! and find those visions true.

Most of the objects enumerated in this Abstract are still here, and in great preservation: the little Mausoleum of Anna is guarded with peculiar care by the present proprietor; and an old Dog, of the pointer breed, now dim-sighted and scarcely able to crawl about his antient haunts, receives from the whole family a certain tenderness and care, due to him from pity, on account of his being the only living creature that remains of the former Hermitage groupe. He was stricken in years when his old master died; but while the place became deserted, and little better than a ruin, the poor fellow, though he was removed by a charitable hand to a considerable distance, almost daily visited the spot, lingered about it, and quitted it for his new abode with reluctance. He now passes his time with his present, and no less kind, masters and mistresses in Bond-street, Bath, yet still contrives to hobble after some of them, or by himself, to St. Catherine's-hill daily.

The Hermitage is in almost every respect enlarged, beautified, and improved by Mr. Coward, and the gate thrown open to the public, in token of universal welcome; by which urbanity, the residents and visitors of the very beautiful city, of which it commands the most delightful prospect, are accommodated with a walk that equally conduces to health and pleasure.

Innumerable were the literary squibs, crackers, pasquinades, and popguns, which the inflammatory disposition and irritable habits of this truly

truly ingenious man called forth. It was too frequently no more than enforcing the law of retaliation, simply returning blow for blow. His arrows often polished, more often envenomed, always keen, and for the most part hurled with equal virulence and dexterity, rebounded on himself, and fixed their points deeper, perhaps, in his own bosom than in that of his antagonist. But I have seen him forgive a real offender, and known him relieve the wants of a person who had been guilty of ingratitude.

Passing the farrago of satire that at different times issued from his pen, and the reverberations of pleasant or indignant wit, or of angry remonstrance, many of which were no less remarkable for Genius, I shall preserve only one effusion of a well-tempered muse, and worthy man, who has touched with appropriate pleasantry upon a difference which once subsisted, and, what is more extraordinary, was afterwards accommodated between Mr. Thicknesse and the amiable and venerable Mr. Graves *.

* The public and an admiring circle of private friends have very recently sustained a heartfelt loss in the death of this truly venerable and excellent man; a loss most sincerely felt by all to whom he was known; for to know was to love him, but by none more sincerely affectionated or more heavily deplored, than by the Gleaner; who for a long course of years has been honoured by his conversation, his correspondence, and a friendship that experienced no change or diminution. A warm and just tribute will be offered to his memory in that part of the present volume devoted to *republications.*

TO

THE PRESENT RETURNED*.

TO P. THICKNESSE, ESQ.

To Clara long had Ranger sighed,
Yet hop'd she soon would be his bride;
For Clara every Worth possest,
That could adorn a Female breast;
Good-natur'd, affable, and witty,
The toast of Village, Town, and City:
And Ranger was esteem'd a Youth
Of Wisdom, Valour, Honour, Truth.
Where'er he went, his presence gave
Convivial sweets to gay and grave.
The Friendship of these chosen two,
Was rumour'd all the Country through;—
A Love so formed must joy insure,
And prove as lasting as 'twas pure.

However, by some strange mistake
Of Fortune, in a thoughtless freak,
A Quarrel 'twixt this pair arose;
But what the cause?—Love only knows—
Some trifle, or perhaps a sonnet,
With other name than Clara's on it:

* Of Mr. Graves's Books.

They

They parted both with fury burning,
All terms of reconcilement spurning.

Now as their intercourse was broken,
They yielded up each friendly token;
Even Clara's Lock of auburn hue,
No more would peevish Ranger view.
And lovely Clara, full as warm,
Tore Ranger's portrait from her arm;
In short, each Present Love had granted
Rage into other hands transplanted.

But souls so form'd as their's, you'll swear,
Long Separation could not bear;
So Harmony retook her stand,
Bestow'd on Ranger Clara's hand;
Whilst kind Oblivion buried Strife,
And made them blest and pleas'd thro' life.

'Twas so (I speak with due respect, Sir,)
With you and Cla'rton's * worthy Rector.
No hearts that Nature ever form'd,
With real Friendship more were warm'd;
And yet you once—the Lord knows why,—
Look'd at each other rather shy;
But now, since matters are explain'd,
And perfect harmony attain'd
Each Gift that Anger threw aside,
Should to it's place be re-applied—
"*Euphrosyne* † and Columella,"
Still in your study hope to dwell-a.

* Mr. Graves.

† Two well known Compositions from the pen of Mr. Graves.

Accept

Accept then, Sir, these humble *Tomes*,
Who long have wander'd from their Homes,
And got amongst a hackney'd drove
Of learned lumber in the *Grove*.

WILLIAM MEYLER.

Bath, January 1, 1784.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT A FRIEND'S NEAR THE CELEBRATED NURSERY-GARDENS, IN THE KING'S-ROAD CHELSEA.

WHERE smiling Chelsea spreads the cultur'd lands,
Sacred to Flora a Pavilion stands,
And yet a second Temple, neighb'ring near,
Nurses the fragrance of the various year;
Of Davy * this, of Colville * that, the care,
While both the favor of the Goddess share.

But not for her,—the Deity of Flowers,—
Alone the incense breathes, still higher Powers:—
Fair *Venus* marks each Temple for her own,
And FASHION sits upon a blossom'd Throne.
She, pow'r supreme! bids vanquish'd Flora kneel,
And drags proud Beauty at her chariot-wheel.
The Cyprian Queen admits her loftier sway,
And blushing rivals with a smile obey.

* Nursery Gardeners.

At

At Fashion's shrine unnumber'd suppliants bow,
And to their Idol chaunt the sacred vow.

A thousand Eves, each as their mother fair,
To these gay Edens every hour repair:
And tho' the Wreaths boast but a fleeting Bloom,
And often press at eve a twilight tomb;
Still, as by Magic we behold each morn
A fresh supply the pillag'd scenes adorn;
And tho' the lovely Plunderers bear away
The fairy sweets that open'd with the day;
Tho' one fair Paradise is lost each night,
Another blooms with the returning light.
Thus, strange to tell! near London you behold,
The age of Fashion, Beauty, and of Gold.

TO FANNY RUNDLE.

You bid me versify on you,
Which now I shall attempt to do;
But first I wish that you shou'd know,
Why I've not written long ago:—
It is because a hundred times,
You've been already in my rhimes.

Whene'er in Prose or Verse I drew
A *Friend*, on all occasions true,
Fanny was foremost in the throng,
Of faithful Friends to grace the Song,
Or when *Good-nature* charm'd the Muse,—
Good-nature that could ne'er refuse

The

The succour it but ill could spare—
I copied Fanny's Likeness there:
And oft as *Worth* inspir'd my Lay,
The same to-morrow as to day,
And Constancy to Faith allied,
It was but you *personified.*

Thus then, my Friend, you needs must own,
I often have your picture shown;
In short, whate'er was good and true
Found an Original in you:
And tho' I tell it you again,
'Tis but the Echo of my Strain.

A SOLILOQUY,

PENCILLED WHILE ON AN EXCURSION TO HAMPTON-COURT, JUNE 14, 1804.

WHENCE is the holy kind of dread,
Pleasing yet sad, with which we tread
The tangled maze or pathway green,
Of this, and *every* antique Scene—
Castle dismantled, broken Tower,
Wild Wood, and desolated Bower?

Why do we pause as these we trace;
As if old Time had giv'n a Grace,
E'en by the ravage of his dart,
To every mutilated part?
Why, anxious, every sculptur'd Stone,
Relique uncouth, or crumbling Bone,

Or

Or canker'd Coin that bears the mark
Of Ages half-illum'd, or dark,
Do we their vestiges explore,
When all their Pride and Blooms are o'er;
When nothing but a wreck remains,
To gratify th' inspector's pains?

Can Curiosity—that Toy,
That Magic-lanthorn of the Boy,
Who with life's shadows loves to stray,
And frolic wheresoe'er they play?—
Can Curiosity thus draw
The Man's fix'd gaze, his senses awe;
Alternate bid his bosom glow,
Or mount with joy, or sink with woe?
When from the living World apart,
Why do we commune with the Heart,
And view some vast Dome's alter'd state,
Where all that once was nobly great,
Took it's proud sweep, it's lofty range,—
Say, do we triumph in the change?
Does Envy, when no more annoy'd,
Delight to see the Power destroy'd,
Which seem'd imperiously to rise
Beyond the Mortal's narrow size,
As if the Sun, a second time,
Would stop to keep him in his Prime,
As the huge World were all his own,
At once the Footstool, and the Throne.

Say, whence is this?—It is the Mind,
It is the love of human-kind,

A retrospective look to cast,
E'en on the *remnants* of the past,
Muse on the fate of mortal things,
And nurse the truth Reflection brings;
On the good deed a smile bestow,
Though done a thousand years ago:
And, though in Virtue's cause sincere,
Give to the bad a pitying Tear;
For who, alas! our pity claim
Like those whom Time consigns to shame,
Since every action mean is told
In every fragment we behold?

The Chisel thus, in double trust,
Serves both as monument and bust;
The Canvass thus records disgrace,
'Spite of the flatter'd form or face;
The honest finger-post of Time,
Points to the long-remember'd crime,
E'en where an iron scarce is seen,
To mark where Nature's scourge has been;
The fastnesses each tyrant made,
With generous scorn is still survey'd;
While not a shrub, a flower, or tree,
Sacred, Humanity! to Thee,
Or Thou, lov'd Muse, supremely fair,
But Love shall foster it with care.

Yes—Pair ador'd! the proud may spurn,
But Love shall consecrate your Urn,
Shall guard the ruins of the Lyre,
Whose very ashes can inspire.

Bless

Bless the sweet banks where you have laid,
And nurse the bower which you have made;
The stream shall cherish which you sung,
And all your haunts seem ever young.
And were the moss'd or ivy'd wall,
Or the vast pyramid to fall,
Still, Virtue, thy unfading deed,
In every fragment we should read.
If but an atom of the Dome
Which Virtue once had call'd her home,
Whether a Palace, or a Cot,
The heart would recognise the spot;
Would to that atom incense give,
Which nought but Virtue could receive;
And more than pilgrim homage pay,
And bear it as a prize away.

HAMPTON! 'tis thus thy scenes I view,
In Time and Mem'ry's mirror true.
Thy walnut-shade deep thought supplies,
Thy very ruins school the Wise;
And in thy solemn walks is seen,
Tho' cut thro' one unvarying green,
Calm Comtemplation,—Virtue's Friend,—
The Soul at once to move and mend.

I view fast crowding on the sight,
Thy pride, thy pastime, and delight!
Thy Beauty-room* I now espy,
Which once with Cupid's Court might vie!

* An apartment so called.

But ah! the charms that won the heart,
Bloom now but in the painter's art,
Whose pictur'd Venuses and train,
Now only on thy walls remain.

How different from the mighty Vine*
Expanding like some plant divine,
Seeming the tooth of Time to brave,
Triumphant o'er the greedy grave,
Still flourishing in verdure high
While Kings and Queens in ashes lie.
Yet shall th' immortal spirit soar,
When thou, proud Vine, art green no more.

And last come forth on Eagle wing,
The despot † o'er a despot King:
A more than eagle flight to try,
In all the pomps of jubilee.
When as the merry cup went round,
He seem'd to hide but to be found.

* In a grape-house on the south side of the palace (70 feet by 14) is a vine of the black Hamburgh kind, which occupies the whole house, and is much celebrated for its size and produce. It was planted in the year 1769. The stem is about thirteen inches in girth, the principal branch having been trained back at the extremity of the house, is 114 feet in length. This vine has been known to produce in one year 2200 bunches of grapes, weighing on an average one pound each.—*Lysons.*

From the information of Thomas Haverfield, principal gardener at Hampton-Court.

† Cardinal Wolsey's entertainment of the French ambassadors, given at Hampton-Court.—Stowe, in his Annals, has given an account of this magnificent festival. The following may offer some idea of its splendour:—

And

And tho' the humblest at the Feast,
Was proudest when he seem'd the least.

Yes, good Lord Cardinal, for thee,
And not thy King * this Pageantry.
Well didst thou play the subject's part,
The monarch swelling at thy heart;
And all thy magic subtlety,
But gaily mask'd thy sov'reignty.
The mystic dance, the garish show,
The guests all rang'd in goodly row;
The rare device, the cost and sport,
Were for the *Ruler of the Court:*
For him the Cooks wrought day and night,
For him the Banquet rose to sight.
Yet, Wolsey, when thou seem'd in shade,
And most thy Henry seem'd obey'd.—
Then thy ambitious course was run,
The Shadow he, but thou the Sun.

* "Then was there made great preparation of all things for this great assembly at Hampton-Court; the Cardinal called before him his principal officers, as steward, treasurer, controller, and clerk of his kitchen, to whom he declared his mind touching the entertainment of the Frenchmen at Hampton-Court, commanding them neither to spare for any cost, expence, or travayle to make such a *triumphant* banquet as they might not only wonder at it *here*, but, also, make a glorious report of it in their country; to the great honour of the King of England and his realm. The cookes wrought both day and night, with *sutleties* and many crafty devices, where lacked neither gold, silver, nor other costly thing, meet for their purpose: the yeomen and groomes of the wardrobe were busied in hanging of the chambers, and furnishing the same with beds of silk and other furniture in every degree."

Yet ah! full dearly didst thou pay
For all these subtleties so gay;
And every Bard has mark'd the shame,
The dire reverse of Wolsey's fame.
But one fair truth the Muse shall tell,
Thou serv'dst thy master long and well;
And tho' thy Pride no limit knew,
Thy Loyalty was warm and true!

FLORA JEALOUS.

TO DR. THORNTON (*a*),

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF SOME BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED PLANTS FROM HIS TEMPLE OF FLORA, TO DECORATE "THE POET'S COTTAGE *."

O FOR some bow'ry nook, 'midst Nature's scenes
Of purest Blossoms and unsullied Greens!
A still, small HOME, that I may call my own,
My joy, my pride, my palace, and my throne:
With yet a morsel, sav'd by frugal care,
A social morsel for a Friend to share!

Thus pray'd the Muse a Poet's wish to crown.—
Upon a Poet's wish what Muse can frown?

* See page 29 of this volume.

The

The prayer was heard; and soon, by Fancy's aid,
A nook was chosen, and a Cot was made:
Streams, groves, and gardens deck'd the smiling bound—
A Paradise of sweets—on Fairy ground.

But Friendship came, with Fortune at his side (*a*),
To realize the Song and Poet's pride,
A bow'ry nook was *given*, midst Nature's scenes
Of purest blossoms and unsullied greens.
Small tho' the spot, it prov'd her happiest power;
She saw 'twas good—she lov'd, and bless'd each flower.

Yet who that loves from Jealousy is free?
Flora now felt it—tho' a Goddess she.
All "out of door" she eyed with fond delight;
For all her fragrant children were in sight:—
Her Pink, her Rose, her Hyacinth were there,
Shedding delicious odours through the air.

Touch'd by the sweet Enchantment of the scene,
She deign'd a visit to the charms *within*.
The Cot she enter'd;—there beheld her flowers,
Tho' cropt, still breathing all her balmy powers:
Lovely midst thorns her Brier, and Crocus gay,
And many a Woodbine charming in decay.

Yet as around she cast her raptur'd eye,
Bright'ning the walls, she saw a fresh supply:
Her gifts of yesterday began to fade,
But sweets new-pluck'd were blooming in their stead.

" All these," she cried, " are mine; and this fair spot
" Shall henceforth boast the name of FLORA's COT.
" This *Renealmia* (*b*), this lov'd Snowdrop (*c*) too,
" Display my magic Touch and matchless Hue;
" This tender Sensitive (*d*), this Aloe (*e*) sweet,
" Cereus (*f*) and Cyclamen (*g*) all Art defeat.
" Yes, mine are all the lovely train I see,—
" Unrivall'd FLORA's beauteous Family."

Self-charm'd she paus'd,—but soon, advancing near,
Another's Magic on the Walls appear;
Another FLORA seem'd to breathe and glow,
Lotus (*h*) unfold, and love-sick Kalmia (*i*) blow.
The Goddess gaz'd, and, mad'ning with the smart,
Felt the fierce anguish of a Jealous Heart.

" And shall a mortal Pencil thus presume,"
She cried, " to emulate my heavenly Bloom?
" Shall my own offspring thus untimely die,
" And Art's frail progeny thus flourish nigh?
" Shall these erect a Temple of their own,
" And I ascend a poor divided Throne?
" Forbid it NATURE!——" NATURE rose to view:
To meet whose arms the angry goddess flew;
Then told her tale, then pointed to the flowers
Whereon proud ART had lavish'd all her powers;
Till more indignant, as she more survey'd
The imitation nice of light and shade,
Th' unfolding leaf, the soft bud newly burst,—
A second FLORA vieing with the first,—
" Theft!" she exclaim'd, " 'tis theft—these must be mine,
" Plunder'd, O NATURE! from my holy shrine:

" I, only I, could these rich tints bestow,
" I, only I, can give that kindling glow."

" Soft!" said the Sister-Goddess, with a smile,
' Beauties derived from us, yet not by guile;
" But fond delight, and laudable desire
" To paint the Charms and Graces we inspire,
" Demand our praise—'tis incense at our shrine
" And Art but proves our Empire more divine.
" Art's noblest effort but exalts our Fame;
" Different the Fanes, the Goddess is the same:
" To us e'en heaven-born Genius bends the knee!"
Here FLORA smil'd, and all was Harmony.

...JORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note (*a*), pages 208, 209.

THE British Empire, observes Dr. Thornton, whilst supporting the destinies of Europe, great, beyond any former example, in the exploits of her Warriors, at the same time that she crowns the brow of the Conqueror with the laurel expressive of victory, respects and cherishes the Liberal Arts, which add no less to the glory of a nation.

Thus, whilst her thunders are hurled in the North, South, and East; the labours of Art are encouraged at home, and under BRITANNIA's auspices, even during a period of more than ten years' warfare, supported with the firmness and dignity of a *truly* great nation, *stupendous Works* have been undertaken, which prove the great advancement of the Imitative Arts. Nor have the arts of *Painting* and *Engraving* alone reached their pre-eminence, but the English have likewise carried the manufactory of *Paper* to the utmost pitch of perfection, and our *Type* has risen superior to that of any other civilized nation of the globe.

With all these combined advantages, the Labours of Genius and of Talent have been brought forward in a way highly creditable to the respective Authors, and honourable to our Nation. Hence have appeared those *Galleries* of Paintings, illustrative of our immortal Bards, Shakspeare and Milton, whilst the Sacred and Historic Pages are adorned with the useful exertions of a most noble Art, which does far more than language can accomplish.—Whilst the combined powers of such a Nation are thus assembled to illustrate and embellish the fancy of Poets, or Sacred and Historic Truth; the *Science of Botany*, advanced as it has been by Linnæus and subsequent authors, and by the glowing imaginations of modern Poets, seemed to claim also a right to press the *Arts* into her service.

Hence have appeared Dr. T.'s *Philosophy of Botany, including a New Illustration of the Sexual System of Linnæus*, and his *Temple of Flora, or Garden of Nature* *.

* These works are now publishing, dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty. The Collection of Paintings in the Doctor's Exhibition was for the embellishment, or illustration, of these works.

The

The Portrait of Dr. Thornton (by Russell, R. A.) is graced by some elegant Verses, which begin thus:—

Thornton! while polished Darwin tells
The loves of Flora's gaudy train,
'Tis thine to guard from time's decay
The fading glories of her reign.

Thy garden of perpetual bloom
No change of threatening skies can fear;
Nor dashing rains, nor chilling blasts,
Can reach the lovely fav'rites here.

Note (*b*), page 210.

Some very beautiful Verses addressed to this Plant will be found amongst the Poetical Contributions of the present volume. The plant comes from Surinam. The charming painting in the Doctor's "Exhibition" is by P. Henderson.

Note (*c*), page 210.

Kindred Affection and impartial Justice unite in urging me to re-publish in this place some Stanzas from one of the sweetest tributes perhaps ever paid to this interesting flower by the Muse of my SYBIL, many of whose original effusions will be seen in the course of this volume. The Snow-drop is the 21st of Dr. T.'s Exhibition, by Pether, to whose painting the verses are affixed. They originally appeared in the "Gleanings," but have since been transplanted into various Collections.

THE SNOW-DROP.

Poets, still, in graceful numbers,
May the glowing roses choose;
But the *Snow-drop's* simple beauty
Better suits an humble muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,
Fairest of the fragrant race;
First-born child of vernal Flora,
Seeking mild thy lowly place.

Though

Though no warm or murmuring Zephyr
Fan thy leaves with balmy wing,
Pleas'd we hail thee, spotless blossom!
Herald of the infant Spring.

'Tis not thine in flaunting beauty
To attract the roving sight!
Nature from her varied wardrobe
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
Thy soft form in sweetness grows;
Not more fair the valley's treasure,
Not more sweet her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
Simply are thy blossoms drest;
Artless as the gentle Virtues
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

Note (*d*), page 210.

As a defence, the Aloe bids defiance to all intruders. Its leaves are employed as thatch for houses; and, properly managed, they will separate into fibres which, manufactured, can supply the place of hemp, flax, and cotton. The thorns with which it is armed serve for awls, and are made into brads, pins, and needles. Its juice may be converted into wine by fermentation, or by boiling used as soap. Its stem serves the carpenter, or for fuel; and the honey, which copiously distils from it, cures an asthma.

The Aloe, taken from the one in bloom at Smith's Nursery at Dalston, is the 9th in the Exhibition. By Reinagle, Sen. A. R.

Note (*e*), page 210.

The name of the Sensitive Plant is derived from the curious property, which several sensitive plants possess, of retracting its stem-leaves and branches upon being touched, and closing the leaflets, as also during storms, and at night. This plant is from the mountains of Jamaica, hence the humming-birds of that country. Its natural growth is shown in the back-ground. It is thus exquisitely described by Darwin:—

Weak

Weak with nice sense the chaste *Mimosa* stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands:
Oft, as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade;
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.
Veil'd with gay decency, and modest pride,
Slow to the mosque *she* moves, an eastern bride;
There her soft vows unceasing love record,
Queen of the bright seraglio of her Lord.

Note (*f*), page 210.

The Night-blowing Cereus is a hot-house plant: begins to blow late in the evening; at twelve at night it is in its perfection; at four in the morning it closes, and is soon after completely withered.

Note (*g*), page 210.

The *Persian* Cyclamen is thus preserved in immortal bloom in the Botanic Garden:—

The gentle *Cyclamen*, with dewy eye,
Breathes o'er her lifeless babe the parting sigh;
And, bending low to earth, with pious hands
Entombs her dear departed in the sands;
'Sweet nursling! withering in thy tender hour,
Oh, sleep!' she cries; 'and rise a fairer flower.

This beautiful Spring flower is of a delicate white, with a little border of purple about the brim of its pendulous cup; as soon as the seeds become ripe the flower-stalk then twists spirally, and turns more and more towards the earth until it there deposits the seeds.

Note (*h*) page 210.

This is the 37th exhibited in Dr. Thornton's Garden, and finely painted both by the pencil of Henderson and the pen of Darwin.

Emblem

Emblem sublime of that primordial pow'r,
That on the vast abyss of chaos mov'd *;
What pen shall paint thy charms, *majestic flow'r!*
By mortals honour'd, and by gods belov'd.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream through gladden'd Egypt pours;
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of old †,
And still resounds on Ganges' ‡ faithful shores.

Within thy beauteous corol's full-blown bell §
Long since th' Immortals plac'd their fond abode;
There, day's bright source, *Osiris* ‖ lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd *Isis* glow'd.

Hence,

* The Lotus being productive of itself, and vegetating from its own matrix, or seed-vessel, without being fostered in the *earth*, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the productive power of the waters, upon which the active spirit of the Creator operated in giving life and vegetation to matter.

† Paganism at first arose from *gratitude*; and the adoration of this flower, as will be presently shown, proceeded from this cause.

‡ When Sir William Jones was at dinner, on the borders of the Ganges, some of his people, at his desire, brought him the Lotus, when all his Indian attendants immediately fell on their faces, and paid adoration to this plant.

§ The flower of the Nymphæa Lotus, or Egyptian Lotus, is bell-shaped, somewhat resembling our Water Lily, and its numerous petals are of a dazzling white; when it expands it emits a most agreeable odour.

‖ The sun and moon, whence so many advantages were derived, were among the first objects of worship throughout the Eastern world; and these were personified under the attributes and names of Osiris and Isis. As they were imaginary beings, fancy gave them all kinds of shapes and sizes; and you will the less wonder at superstition making them sometimes enjoy themselves riding on the waters, blown about by the Zephyrs, in a stately *flower*, when Anacreon describes Cupid alike diminutive:

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,

Where

Hence, not unconscious to his orient beam,
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep th' effulgence of the solar stream,
And as he mounts still brighter glories shed:

When at their noontide height, his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the god, and radiant with his fires!

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
Till in the distant west his splendors fade;
Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

What mystic treasures, in thy form conceal'd,
Perpetual transport to the sage supply,
Where Nature, in her secret plans reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye.

Note (*i*), page 210.

The narrow-leaved Kalmia, so called from the resemblance its fruit bears to an egg, is a native of Italy, where they are eaten. The flower is the same as the potatoe. The peduncle bearing the eggs appears as if broken, but is not so in reality.

This plant is named in honour of Dr. Mead, and is called Dodecatheon, The Twelve Heathen Gods, from the beauty of its flowers. It is also named The American Cowslip, resembling in some degree our English

Where many an early rose was weeping,
In one I found the urchin sleeping:
I caught the boy, a *goblet's* tide
Was richly mantling by my side;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring,
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul:
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast. MOORE.

one

one. It delights in shade, as the Picture would express. The American colours denote the country. It has five stamina, or males; and the anthers are attached to each other.

This beautiful plant (a native of North America) has ten males, placed in notches of the corolla, whence they proceed to make court to the females in the centre, who, like the Meadia, first bows to one and then the other. The flowers appear early, as the snows are melting from the mountains; and in this country the plant requires to be cultivated in a shady situation.

POETICAL

POETICAL

CONTRIBUTIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author has already announced the Contributions of some Literary Friends, whose names will insure a cordial welcome from the Public. The Gleaner will, therefore, only add, that had their Sheaves come into his possession at an earlier period, they should have stood in the front of the Harvest Home, which they enrich and adorn.

POEMS

POEMS

BY

H. J. PYE, ESQ.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... TANJORE ... MAHAL

ODE FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY,

MAY 19, 1796.

WAK'D by the rosy-bosom'd hours,
From her soft couch bestrew'd with flowers,
Ambrosial Maia rose;
While from her brow the blooming wreath,
Perfum'd by Zephyr's fragrant breath,
Her hand indignant throws.

" 'Twas in my genial reign," she cried,
" A Monarch's love, a Nation's pride,
" First saw the light of day:
" Yet January's frozen arm,
" Hostile to Nature's fairest charm,
" Usurps the rights of May.

" Say,—Can his wintry storms compare
" With sweets that through the balmy air
" My fingers lavish fling?
" Say,—Can the glittering gems that grace,
" On his dark morn, the Courtly Race,
" Vie with the bloom of Spring?

" Yet while on his high-honour'd morn,
" As gold and gems the Court adorn,
" Loud swells the choral lay;
" My groves and roseate bowers among,
" No Muses hail with votive song
" Her real Natal Day."

Sweet glory of the vernal year!
Cease, cease thy plaints, for thou shalt hear
The votive numbers float;
Thy hours shall share the heartfelt praise
To Charlotte's worth that Virtue pays
In true though humble note.

How high in rank, in honours plac'd,
By power how guarded and how grac'd,
Let January hear:
Each milder charity of life,
The Mother fond, the faithful Wife,
Shall greet thy listening ear.

For Merit that with native rays,
Superior to the dazzling blaze
By royal splendor shown,
In bright unborrow'd lustre drest,
Beams forth from purest Virtue's breast
Gives lustre to a Throne.

ODE

ODE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

How faint of human joys the bloom!
How soon misfortune's baleful gloom
  Can cloud our fairest morn;
Her freshest wreath though Virtue weaves,
Fell Sorrow 'mid the roseate leaves
  Can plant her sharpest thorn.

While Senates with thy praise resound,
While by those nobler praises crown'd
  Which conscious Worth bestows,
The fatal shaft, alas! was sped,
The Patriot droops his mournful head,
  And filial sorrow flows.

For not the Stoic's marble breast,
Trick'd in Philosophy's proud vest,
  Immures thy feeling heart:
To thee Affection's genial glow
And Human-kindness' milky flow
  Their better charms impart.

Yet while a Parent's loss you mourn,
And o'er his monumental urn
  The tears of sorrow shower;
Remember, e'en the setting ray
Of life beam'd forth meridian day
  To cheer his parting hour.

For full of years, of worth, of fame,
Though Heaven at length his virtues claim,
  It gave him first to see
Britain her civic garland twine
From flowers that bloom round Freedom's shrine,
  And give the wreath to thee.

Long, long around thy honour'd brow
Fresh may its blushing glories blow,
  Rich with perennial bloom;
Long with increasing lustre shed
Its honours round thy living head,
  Then blossom o'er thy tomb.

TO A LADY.

Weep not that Scandal's baleful art
  Has tried to injure thee;
For when from Rancour's pois'nous dart
  Were Wit and Beauty free?

Still will the wasp with ravenous jaw
The fairest fruit devour;
Still will the bee the fragrance draw
From out the sweetest flower.

Each leaves a stamp of worth behind
On charms they will not spare;
For where we chance their trace to find
We're sure of merit there.

SONNET
ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. THOS. WARTON *,
POET-LAUREAT.

SAY,—Shall the Muse o'er the fall'n Hero's bier
The deathless monument of Glory raise,
Swell the loud Pæan of harmonious praise,
And high Ambition's banner'd trophies rear,
While silent flows the tributary Tear
Which to her favourite Son she sorrowing pays,
Unstrung her useless lyre and mute her lays.

But, hark! a strain divine now strikes mine ear:
The sacred Bard his independent fame
Shall from his own immortal verse derive;
Soon dies the Warrior's and the Statesman's name,
His aid if no recording Poet give;
But wreaths of endless bloom shall Warton claim,
While Wit, while Learning, and while Fancy live.

* This elegant tribute was alluded to in the pages appropriate to the subject, vol. i.

TO MRS. ******,

ON HER TRANSLATION OF "LES JARDINS," BY THE ABBE DE LISLE.

Of all Britannia's vegetable dyes,
How few the genuine produce of her skies?
Yet from each milder clime and happier soil,
Tended by Cultivation's skilful toil,
Here Flora and Pomona spead their stores,
And heap with treasures not their own our shores.
So, sweetest Sister of the tuneful Nine!
In Gallic verse the fruits and flowers that shine,
By you transplanted here, new freshness boast,
Nor mourn one Grace obscur'd, one Beauty lost.

SONG

FOR A MEETING AT THE TRINITY-HOUSE. SUNG BY MR. SALE.

When Neptune, surveying his billowy reign,
Threw his eyes o'er the islands that studded the main;
"Britain's isle be my own!" in a rapture he cried,
"Be my trident her spear, and her shield my blue tide.

Though protected by waves that encircle her strand,
She asks not the aid of the rock or the sand,
'Tis the firm hardy oak on her mountains that grows,
And her seamen more hardy, that baffle her foes.

Defended

Defended by them, 'tis her sons' proudest boast
To smooth ev'ry channel that leads to her coast;
While the Buoy and the Pharos in safety shall guide
The vessels of Commerce that visit our tide.

Long, long may the Chief o'er this band who presides,
The Patriot whose wisdom our enterprise guides,
Live rever'd by his country, live dreaded by those
Who, foes to that country, to him must be foes!

ODE,

PERFORMED BEFORE THE MARINE SOCIETY AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY, APRIL 1, 1789.

SEE Hygeia's Choir advance,
Weaving light the frolic dance,
Boldly swell the jocund lay,
Greet with cheerful rites the day.
Far away be Sorrow's train,
Pale Disease, and restless Pain;
Loud in choral transport sing,
Heaven has sav'd our Patriot King!

Valiant Chiefs of mighty name,
Heirs of Britain's Naval Fame,
Generous Heroes, good as brave,
Prompt to conquer, prompt to save,—
Hear our grateful Pæans rise
(Sweetest incense) to the skies;
Cheer with favouring smiles our voice;
With the hearts you've rais'd—rejoice.

As

As the self-sown acorn plac'd
Casual on the barren waste,
Chok'd by weeds, by cattle trod,
Ne'er shall pierce the tufted sod;
But if fenc'd with careful hand
Soon its branches will expand,
Till, matur'd by rolling years,
Britain's thunder far it bears:

So, by Penury oppress'd,
Fares it with the Human Breast;—
Every seed by Nature sown
Fades, by weeds of Vice o'ergrown;
But by You transplanted here,
Nobler thoughts the bosom cheer;
Albion's Foes we learn to brave,
Face the fight, and stem the wave.

Wide as Ocean's billows roll,
From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
Loud our choral voice shall raise
Strains of Gratitude and Praise.
Long may George triumphant reign,
Long protect the subject main;
Long may we exulting sing,
Health and Peace have blest our King!

FOURTEEN LINES, BUT NOT A SONNET.

WRITTEN AT TESTWOOD, IN THE NEW FOREST.

Sweet Test! while by thy ozier-border'd side
Careless I rove, as vagrant fancy leads,
Where fragrant cowslips stud thy level meads,
The golden kingcup and the daisy pied,
Little I seek to pierce the forest shade,
Or from proud Tuchbury's purple uplands view
Clausentum rising mid the watry glade,
And Vecta's distant mountains ting'd with blue.
For, Test! while by thy side, I pensive think
On Isis' shores I stray in shadowy dream,
I trace her willowy bed and silver stream,
Or start the halcyon from her sedgy brink,
While Memory to my bosom calls again
The scenes of youthful glee, and joy uncheck'd by pain.

WRITTEN SEPTEMBER 1, 1791, AT TESTWOOD, THE DAY MRS. MEYLER WAS BURIED.

Oft, Milbrook, as beside thy beach I've stood,
  And seen the blue waves o'er thy pebbles roll,
Or mark'd the wide expanse of glittering flood,
  Joy's placid visions o'er my fancy stole.

How

How chang'd the scene!—in sad funereal pride
  Slow moves the sable hearse along the shore,
O'er the low beach deserted by the tide
  The solemn death-bell swings with sullen roar.

Anna, adorn'd by Virtue's purest grace,
  Youth's freshest bloom, and Beauty's loveliest charms,
Far from each weeping Parent's fond embrace,
  Torn from an agonizing Husband's arms,

Yon tomb must hide!——But, at the Eternal's call
  Her gentle Spirit from that tomb shall rise;
The adamantine chains of Death shall fall,
  And kindred Seraphs waft her to the skies.

SONG

FOR THE WESTMINSTER VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

Too oft has Ambition, with insolent eye,
Beheld his proud banners insulting the sky,
From their folds inauspicious while Terror's red hand
Shook horror and dread o'er a desolate land:
While the Ensigns of Britain ne'er fly to the wind
But to rescue from danger the Rights of Mankind.

Not the rights of Destruction, which Gallia's fell brood
Try to spread o'er the earth by oppression and blood;
But the sacred deposit our Fathers have plac'd,
By Liberty guarded, by Loyalty grac'd:
Ennobled by these, Britain's Standards shall wave,
And lead on her Warriors who conquer to save.

While

While our Flags o'er the Ocean triumphantly ride,
The guard and the glory of Neptune's blue tide,
Our steady Battalions their Colours shall show,
The pride of their country, the dread of the foe:
Their Standards our Troops o'er Invasion shall bear,
Swift and loud as the tempest that pours through our air.

Then true to our King, to our Laws, to our Land;
May Honour and Faith still distinguish our band,
Those Standards to guard be our hearts still addrest,
Which Beauty has given, which Religion has blest;
Resolv'd to defend them with life's latest breath,
Display them in Conquest, or grasp them in Death.

SONG

FOR THE CORPS OF SOUTHAMPTON ASSOCIATED HOUSEHOLDERS, ON THE DAY THEY RECEIVED THEIR COLOURS.

When Gallia's fell despots with blood-thristy mind
Op'd the flood-gates of slaughter to deluge mankind,
All ranks, all conditions, the torrent supplied,
Labour quitted the vineyard, and Commerce the tide,
Wild Horror the banners of Vengeance unfurl'd,
And demons of rage shook dismay on the world.

Shall Britain, where Plenty broods over each vale,
Toil spreads wide the harvest, and Commerce the sail;
Shall

Shall Britain, unmov'd, hear the tempest that roars
Round Europe's aw'd realms, and e'en threatens *her* Shores?
No!—Her Sons, free and loyal, united and brave,
Guard the Blessings which Freedom and Industry gave.

'Mid the fields of delight that adorn our fair Isle,
As thy scenes, O Southampton, transcendently smile,
As more genial thy clime, as more balmy thy air,
More luxuriant thy shades, and thy Daughters more fair;
So to shield, to protect them from insult and harm,
More firm be the bosom, more vig'rous the arm!

Then assemble, inspir'd both by Glory and Love,
Round the Colours which Beauty and Innocence wove.
And should Gallia's fell Demons approach with their Host,
Dismay'd shall they fly from this long-dreaded coast,
Whence the waves royal Henry triumphantly bore
When Agincourt's Heroes embark'd from this shore.

Then while our bright Ensign unfurl'd to the sky,
To Freedom and Loyalty sacred shall fly,
(They only are free who wild Faction disown,
And who is disloyal when George fills the Throne?)
Fill, fill high the goblet—"Long life to the King!"
Or "Success to our Country!" for 'tis the same thing.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER COMING OF AGE.

WHAT tho' my Muse is train'd to sing
The Birth-day of our gracious King,
While Sack rewards her pains;
Sweeter than Sack a Smile shall pay,
On blooming Mary's Natal Day,
My voluntary Strains.

Mary! to thee this day imparts
What more entrances venal hearts
Than Beauty, Sense, or Grace;
For now, so Britain's laws decree,
Thy ample Fortune clear and free
Invites Man's sordid race.

But trust me, Mary, you have more
Than lavish Fortune's golden store
To bless a favour'd Youth:—
A lovely form, a blushing cheek,
An eye where Sense and Sweetness speak,
And Innocence and Truth.

Then Wish for Wish, and Heart for Heart,
To thee may Venus powers impart;
While he who gains thy love,
Mary, in that a prize shall gain
Titled Ambition's proudest train,
Wealth's richest stores above.

ORIGINAL.

ORIGINAL SONGS

FROM A MUSICAL DRAMA, IN THE YEAR 1788.

I.

FANCY'S visions, like the sand,
  Every idle mark receive;
Lines are drawn by every hand,
  Which no lasting impress leave.
But when with assiduous care
  Truth engraves her precepts deep;
Each impression printed there,
  Sacred virtue still shall keep.

II.

THE flowery May with cheerful voice,
Now bids the hills and dales rejoice!
The genial zephyr wakes the morn,
Sweet blossoms paint the fragrant thorn;
In gambols o'er the enamel'd ground
The sportive lambkins wanton bound;
While on my pensive breast alone,
Distress has fix'd her icy throne.

Not all the blossoms that appear
To ornament the vernal year;
Not all the sweets the western gale
From smiling Flora can inhale.

Will charm my heart while anxious care
And trembling fear inhabit there;—
No joy to me can spring display
While Love and Henry are away.

III.

From the wild raging ocean, the barbarous coast,
The sun's piercing beam, and the region of frost,
Again, fair Britannia! I visit thy shore,
And behold the dear scenes of my country once more.

The blast of the storm, and the swell of the wave,
A moment of terror to me never gave,
Compar'd with the torment my bosom must prove,
Should inconstancy alter the maid that I love.

O'er the shoal and the rock often flows the smooth tide,
And the strong rolling billow the quicksand may hide;
But her eyes still the truth of her bosom declare,
Nor can falsehood inhabit a mansion so fair.

IV.

Dear idol of my panting heart!
My lovely charmer, see,
Thy faithful Henry is return'd,
Return'd to love and thee.

O let me clasp thee to my breast,
Now all my cares are o'er;

If Heaven will grant my fond request,—
To let us part no more.

V.

To thy fields, happy Britain, adieu!
And adieu to the scenes they disclose,
And adieu to the maiden whose numberless charms
Are more sweet and more lovely than those.

To Ocean's stern bosom I fly,
To the tumult of waves and of wind;
Their tumult I brave, and their thunder defy,
But I sigh for my love left behind.

VI.

While on thee my soul's best treasure,
With impatient eye I gaze,
I can taste no other pleasure,—
Peace and love employ my days.
In the soothing charm of beauty,
Every other care is drown'd;
Honour, virtue, fame, and duty,
Here united are ye found.

But should storms of war returning
Threat again Britannia's shore;
Still with martial ardour burning,
Will I tempt the main once more.

Never shall this arm inglorious
Rest at home in slothful ease,
While great George's fleet victorious
Sails in triumph o'er the seas.

Yet if fame and wealth combining,
Should their choicest gifts bestow;
Conquest bright, her wreath entwining,
Crown with laurel-leaves my brow;
I should prize the gifts of glory,
As they to your eyes appear,—
Proud to lay her spoils before ye,—
All my joys are centred here.

TO A LADY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JANUARY 10, 1796.

To crown fair Ella's Natal Hour
The Muses sought for many a flower,
But fruitless was their toil;
Shrinking from January's cold,
Not e'en a Snow-drop's leaves unfold,
Or Crocus decks the soil.

Apollo laugh'd to see their care,
And cried to Venus,—" We will spare

"The labours of the Nine;
"Let on her breast your myrtle blow,
"While I round lovely Ella's brow
"My greenest laurel twine."

Thus both their choicest gifts confer;
But Gods and Goddesses may err;
For both their gifts misplac'd:—
The myrtle, for her breast design'd,
Around fair Ella's head they bind,
Her breast the laurel grac'd.

Then fly her Syren voice, ye swains!
You'd swear, to hear her heavenly strains,
That breast was Cupid's throne;
But though her wit and beauty dart
Love's lightning through each other heart,
The laurel guards her own.

STANZAS.

HEAR ye yon bell, its sullen sound that flings
In solemn cadence o'er the echoing vale?—
To every ear a gloomy thought it brings,
Mirth laughs no more, even Valour's spirits fail.

But hark! the knell is drown'd—tempestuous floats
On the swoll'n breeze the tumult of the war;
Shrill sound the cheering trumpet's martial notes,
And loud the battery thunders from afar:

With kindling flame reviving Valour hears,
Strong beats his breast; while e'en the coward slave,
Stung by the rousing peel, forgets his fears,
Pants for the field, and fancies he is brave.

O say, why this, ye wise!—The death-bell shows
What Fate has done; not urges Fate's decrees—
Marks but one victim snatch'd from human woes,
Bent by chill age, perhaps, or pale disease.

But shouting squadrons at the trumpet's breath
O'er mangled thousands urge their furious way;
The thundering battery sweeps to instant death
Its slaughter'd myriads from the light of day.

Not worn with pain, not struck by palsied age,
The ripen'd harvest of the greedy tomb;
Timeless they fall in manhood's glowing prime,
Health's vigorous hour, or youth's ingenuous bloom.

Grave Wisdom pauses—stares with both her eyes,
Considers both the trumpet and the bell:—
Sagacious, to the question then replies,
"The thing is so—but why—I cannot tell."

TO
THE COUNTESS OF DERBY,
ON HER MARRIAGE.

If, when an Angel form and face are join'd
To the pure radiance of an Angel mind;
If, when from affectation free we trace
Of courtly elegance each finish'd grace;
If, when the speaking eye and witching smile
Beam blameless mirth and love devoid of guile:
In the assemblage bright at once we own
Of female worth the full perfection shown.
Then, lovely Farren! Derby shall receive
The richest dower that Hymen e'er could give.

Sweet sister of the Comic Muse!—no more
Though you shall hear of praise the enraptur'd roar,
When excellence of Art unrivalled draws
From fascinated crowds sincere applause;
Yet though our hands are by respect repress'd,
Still glows warm admiration in the breast:
And though to higher circles call'd, while still
Each shining character you justly fill,
The splendid duties of exalted life,
Or the mild claims of parent, friend, and wife,
Still shall you move on the World's wider Stage,
The pride, the darling, of a polish'd age.

TO A LADY,

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD WATCH-CHAIN.

WRITTEN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Of fair Susannah's Present vain,
And proud to show her golden Chain;
Yet knowing shame must wait on those
Who Ladies' favours boast in Prose,
I call'd the Muses to my aid,
And woo'd in form each tuneful maid.
I twist my pen, I scratch my hair,
I bite my nails, I move my chair;
Till, finding ev'ry effort vain,
Enrag'd I curse the jilting train.

Reproaches reach the dullest ears:
Behold! an angry Muse appears;—
" Rash Votary," she cries, " forbear!
" Nor ply an unavailing care.
" You claim not now such trifling verse
" As once, for ruffles or a purse,
" Were sent to some unletter'd maid;
" Or such as trifling flattery paid,
" When Baker's shop repair'd at morn
" The fan that last night's dance had torn;
" Or such as round the Archers' board
" In festive chorus loud are roar'd;—

" Far

" Far different is your present task ;
" Strains of a higher mood you ask :
" Strains clear, melodious, rich, and chaste,
" Strains worthy *****'s polish'd taste.——

" Enough! enough!" I hopeless cried,
And threw th' unfinish'd task aside.

ON

THE DEATH OF JAMES DAY, ESQ.

If pensive Genius ever pour'd the tear
Of votive anguish o'er the Poet's bier;
If drooping Britain ever knew to mourn
In silent sorrow o'er the Patriot's urn ;
Here let them weep their Day's untimely doom,
And hang their fairest garlands o'er his Tomb.
For never Poet's hand did yet consign
So pure a wreath to Virtue's holy shrine ;
For never Patriot tried before to raise
His Country's welfare on so firm a base :
Glory's bright form he taught her youth to see,
And bade them merit Freedom to be free.
No sculptur'd marble need his worth proclaim,
No herald's sounding style record his name,
For long as sense and virtue fame can give,
In his own works his deathless name shall live.

TO

TO A LADY,

ON RETURNING HER FAN AFTER DANCING.

WRITTEN MAY, 1766.

Go, happy ensign of supreme command,
And grace again my fair Eliza's hand.
Far in the vale when I deserted rove
With hasty footsteps through the silent grove;
Or, wand'ring slow by Isis' sedgy side,
Proclaim her beauties to the listening tide;
Oft shall thy leaves, with careless grace display'd,
With gentle breezes fan the lovely maid:
Or when some other youth shall haply chance
To trace with her the mazes of the dance,
Thy gales, than those Elysium felt more blest,
Shall cool the fervour of her glowing breast.
Then, as her partner tries each varied art
That skill can frame, or eloquence impart;
Rifles for her the lily and the rose,
And borrows perfumes from each flower that blows,
That all their charms united may declare
How sweet she is, how blooming, and how fair:
Oh, tell her not such compliments to prize,
Which real passion ever must despise.
He who with raptur'd eye, like mine, has seen
Her angel face, her love-inspiring mien,
Has mark'd, diffusing softness through the whole,
Her winning sensibility of soul,

Till

Till, thrill'd in every nerve, the amorous pain
Beat in each pulse and glow'd in every vein,...
Tell her, will transports feel whose fond excess
No studied form of language can express—
Will find, like me, the power of words too faint,
Such charms, such sweetness, and such worth to paint.

EPITAPH

ON A LAMENTED FRIEND.

To the vain trophies of the proud and gay
Let servile Flattery raise the specious lay.
Seymour! to decorate thy marble Bier,
True Grief shall pour the tributary Tear;
Shall o'er the tomb with silent Anguish bend,
Where rests in Death the Father, Husband, Friend:—
A Father, whose parental care we trace
In the young virtues of his rising race;
A Husband, whose connubial love is shown
In her sad sighs who rears this votive Stone;
A Friend, whose merits fill the breast that pays,
To worth it mourns, this heartfelt strain of praise.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN FARINGDON PARK,

JULY 27, 1770.

DELIGHTFUL scenes! yet once again
My voice shall make your echoing shades resound;—
Well nigh had every jocund strain
In baleful Sorrow's sable fount been drown'd:
Already had the dread behest
Through Fate's eternal portal pass'd:
Pale Death, in all his terrors drest,
Sternly prepar'd my every wish to blast,
What time he shook enrag'd his thirsty dart,
And aim'd the fatal point to rive Maria's heart.

Ye much-lov'd Nymphs of Pindus! where
Had then, alas! your faithful vot'ry been?
What had ye tried to sooth his care?
What mournful lays? what wreaths of willow green?
When urg'd along by Fancy's fire
To wake the melancholy song,
Raptur'd we strike the silver wire,
And soft the pensive numbers flow along:
But when the iron scourge affliction rears,
Our plaints are chok'd by sighs, our strains dissolv'd in tears.

All-potent Heaven, thy wondrous ways
How intricate!—Yet all thy 'hests how just!

 The

The flattering schemes our wishes raise,
How soon thy judgments humble to the dust
While, void of grief, my artless hand
Describ'd each smiling lawn and grove;
While blooming scenes my fancy plann'd,
The seats of future ease and growing love,—
Thy word had nearly seal'd the dreadful doom;
Giv'n to the winds my schemes, my wishes to the tomb.

From the drear mansion of the dead
What gracious Being snatch'd Maria's charms!
And, raising from the grave her head,
Restor'd her beauties to my longing arms?—
'Twas He! the ever-watchful power!
Man's feeble offspring to defend,
Who o'er me in the mortal hour,
As in the natal, shall his wings extend.
'Twas He who wak'd to life the senseless clod;
Blest source of every good—my Guardian, and my God!

For this, Maria! let us still
In Him, the eternal fount of joy, confide;
Bend all our passions to his will,
And let his laws our every action guide:
So, while the friendly Power above
For ever guards each faithful head,
Sweet Concord and Connubial Love
Shall in our breasts their kindly influence shed:
Soft Peace shall smile with each returning light,
And bridal rapture glow through every blissful night.

TO

TO A LADY,

IN RETURN FOR SOME VERSES.

LET envious critics frown or smile,
'Tis equal in my eyes:
Their warmest censure or applause
I now alike despise.

A wreath beyond the wreath of fame
Shall now adorn my lays:
Who shall the verse presume to blame
Which Wit and Beauty praise?

My vagrant Muse, return once more,
To greet the approving fair;
Receive new Beauty* from her eyes,
And learn Refinement there.

But should the praises I receive
From partial favour flow;
That partial favour joy must give
That fame can ne'er bestow.

* Alluding to a Poem on Beauty and the Progress of Refinement.

ON

ON QUITTING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SOUTHAMPTON, IN 1792*.

Addressed to the Southampton Archers, and sung at their Lodge.

To thy scenes, lovely Southton, adieu!
To thy valleys with Tempe that vie;
And adieu to thy sons, all as true as thy tides,
And thy daughters as bright as thy sky.

And you, my brave comrades, adieu!
For my lyre is, alas! now unstrung:
Tho' rude was my touch, and tho' harsh was my strain,
Yet your candour approv'd what I sung.

But though from thy nymph-haunted shores,
Unwilling, I'm doom'd to remove;
Shall my heart ever wander from regions endear'd
By Gratitude, Friendship, and Love?

No:—while Memory here holds her seat;
While the current of life swells my veins;
So long, lovely Southton, Affection for thee
In my bosom unalter'd remains.

* This, and several other of the Poems of this amiable Writer, dated from Southampton and New Forest, are, in a peculiar manner, appropriate to the Scenery of the Hampshire Station in Volume the First.

GLEANER.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF AN INFANT

AGED ONE YEAR.

THOUGH the green leaf, with envious veil,
Awhile the rosebud's hues conceal,
Yet from the parent-stock we know
How bright its crimson tints shall glow;
What sweets its silken leaves disclose,
When time unfolds the full-blown rose.

Sweet bud of May! thy infant grace,
Thy laughing eye, thy smiling face,
Are harmless yet; for, in those eyes
No secret Love in ambush lies;
No Cupid lurks beneath that smile,
The gazer's bosom to beguile.

But when, matur'd by ripening years,
In virgin pride each charm appears,
Then many a youth their force shall prove,
And bow before the power of love;
While crowds, with admiration, see
A new Georgina bloom in thee.

SONNET.

Farewell, ye lucid streams and mountains hoar,
Where oft by fair Emilia's side I stray'd;
Farewell each flow'ry lawn, each fragrant shade,
For I must tread your verdant haunts no more;
Condemn'd to wander on a distant shore:
Yet the dear image of the lovely maid
Lives in my heart by Fancy's hand pourtray'd,
Though every joy and every hope is o'er.

But, oh! ye pangs that rend this tortur'd breast,
Mine be ye all—her gentle bosom spare;
Eternal exiles from that heav'n of rest
Be piercing anguish and corroding care;
May sweet Content remain a constant guest,
And Peace for ever dwell an inmate there.

ODE,

WRITTEN AT EAGLEHURST, IN THE NEW FOREST, HANTS, OCTOBER 10, 1790.

Proud, o'er yon distant surge, behold
Britannia's Fleet majestic ride!
Where, as her flags in many a fold
Float high in ether's ambient tide,

Warm

Warm Courage beams from every eye,
Stern Indignation's pulse beats high,
And, kindling at the warlike sight,
Vengeance, with firm but temperate voice,
Responsive to a Nation's choice,
Demands the promis'd fight.

How mild the sun's meridian's rays!
How blue the Heavens! how soft the breeze
That o'er the waving forest plays,
And gently curls the rippling seas!
But soon November's wint'ry hour,
Arm'd with the Tempest's tyrant power,
Shall rouse the clouds' embattled host,
Sweep from the woods their leafy pride,
And dash the wave's infuriate tide
Against the howling coast!

So in each Ship's stupendous womb,
Now gently floating on the deep,
Peaceful, as in the silent tomb,
The Demons of Destruction sleep;
But wak'd by War's terrific roar,
Prompt o'er each desolated shore
Their hell-directed flight to urge,
And leading Slaughter's horrid train,
With hecatombs of warriors slain,
To load th' empurpled surge!

What though at proud Iberia's chiefs
The spear of vengeance Britain aims,

Shall

Shall she not mourn a people's griefs,
Their dying sons, their weeping dames?—
Nor shall she ev'n with tearless eye
Yon gallant Navy e'er descry
Returning o'er the western flood,
For, ah! the laurel's greenest bough
That ever crown'd Victoria's brow
Is surely ting'd with blood!

Though blaze the splendid fires around,
Though Arcs of Triumph proudly rise,
Though Fame her loudest pæan sound,
And notes of conquest rend the skies,—
Alas! in some sequester'd cell
Her slaughter'd lover's funeral knell
In every shout the virgin hears!
And as the strain of victory flows,
More swell the widow'd matron's woes,
And faster fall her tears!

Though from this cliff while Fancy views
Yon squadrons darken half the main,
She dress in Glory's brightest hues
The pride of Albion's naval reign,
Yet, as Reflection's mirror shows
Th' attendant scene of death and woes,
Th' exulting hopes of conquest cease,
She turns from War's delusive form
To deprecate th' impending storm,
And breathes her vows for Peace.

SONG.

SONG.

Tell me, *******, good and fair,
Why you urge me thus to swear?
Say, what oaths are strong to bind
Changes of the feeble mind?
Say, what promises can tie
Rovings of the vagrant eye?

Trust not bonds so weak as these,
Arm'd with every power to please;
Cheeks that glow like opening day;
Eyes where humid lightnings play;
Locks, in auburn curls, that break
Lovely o'er your ivory neck.

Or should these to keep me fail,
Truth and Virtue must avail;
Gentle Meekness, void of art,
Sense to charm and fix the heart:
Whom such merits can't retain,
Vows and oaths would hold in vain.

EDWARD AND MATILDA.

Where Tweed's pellucid waters glide
Through Tiviot's verdant glades,
Close by the brink whose shelter'd side
The pliant osier shades,

Montgomery dwelt, a noble youth
Of Cambria's ancient race;
But, ah! his sires' unsullied truth
Was paid with foul disgrace.

Hence exil'd from their native hills,
They sought a stranger land,
And fix'd beside the silver rills
That water Scotia's strand;

Honour'd by Caledonia's lord,
His wars they often wage;
And oft Montgomery's youthful sword
Had stemm'd the battle's rage.

His dome one lovely sister grac'd,
Matilda, heavenly fair;
In ringlets to her slender waist
Soft flow'd her nut-brown hair.

Through the long sable lash her eyes
Their azure beams disclose;

Her neck the jasmin's white defies;
Her cheek the opening rose.

It chanc'd as through the forest wide
With careless foot she stray'd,
Some ruffians, from the border's side,
Her peaceful haunts invade.

Vain are her tears, and vain her cries;
They seize their trembling prey:
On a swift steed they place their prize,
And bear her far away.

O'er many a moor and mountain drear
They urg'd their felon flight;
When sudden, 'mid their swift career,
They meet a stranger knight.

Mov'd by the virgin's piercing cry,
He boldly bars their way;
They quit at once their weeping prize,
And wage the unequal fray.

Firm 'gainst the fury of the horde
The single warrior stands;
Impetuous whirls his shining sword,
And drives amid their bands.

His furious strokes at every blow
With force resistless light,
Till, laid their savage leader low,
The robbers turn to flight.

To brave Montgomery's castle's now
He bears the rescued maid:
The youth with friendship's warmest vow
Repays his generous aid.

But fair Matilda's gentle breast
More lively passions move;
The sighs that gratitude express'd
More strongly pictur'd love.

Nor was the flame that fir'd her heart
Sole to that heart confin'd,
Soon shot the sympathetic smart
Through youthful Edward's mind.

A grateful brother's words allow
His beauteous sister's choice,
And friendship sanctifies the vow
Of Hymen's holy voice.

Yet ere the nuptial rite is pass'd,
Young Edward hies him home,
To where, in fair Northumbria plac'd,
High stands his towered dome.

Here, with a lover's fondest care,
He every thought employs
The festal splendor to prepare,
And grace his nuptial joys.

With his own hand profuse he throws
The woodbine's sweetest flower,

And

And twines the eglantine and rose
To deck the bridal bower:

When lo! ill-fated was the morn!
His gallant vassals round
Lord Percy calls, with hound and horn,
To hunt on Scottish ground.

For long to Douglas' ancient house
A deadly feud he bore,
And now resolv'd to urge the chace
On Cheviot's mountains hoar.

The warlike strains not bootless blow
In Edward's youthful ear,
For never yet was Edward slow
In Glory's bright career.

Assembled from the farm and fold,
At Percy's high command,
Full fifteen hundred bowmen bold
Sought Scotia's hostile land.

The hunter's shout, the chiding hound,
The woodland wilds explore;
And Cheviot's mountain-heaths around
Re-bellow to the roar.

Now from the sky Day's splendid God
Shot forth his noon-tide ray,
When, bleeding on the verdant sod,
A hundred harts there lay.

Lord Percy climb'd the upland brow,
To view the slaughter'd deer:
"I thought," he said, "long, long ere now,
"To meet the Douglas here."

"Then long you need not wait in vain,"
The gallant Edward cried;
"For, see, where now a warlike train
"Winds round yon torrent's side.

"Douglas, in shining armour bright,
"Rides on before the rest:
"I know him by the plumage white
"High waving o'er his crest.

"Two thousand spearmen Douglas leads,
"Of Scotia's youth the pride;
"All drawn from Tiviot's vernal meads,
"By Tweed's enamell'd side."

"Quit, quit the spoil!" Lord Percy cries:
"Your bows, my archers, bend;
"For life and glory form the prize
"For which we must contend."

Now either adverse band drew near;
When, far before the rest
Advancing, Douglas shook his spear,
And thus his foe address'd:

"Say, who are ye my deer who chase?
"Whence comes your recreant horde?"

"Thy

" Thy equals all in fame and race,"
Replies Northumbria's Lord.

" An earl thou art—I know thee well;
" I know thy vaunting pride;
" But the life-blood that warms thy heart
" This insult shall abide.

" But let not all this guiltless band
" In our behalf engage:
" Ours is the feud—then hand to hand
" Let us the combat wage."

Lord Percy cries, " Foul fall the knight
" Who this denies!—each wound
" Be ours!—for yet in single fight
" Did Percy ne'er give ground."

Edward exclaims, " High Heaven forfend
" It reach our native land,
" That idle, while their chiefs contend,
" The English archers stand!"

Bent was each English archer's yew;
They quickly caught th' alarm;
Each to the point his arrow drew,
With strong and steady arm.

Just was each skilful bowman's aim;
Each shaft as justly flew:
Fatal the arrowy tempest came,
And sevenscore Scots they slew.

The

The Scots still undismay'd by fear
March'd on in firm array;
With ample targe and lengthen'd spear
They boldy urg'd their way.

Soon on the English ranks they close,
In vain their arrows flew;
They cast away their useless bows,
And each his falchion drew.

Now dreadful o'er the purpled plain
The fiends of Discord strod;
Fell Carnage gives her steeds the rein,
And dyes the dewy sod.

Fierce through the bleeding paths of war
With heart by vengeance fraught,
Each chieftain with unweary'd care
His hated rival sought.

They meet—they fight with equal skill;
With equal force they strive;
While each at each, with furious will,
Their fiery coursers drive.

O'er their bright arms in copious course
Fast flows the crimson flood;
Till, wearied with exhausted force,
Awhile they breathless stood.

Now from an English bow there came
Unseen a random dart;
Dire was the effect, though loose the aim;
It pierc'd Lord Douglas' heart.

A Scottish

A Scottish knight, with anger warm,
Beheld his chieftain bleed,
And through the battle's fiercest storm
He urg'd his barbed steed.

Through groves of pikes, in swift career,
And show'rs of darts he press'd;
Then bury'd deep his vengeful spear
In gallant Percy's breast.

" Revenge—revenge!" brave Edward cries,
" Sound loud the dire alarm:
" He dies! our valiant leader dies!
" By yon false traitor's arm."

He grasp'd his bow with sinews strong,
And bent the stubborn yew;
Then fix'd the arrow keen and long,
And firm the nerve he drew.

Home to his hand the steel-head came,
Home to his ear the wing;
With steady eye he took his aim,
Then loos'd the sounding string.

With force so fell against the knight
The fatal shaft was sped,
That the swan-plume that wing'd its flight
Was in his heart's blood red.

Brave Edward threw aside his bow,
And drew his shining brand;

But

But rushing on the prostrate foe,
His sword forsook his hand.

His manly sinews lost their force,
Pale horror shook his frame,
And falling on the breathless corse
He sigh'd Montgomery's name.

Intranc'd in death-like swoon he lay,
While rag'd the battle round;
Till, as more near approach'd the fray,
He started from the ground.

Yet listless mid the storm of fight
In dire despair he stood:
" How shall I meet Matilda's sight,
" Stain'd with her brother's blood?

" No more this hand the sword shall wield,
" This arm the targe oppose—"
Then threw away his sword and shield,
And rush'd amid the foes.

Soon gave the war's o'erwhelming tide
That fate his grief desir'd,
And falling by Montgomery's side
The ill-starr'd youth expir'd.

They fought from morn till even tide
Started th' ensanguin'd fray:
When scarce, alas! from either side
March'd sixscore youths away.

When

When morn her dewy lustre spread,
The maids and matrons round,
For parents, brothers, husbands, dead,
Rang'd o'er the crimson ground.

Frantic with fear Matilda flies,
She sees her brother slain;
And lo! her much-lov'd Edward lies
Beside him on the plain.

Speechless she wrings her snowy hands,
Her tears refuse to flow;
But o'er the lifeless friends she stands
In monumental woe:

Till lab'ring with convulsive sighs
Fast ebbs her struggling breath;
She lifts to Heaven her fading eyes,
Then closes both in death.

ON

THE DEATH OF SIR JOSEPH ANDREWS,

DECEMBER 29, 1800.

As Heaven's ambrosial gales and genial showers
Deck Nature's smiling face with vernal flowers;
So shall, lamented Andrews! o'er thy tomb
The flowers arise of amaranthine bloom:
By those blest gales and showers matur'd, that blow
The sighs of virtue, and the tears of woe.

SONG.

SONG.

THE dark arch'd brow, the radiant eye,
Where thousand ambush'd Cupids lie;
The glowing cheek, the vermeil lip,
Where Jove himself might nectar sip,—
Without emotion who can see?
Or who can gaze and yet be free?

But when that brow is Candour's throne,
When through that eye is virtue shown,
When feeling glows upon that cheek,
When from those lips the Graces speak,—
Pallas herself fans Cupid's fire,
And Reason justifies Desire.

PARODY

ON ALONZO THE BRAVE.

A PLOUGHMAN so stout, and a damsel so fair,
Convers'd as they sat in the hay;
They ogled each other with simpering stare.
Pretty Peggy the gay was the name of the fair;
And the ploughman's the bold Roger Gray.

" And

"And oh!" said the nymph, "since to-morrow you go,
"Far hence with a serjeant to list;
"Your tears for your Peggy soon ceasing to flow,
"Your love for some wealthier maiden you'll show,
"And she'll by my Roger be kiss'd."

"What nonsense you talk!" said the youth in a pet,
"For by the Lord Harry I swear,
"Nor cheeks red as cherries, nor eyes black as jet,
"Nor moist lips, nor of teeth the most beautiful set,
"Shall make me untrue to my fair.

"If ever, by money or love led aside,
"I forget my fair Peggy the gay;
"With the power of a Justice's warrant supplied,
"May a constable come as I sit by my bride,
"And bear me to prison away!"

To Glo'ster then hasted the ploughman so bold;
His sweetheart lamented him sore:
But scarcely nine months had over him roll'd,
When a rich butcher's widow, with bags full of gold,
Bold Roger entic'd to her door.

Her mutton and beef, so red and so white,
Soon made him untrue to his vows;
They pamper'd his palate, they dazzled his sight,
They caught his affections, so vain and so light,
And she carried him home as her spouse.

From church the fond couple adjourn to the Crown;
The company drink, laugh, and sing;

The

The bacon and greens they go merrily down,
And the mugs were all frothing with liquor so brown,
When the bell of the alehouse went '*ting*.'

Now first Roger Gray with amazement beheld
A stranger stalk into the room;
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not aside;
He neither regarded the Landlord nor Bride,
But earnestly gaz'd on the Groom.

Full stout were his limbs, and full tall was his height;
His boots were all dirty to view,
Which made all the damsels draw back in a fright,
Lest by chance they should sully their petticoats white:
And poor Roger began to look blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
The men sat in silence and fear,
Till trembling, at length cried poor Roger, "I pray
"Aside your great coat, my old cock, you would lay,
"And deign to partake of our cheer."

The swain now is silent—the stranger complies:
His coat now he slowly unclos'd—
Good Gods!—what a sight struck poor Roger Gray's eyes:
What words can express his dismay and surprise,
When a Constable's staff was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrific shout;
All hasten with hurry away;
For, as no one could tell whom he came to seek out,
Some try'd to creep in, and some try'd to creep out,
When the constable cry'd "Roger Gray!"

"Behold

" Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cry'd,
" Remember fair Peggy the gay,
" Whom you left big with child to possess a new bride;
" But his worship, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
" Has sent me to fetch thee away."

So saying, he laid his strong arm on the clown
Calling vainly for help from the throng.
He bore him away to the gaol of the town,
Nor ever again was he seen at the Crown,
Or the catchpole that dragged him along.

Not long staid the bride—for, as old women say,
The meat in her shop was all spoil'd:
All her mutton and beef were carried away,
And sold to buy caudle for Peggy the gay,
And biggins and pap for the child.

Four times in each year, when, in judgment profound,
The quorum all doze on the bench;
Is Roger brought up, and is forc'd to be bound
With a friend in the sum of at least forty pound,
To provide for the child and the wench.

The churchwardens sit round, the treat they don't pay,
Their cares all with 'bacco beguil'd;
They drink out of mugs newly form'd of bak'd clay;
Their liquor is ale; and this whimsical lay
They sing—" Here's a health to fair Peggy the gay,
" And the false Roger Gray, and his child."

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

INTENDED FOR THE SAXON PRINCESS;

A TRAGEDY, NEVER YET ACTED.

TO-NIGHT a pupil of Stagyra's sage
For the first time has ventur'd on the stage.
Ye learned train who fill the critic's chair,
Suspend your thunder, and a brother spare.
And you, ye fair! unskill'd in forms of art,
Who judge alone from nature and the heart,
Think not, because he knows each antient rule,
Each rigid law of Aristotle's school,
Swoll'n with pedantic arrogance, he means
To curb the freedom of Britannia's scenes.
Be due respect to Grecian models shown;
But we can draw from sources all our own:
Nor need we look for Athens' distant light,
While our own Shakespeare blazes full and bright.
Why round the shore with timid caution creep,
While his clear load-star guides us through the deep?
Yet while our bard admires his burning ray,
Cautious he treads, and trembling picks his way;
Lest, while his upturned eyes with rapture glow,
His feet, unheeding, tempt the pit below.
As no mechanic rules of antient art
Can bid insipid dullness move the heart;
So, not the boldest license of that age,
When Shakespeare's daring genius trod the stage,

Will cheat the critic's eagle eye, or hide
The specious tinsel of bombastic pride.
Mimics his antiquated phrase may hit;
But where's the style, the pathos, and the wit?
Our bard has tried, perhaps in vain, to steer
Between licentious ease and rules severe:
Such his design—But ah! with what success,
So far from confident, he dares not guess:
He only trusts his theory is true;
How just his model, he must learn from you.

TO G. J. JUN[r]. ESQ.

WITH A PURSE.

Accept this present.—Could I send a worse?
What gift more hateful than an empty purse?
Which of itself can no attention win—
Respected only for its worth within—
Slighted if pence or shillings it should hold,
But highly valued when replete with gold.

Such is the human mind; an useless void
If not by virtue and by sense employ'd:
If base or trifling thoughts inhabit there,
The specious outside's scorn'd, however fair;
But if with sterling merit richly fraught,
By all mankind the golden prize is sought.
Oh! may the early hope that now appears
Grow with your growth, and strengthen with your years!

May virtue, sense, and learning, ever find
A constant mansion in your cultur'd mind!
And while life's fairest honours you acquire,
And realize each Parent's fond desire,
May *this* well fill'd permit you to impart
Each free effusion of a lib'ral heart!

POEMS

BY

MISS PYE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is, in every sense of the words, a *natural* connection between the preceding Communications of the truly ingenious Laureat, and the subsequent Effusions of his Daughter; whose talents and virtues are hereditary. Part of the following Poems are from a small and elegant Collection, printed at a private Press, merely for dispersion amongst a limited circle, and may therefore be considered in great measure as original.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN PENN, ESQ.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

Go! humble Lays, go, and with truth impart
The secret sufferings of a sorrowing Heart;
Tell how in silent anguish long I griev'd,
Tell with what woes this hapless bosom heav'd,
Till, by the aid of Friendship's potent balm,
My troubled Soul enjoys its present calm.

MAD SONG.

With downcast eye, and solemn pace,
Poor Ellen wanders o'er the plain,
Her locks unbound, and pale her face;
Sad victim to Love's slighted pain!

Lost are her Wits, her Reason lost:
No tear she sheds, no word she speaks;
Deceiv'd by him she trusted most,
With silent grief her sad heart breaks.

Warm was her heart for others' grief,
Though now in icy fetters bound;
And if a sufferer sought relief,
Pity in Ellen's breast was found.

Her eyes, which once, with brightest beam,
Expressive shone on all around,
Are fix'd on vacancy; or gleam,
With phrensied torpor, on the ground.

Her voice, whose soft and dulcet sound
Charm'd ev'ry ear with pure delight,
Is now in death-like silence bound,
And sunk in never-ending night.

This wreck of Genius, Worth, and Grace,
Ah! faithless Man, draw near and see;
Nought can her Senses e'er replace,
Victim to Sorrow, Love, and Thee.

TO MISFORTUNE.

O! THERE'S a charm in that dejected eye;
O! there 's more danger in that deep-drawn sigh
Than in the playful wiles of sportive Wit,
When happy Laughter and the Graces sit
Thron'd with gay Pleasure on the brow of Youth;
O! there's more peril in Misfortune's sigh,
More to be dreaded from the tearful eye
Telling the Sufferer's misery with truth.—
When sunshine round the head of Affluence flings
Its rays, it every idle insect brings,

Buzzing around in Fortune's cheerful hour;
But when the clouds of Poverty o'erspread,
Mark! and thou'lt find the fickle swarms are fled;
Fled to some brighter, sweeter, richer flower!—
Not so with one true Heart, Misfortune's chain
Has hopeless bound in never-ending pain.
Hadst thou been happy, I had still been free,—
Thy adverse fortune made a slave of me.

DESPAIR.

O STRANGER, dost thou ask me why
This down-cast look, this heaving sigh?
Why from my cheeks the rose is gone?
Why from my lip the smile is flown?
O Stranger, seek thou not to know
The cause of my soul-piercing woe.
'Twould only rend thy feeling *heart*,
And no relief to *mine* impart;
For what avails soft Pity's sigh,
Or what avails the moisten'd eye,
To her who ev'ry hope has lost,
Chill'd by Despair's keen-biting frost?—
She who in absence mourns her Love
The anguish of suspense must prove;
But still creative Hope portrays
Fair prospects of some happier days.
Not so with me:—for round my head
The wreath of *Hope* is wither'd—dead.

TO HOPE.

Hope, blessed Hope! oh never leave my heart,
Still with thy witching smiles new joys impart;
Still round my brow thy blooming wreath entwine,
And though thou oft deceiv'st, O! still be mine.—
Ah! blessed Hope, fair Hope of happier hours,
Strew in my path thy never-fading flowers;
Still let Imagination's pencil gay,
Dipp'd in bright tints, some distant bliss portray;
Telling in future days there 's Peace in store,
When this sad sorrowing heart shall sigh no more.
But if at last thou prov'st an empty dream,
If on my future fate no sun-beams gleam,
In happy ignorance still keep me blest,
Nor cloud the present sun-shine of my breast.

SONG.

Have you not seen a sweet, an early flower
Expand its buds, and raise its dewy head?
Have you not seen a cold, a chilling shower
Wither each leaf, and all its blossoms shed?

So the young Heart, when fann'd by Hope's soft breeze,
Expands its folds to catch Affection's breath;
But cold Neglect will soon each blossom freeze,
Blight every leaf, and sink its bloom in Death.

ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

SEE! not one smiling bud unfolds this morn,
Each dew-drop frozen on the leafless thorn,
Emblem of her whose every hope is gone,
Whose every cheering ray of comfort 's flown.
Alas! how chang'd *this Day*, ere-while so blest,
When not one racking care disturb'd my rest,
When no corrosive anguish fill'd my mind,
And every joy to hail it was combin'd.
No more joy's sparkling ray illumes mine eyes;
My bosom heav'd with deep, with ceaseless sighs,
Amidst surrounding revelry I'm sad;
Nought now can charm, nor aught can make me glad.
But though no longer my poor heart can know
A touch of pleasure, (fraught, alas! with woe,)
Reflected joys I from my Friends will steal,
The only sun-shine this sad heart can feel.

ANSWER BY H. J. PYE.

DEAR Mary, why the pensive lays
That usher in thy Natal Morn?
Still shall the light of happier days
Thy hours with brilliant tint adorn.

Though

Though Fortune's inauspicious breeze
Oppose a while thy fleeting sails,
Soon shall thy Bark through summer seas
Be wafted by the favouring gales.

Nor summer seas, nor favouring gale,
Can on my shatter'd Vessel wait:
Impell'd by Time, my tatter'd sail
Spreads onward to the gulf of Fate.

Yet unappall'd by waves and wind,
Forward I steer my destin'd course:
Secure the unconquerable Mind
Can brave the tempest's fiercest force.

Certain that on this shoal of Time
Alternate suns and clouds must rise,
Patient I wait the happier clime
When ceaseless radiance lights the skies.

ANSWERED.

Think not 'twas Fortune's frown that caus'd my lays,
For she might frown, might sternly frown, in vain.
'Twas not her clouded brow that dimm'd my rays,
Or caus'd the heaving sigh, the bitter pain.

For, witness, Heaven, and O be witness, Earth,
No one privation Fortune harshly dealt
Could for a moment have depress'd my mirth,
Or in my bosom have been keenly felt.

But

But there are pangs more keen than Fortune's loss,
More freezing far than Penury's chill wind,
When warring passions still on passions toss,
Whelming the Soul, and overcome the Mind.

Those happy hours describ'd can ne'er return,
No more this aching heart to joy can wake.
On earth I must for ever, ever mourn;
But Hope this bosom never shall forsake—

Hope of a better World! where pain no more
Shall hold dominion o'er this tortur'd breast;
When I those happy regions may explore,
And in the bosom of my God shall rest.—

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, AND SEEING HER SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY.

Sweet Flower of June! ah, may no chilling blast
Blight the fair promise of thy opening bloom!
May every year a livelier charm bestow,
And no dark vapour spoil thy rich perfume!

Long mayst thou blossom 'neath the Parent Plant!
Long flourish fair amidst thy Sister Flowers!
Ah! may no canker-worm thy folds invade,
To wound thy leaves and chill thy passing hours!

Such

Such is the wish of Friendship; though, alas!
That wish perchance will unavailing flow;
For frail Mortality is doom'd to fade,
And we are all the certain heirs of Woe.

But when within the breast firm Virtue glows,
The blast of Sorrow we may bravely dare.
Though for a while it withers every leaf,
Yet they'll revive, and bloom more sweet, more fair.

TO

MY SISTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Maidens, go forth, go pluck each floweret fair,
And form a *Wreath* to deck my Sister's hair;
The Rose, the Lily pure, the Pink so gay,
To grace her brow on this her Natal Day.
Alas! I quite forgot, November's gloom
Has now despoil'd them of their lovely bloom;
That not one opening bud will now unfold,
Nor one green leaf our sorrowing eyes behold.
Yet though they all refuse their aid to lend,
To help this trifling tribute of a Friend,
Know then, that on this blest auspicious day
A *Wreath* I'll form, whose sweets shall rival May.
See on Matilda's cheek the blushing Rose,
And her pure breast the Lily will disclose;
While o'er *my Wreath* fair Virtue's soft perfume
Sheds its sweet breath, and bids it ever bloom.

SONG.

SONG.

WHEN forc'd to part from those we love,
  Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a kind of anguish prove,
  And feel a touch of sorrow.

But oh! what words can paint the tears
  We shed as thus we sever,
When doom'd to part for months, for years—
  Perhaps to part for ever?

THE WITHERED ROSE.

MARK yon sad Rose, once Summer's darling pride,
That threw its blooming odours far and wide,
Now all its bright, its blushing honours past;
Too dazzling fair, alas! and sweet to last.
But yet, though scatter'd be each silken leaf
By cruel Time, that sad despoiling thief,
Still from those leaves exhales a rich perfume;
Still they are sweet, though they have ceas'd to bloom.
So lov'd remembrances of joys long fled
O'er the sad heart their soothing influence shed:
While in the breast is saved each wither'd leaf
Of past delight,—to soothe its present grief.

SONNET

TO THE NIGHTSHADE.

O BEAUTEOUS weed, expanding every fold
To catch the breath of morn begemm'd with dew,
Thy opening buds so lovely to behold,
Steal o'er the sense, and fascinate the view.

But oh! be warn'd, nor idly venture *there*.
Touch not a Leaf, but from it quickly fly;
For 'neath those silken Leaves, so tempting fair,
Poison there lurks.—Who tastes must surely die.
So from the smiling Flowers of treacherous Love
Poor fond believing Maids no ills suspect,
Till ah! too fatally, alas, they prove
The poisonous chalice of severe neglect.
No solace can for cold neglect be found:
Deep is the sting; incurable the wound.

ON PLEASURE.

O GLITTERING Pleasure, in thy splendid ray
Pangs oft assail us while thy sun-beams play.
E'en while their cheering influence glads the Heart,
Sorrow in poison steeps the fated Dart,

To

To wound our peace forever with some grief
Unalterable, and without relief.
E'en while, alas, the sad, the sorrowing breast
Enjoys a soothing calm, a transient rest,
Springs some new wretchedness, some sudden ill,
With tenfold anguish each sad thought to fill.

Pleasure, avaunt! thou ne'er shalt cheat me more!
Thy flitting Phantom-charms for me are o'er.
I've found thy smiles were only to deceive,
And with redoubled anguish make me grieve.
Like *Thee*, I've seen the cheating morning hour
Wake into Life some sweet and tender flower;
Soon have I seen dark clouds o'ercast the skies,
Or some dank vapor or chill blast arise;
Seen all its lustre, all its sweetness fly,
Just wak'd to life, to charm us, and to die.

TO APATHY.

Come, Apathy, come, steel my suffering heart,
Nor let it for another's sorrows heave:
Thy leaden wand to me O! but impart,
Then may my bosom haply cease to grieve.

When sorrow fills another's moisten'd eye,
When bursting anguish rends another's mind,
Let not my sullen heart responsive sigh,
Nor let them from my lips one comfort find.

Let

Let me with stagnant eye their woes survey;
Survey the scalding tear bedew their cheek;
And thus with chilling coldness, simply say,
"Is it for me thou comfort com'st to seek?"

But hold! Though Apathy may sorrow less,
Does it e'er taste of pure unsully'd joy?
No! it can ne'er like warmest feelings bless;
For we must suffer, or we can't enjoy.

ON CANDOR.

Fair Candor, in thy pure unsullied mien
Firm Truth is ever most resplendent seen:
Smiling secure, thy spotless form we trace,
Lending a charm that wakes a new-born grace.
No coward myst'ry can a refuge find
Within the precincts of the candid mind;
Scorning all mean disguise, all well-feign'd fear,
Seeming still more to know than meets the ear.
Behold the empty head with secret great,
Whispering with caution, as if big with fate;
Telling a nothing, with a pompous air,
And seeming sad with an ideal care!
Hence, hated mystery! nor dare advance
With poisonous whisper, and with eye askance,
Sowing rank weeds within the human breast,
Which with fair Candor's flame should be possess'd.

No! let pure Candor on the virtuous head
All its clear lustre in full radiance shed;
And in the heart with truth be still enthron'd
Pure thought, which may with confidence be own'd.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE,

A SONG.

O! NE'ER can Sorrow's sacred tear
So well become a Briton's eye,
As when a Soldier's honor'd bier
Demands the glittering drop, the sigh!
For who like him, from home remov'd,
Expos'd upon the embattled plain,
Such glorious, dangerous toil has prov'd?
And there lies nobly slain!

For him who leaves his native shore
To meet the fateful shaft of Death,
And mid the Battle's deaf'ning roar
Resigns his ling'ring, parting breath;
There blooms (when War's loud din is done)
A wreath of fair, of lasting fame,
To deck the grave of Valor's Son,
To grace his honor'd name.

SENT TO A FRIEND WHO WAS ILL, BEING AT THE SAME TIME ILL MYSELF.

To hover near my drooping friend,
Hygeia, blooming Goddess, deign;
Quickly his restless couch attend,
And banish thence Disease and Pain!

Thy roseate wreath, begemm'd with dew,
Around his burning temples bind;
With thy pure breath his strength renew!
To all the rest I am resign'd.

What though thou absent art from me,
O! to his aid but quickly fly;
From suffering anguish set him free,
And I will, patient, cease to sigh!

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

POEMS

BY

THE REV. DR. MAVOR.

TO MR. PRATT,

WITH THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTORY LINES.

Accept, dear Friend, the Offering of my Muse,
And in thy Garland mix these humble flowers;
No sweets they boast—yet wilt not thou refuse
The least libation which Affection pours.

W. M.

ABSENCE,

A SONNET.

YE ling'ring hours! with doubt and gloom opprest,
With wonted swiftness urge your circling flight;
Ye pensive thoughts that cloud my anxious breast,
Yield to the sweet emotions of delight!
Warms not the Sun, and is not Nature gay?
And shall Hope sink beneath the fiend Dismay?

ABSENCE! from thee these sad sensations flow,—
Absence! from thee the hours their length acquire;
Doubt damps the heart, the wings of Time move slow,
When distance veils the object of desire.
FANCY alone the dismal void can fill
With aught of bliss, and chase the shadows drear;
Ev'n now her powers the pangs of Absence still,
She paints Affection's smile,—she brings my LESBIA near!

DISAPPOINTMENT,

A SONNET.

As day by day I journey on through life,
Where many a thorn has strew'd my cheerless way,
Hope's friendly smile, with Fortune still at strife,
Bids me advance—to distant prospects gay:

I reach

I reach the spot—the prospects fade and die,
And scarce one tempting scene allures the sick'ning eye.

O DISAPPOINTMENT! well I know thy might,—
Deep has my heart imbib'd thy painful lore;
E'en HOPE retires to shun thy hated sight,
And paints her fairy visions now no more.
Yet should her angel light illume this breast,
Grateful, her influence again I'll hail;
From present storms, for peaceful scenes draw zest,
And bless each little breeze that fav'ring fills my sail.

SONNET

TO A ROBIN SINGING ON A TREE WHILE THE LEAVES WERE FALLING ROUND HIM IN AUTUMN.

HEARD you that faint, that dying strain
In cadence with the falling leaf?
With me, sweet bird, dost thou complain?
For fading Nature wakes my grief.
Her chequer'd tints, that mark decay,
O'er ev'ry sense spread gloom and deep dismay.

Back to gay Summer's sunny hours
Fond FANCY turns, on bliss intent:—
It starts—Reflection numbs its pow'rs,
For Pleasure's glass, alas! is spent.

Renew,

Renew, sweet bird! that plaintive song,
In unison my feelings move;
Unheard YOU sing amid the throng,—
Neglected ever will my sorrows prove.

SONNET

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

No flattering sounds invite my LESBIA's ear,—
For Love disdains to borrow aid from Art:
Enough, if Truth its native colours wear,
And Verse make known the impulse of the heart.
Take then, dear maid! Affection's prompted strain,
Nor let the tribute of my vows be vain.
For you my vows unpompous pleasures frame,
No gay parade, no grandeur, foe to rest:
Be yours true happiness, whate'er its name,
Not plac'd in show, but felt within the breast!
No splendid scenes allure my LESBIA's eyes,—
Friendship and Love her warmest wishes bound:
FATE! give thy fiat from applauding skies,
And bid those blessings in her train be found!

OPPOSITION.

OPPOSITION,

A SONNET.

THE stream that flows with gentle, even course,
And spreads fertility from shore to shore,
Obstructed, rolls in heaps, collects its force,
And bursts its barrier with tremendous roar.
Thus, once my heart was tranquil, mild, and bland,
Till Opposition rous'd it to withstand.
Oh blind to truth, to sense, to reason foes,
Who think to check what Principle endears!
The mind its long-lov'd bias cannot lose,—
Each wish sinks deeper with the lapse of years.
No partial aims my steadfast soul can move,
No blasting voice what 's lovely can deform:
The calm unruffled leaves the lofty grove,
But yet its roots gain firmness from the storm.

EPISTLE,

FROM THE COUNTRY, TO A POETICAL FRIEND IN TOWN.

FROM WHICHWOOD'S* deep shades, and its high waving groves,
Where Fancy, delighted, at liberty roves;

* Whichwood Forest, Oxfordshire.

From

From the seats of sequester'd contentment and ease,
Where rosy Hygeia wafts health in each breeze,
Receive, my dear friend! these rude rustic lays
From a Muse unambitious of honours or praise.
O could You and your Muse, these gay groves among,
With me catch the notes of the sweet feather'd throng;
With ears full of rapture hear Philomel's strain,
Or see the fleet hart bound along the smooth plain;
The town and its pleasures with scorn you'd resign;
To the waters of LETHE ambitious consign;
Bid fame, wealth, and honours, the wretched attend,
And vow here with quiet life's vain dream to end.

Oh, lost to each joy, who toil in the crowd,
Who cringe at the levee, or bow to the proud;
Who bustle along through life's peopled way,
And grasp at each phantom that shines in the day!
Who never indulg'd on that heav'nly repast,
Which though rich never cloys, but which charms to the last;
The sweets that from peace and tranquillity flow,
And the rest of the soul which the poor only know;
The clear limpid breast, and the heart void of pain,
That sinks at no loss, and that throbs for no gain.

As I rest in the shade, or refresh at the rill,
Or slowly ascend yon green-mantled hill;
As I hear the gay birds their lov'd descant repeat,
And inhale rich perfume from each gale that I meet;
I pity the splendid, the pompous and great,
In vengeance o'erhung with the trappings of state;
Too high to be happy, too proud to be blest,
Whose days pass in folly, and nights without rest;

Who

Who never embrace the calm tranquil hour,
When pageantry yields to soft rapture its pow'r,
And the soul, in reflection, darts through this dull scene,
Where passion and error so oft intervene.

By falsehood and flattery let others aspire,
In the climax of fortune, to rise a step higher;
For the shouts of the mob the patriot may toil;
The hero through foes may rush for the spoil:
Unenvied the poet his laurels may wear,
And ambition still hug its delusion and care:—
No wish in my bosom e'er fonder shall rise,
Than to taste, undisturb'd, the delights of the wise;
With prudence, and wisdom, and temp'rance to roam,
And fix all my warmest attachments at home!

Heav'n spreads forth its blessings profusive as dew,
While our wants are our own, or but trivial and few;
In ambition alone all our wretchedness lies,
And gloting on visions that dance round our eyes;
In idly departing from NATURE's just plan,
And aiming at objects unsuited to man.

Can the pomp of attendance, the fopp'ry of pride,
The line of ancestors to monarchs allied,
The blazons of rank, or the whistlings of fame,
Or soothe the torn bosom, or sanctify shame?
When the diadem'd head feels the ache of disease,
And the viands of luxury no longer can please;
When the down of the cygnet no longer is soft,
And Fate from her watch-tow'r calls loudly and oft;
Then say, my dear friend, would you envy the lot
Of the prince in his palace, or swain in his cot;

 Where

Where mem'ry no pangs of compunction o'ercloud,
Nor conscience repeats ev'ry baseness aloud;
Where few are the dainties that life must resign,
And the soul can repose in the mercies Divine?

As the rivers incessantly run to the sea,—
As the springs from their beds still strive to get free:—
So hastens each mortal to one common grave,—
The only possession the richest can save;
Where the honour'd and mean together repose,
And friends mingle dust with their once-fellest foes.

Since then, my PHILANDER, we all know our fate,
And life is but short, e'en when longest its date,
Learn early to live for yourself and your friends,
And taste every blessing that Providence lends.
If you hunt after fame, or honours, or wealth,
And forfeit the joys of quiet and health;
Or whether, indifferent, you sail down life's tide,
And only for natural cravings provide:
Alike o'er our heads Time's last curtain shall close,
And remembrance lose hold of its pleasures or woes.

Come then, and indulge your genius and taste;
Nor longer your years in vain industry waste:
Bid your villa arise on yon gay sunny site,
Where each object in nature conspires to delight;
Where the sweet bird of eve shall woo you to rest,
And at morn, blooming pleasure enrapture your breast;
Where the charms of bright wisdom shall win all your heart,
And philosophy pure her best treasures impart;

Where

Where I, too, shall hail you my neighbour and friend,
And learn from your converse my failings to mend;
With studies congenial, and objects the same,
Fast rivet affection's inviolate flame:
Till, ardent my hope, and my heart all resign'd,
I leave this vain world, a better to find;
When your tear, and your verse, shall hallow my grave,
And your friendship my memory religiously save;
Forget all my foibles, and say, with a sigh—
"O earth! on the bosom that lov'd me, light lie."

WRITTEN IN THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, AT TUSMORE, THE SEAT OF WM. FERMOR, ESQ. AUG. 1, 1804, THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

In this sequester'd, smiling seat,
Where Worth and Genius oft retreat,
Where Fermor sees with raptur'd eyes
His own creations gaily rise,
I try to woo the Muse once more,
And call her fairy visions o'er;
But Hope and Fancy both are fled,—
No day-dreams flutter round my head,
And, lost to Joy's ecstatic glow,
My Lyre attunes its notes to woe.

Yet midst this scene, where Art and Taste
Are only Nature better drest,
A momentary pause I find
From all that agitates the mind,

And,

And, bursting Sorrow's with'ring spell,
I feel calm PEACE pervade her cell.

O may these bowers be ever blest,
That soothe my throbbing heart to rest!
O may these skies be ever clear,
And fav'ring angels hover near,
That lull the sense of mental pain,
And wake COMPOSURE's tranquil strain!

As here I sit at early dawn,
While dew-drops gem the velvet lawn,
And warblers chant their matin lay,
And ev'ry flower looks fresh and gay,
TRUTH whispers in my patient ear,
"How vain is Hope, how weak is Fear!"
I catch the sound, and in my breast
I bid this maxim be imprest,—
"That hopes and fears, with bliss at strife,
"Are doom'd to chequer mortal life;
"And they who sink, and they who soar,
"Soon find their joys and suff'rings o'er."

Since first I saw the light of heav'n,
This day nine lustra have been giv'n;
Of life the larger space is run—
I view a quick declining sun:
The moments pass in rapid flight,
That bring me to the goal of Night;
While RETROSPECTION's painful eye
Can scarcely trace one point of joy;

And still my natal Star, malign,
Impending clouds forbid to shine.

Year after year has swept away
Some much-lov'd good, some promis'd stay,
And anguish'd Reason wakes to find
Even Hope, reluctant, left behind.

No longer now a Parent's pray'r
Ascends to make me Heaven's blest care;
No longer Duty pants to save
A Father—Mother from the grave:
In dust they both oblivious sleep,
Nor taste my love, nor see me weep.

An only Brother's early fate
In distant climes, why, sad, relate?
When wounded Nature bids me mourn
Three Children from my bosom torn!
And chief my WILLIAM*! whose fair bloom
Gave hopes of fruitage rich to come;
Whose gentle mind and feeling heart
Were form'd each pleasure to impart;
Whose op'ning powers warm Genius fir'd,
Whose social converse never tir'd.—

But soon the lovely scene was o'er,
And bliss can touch this breast no more—
A thousand deaths I felt in thine:
Yet still I live, ye Pow'rs divine!

* He died at the age of fifteen, in November, 1799.

Oh, if thy Spirit, hov'ring near,
A pensive Parent's vows can hear;
Oh, if thy cares extend to earth,
And watch the Partners of thy birth;
A portion of thy filial love
Pour down, propitious, from above:
Inspire thy temper meek—thy sense,
Thy duteous deeds without pretence;
Nor let me feel that sharpest ill—
A Child's ingratitude—to fill
The measure of my woes complete,
And drive frail Reason from her seat—
Wrap ev'ry thought in black despair,
And burst this heart, too weak to bear
Affection, duty, unreturn'd;
The sullen air, the counsel spurn'd,
The perverse mind, to rob of rest
The breast that bleeds to see it blest.

But cease:—I own the hand of God,
And kiss the sharp but saving rod;
To earth I feel the loosen'd ties,
And fix my anchor on the skies;
Where ills endur'd, and trials past,
(Like Seamen rescued from the blast)
Will give fresh pleasure to the shore,
And soothe the Soul for evermore!

T. E TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

POEMS

BY

CHARLES JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

POEMS DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES;

MILITARY DICTIONARY, AND REGIMENTAL COMPANION;

TARARE FROM BEAUMARCHAIS;

ETC. ETC. ETC.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MOIRA

WITH

COUNTESS LOUDON.

HEAVEN, in its wisdom, had the World survey'd,
And for good purposes a Rawdon made.
On Moira's mind each quality was shed
That decks the living, or adorns the dead;
To him Heav'n gave each excellence; and then
Bestow'd an Angel on the best of men.
With Loudon's hand the purest Honour came
To shine benignant round a Moira's name;
Nor was the gift to Female Worth confin'd,
For *Loudon's spirit breathes in Moira's mind.
Ages unborn from such a Pair shall get
The bright example which to us is set;
From son to son their virtues shall descend
The Good to cherish, and the Bad to mend.
From Moira's breast the Good themselves shall take
A nobler impulse for Affliction's sake:
While Loudon's eyes congenial comfort give,
And teach the Wretched and the Poor to live.
Thus shall the bright, the good Memorial stand,
And both be known as Patterns to the Land.

* The celebrated Field-Marshal Loudon, of whom Frederick the Great, of Prussia, always spoke in the highest terms of praise.

RATIONAL AFFECTION

OR, THE

WAY TO LIVE ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES.

Written on hearing the Song, by Dr. Walcott, "The Golden Moments are gone by."

THE golden moments are not gone:
For Recollection brings
The dear delights our hearts have known;
The joys my Laura sings.

Though Time has chang'd our flowing hair,
Our minds are still the same;
For Truth and Constancy are there,
To shield the nuptial flame.

Through chequer'd months and circling years
Our hearts are still at home;
Serenely bright Love's torch appears,
And burns beyond the tomb.

She sings of Love, whose temper'd bliss
Outlasts the glare of Youth;
Which settles in the cordial kiss
That warms the lip of Truth.

E'en

E'en should my Laura cease to live,
Remembrance, just and true,
Would still the precious Record give
Of all the joys we knew.

CONSTANCY AND LOVE.

Of all the Blessings known below,—
And few those Blessings prove—
The greatest, sure, that Mortals know
Are Constancy and Love.

The Woes of life, though sometimes loud
And sometimes dark they prove,
Catch rays of Comfort on each cloud
From Constancy and Love.

Partaken Pleasures doubly please,
And on each sense improve;
Partaken Sorrows too decrease
Through Constancy and Love.

Such calm Delights let those despise
Whose maxim is to rove;
Be ours the solid joys that rise
From Constancy and Love.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

THOUGH constant as the constant Dove
My Damon may appear;
Though, when he speaks, his actions prove
That ev'ry word's sincere;
Yet, as each moment that we live
Takes something from our Youth,
At Hymen's shrine, O take and give
The recompense of Truth!

For Cupid feels a dear delight
Poor Mortals to mislead;
But Hymen, with a constant light,
Rewards them in his stead.
By Him reliev'd from anxious Care,
We safely may repose;
But all our Hopes a Thorn must bear
Till Hymen guards the Rose.

A SIGH AND A TEAR.

IN weeping the Maid whom I lov'd with esteem,
How transient do Life and its Comforts appear!
Its brightest enjoyment dissolves to a dream,
And all that is left is—a Sigh and a Tear.

The

The rapture that swell'd in my Rosamond's breast,
 The languor that play'd in her love-breeding eye,
Beneath the cold turf are for ever suppress'd,
 And nothing is left but—a Tear and a Sigh.

And yet there's a comfort in thinking of those
 Whose virtues before us so frequently rise;
A mild consolation steals over our woes,
 And Grief has a charm in its—Tears and its Sighs.

MAN WITH RESPECT TO WOMAN.

Three different classes in three different ways
Their feelings show, when Female Art betrays:—
The Coxcomb pines: the Weak Man vents his wrong:
The Sage withdraws, and wisely holds his tongue,
Conceals the wound Ingratitude has giv'n,
Just breathes a sigh, and leaves the rest to Heav'n.

ON LADY HAGGERSTON

PRESENTING THE COLOURS TO THE DURHAM YEOMAN-CAVALRY.

THE Durham shall in Battle stand
As loyal as they're brave,
Rememb'ring that an Angel's hand
The floating Standard gave.

One Spirit, breath'd from Man to Man,
Shall in each Rank appear;
For Beauty's Gift adorns the Van,
And Honour guides the Rear.

Blest Island, where that Virtue glows
Which Native Ties afford!
Where Beauty bids us meet our Foes,
And Valour wields the Sword.

United thus in Heart and Hand,
What can proud Gallia do?
Determin'd Foes our Yeomen stand,
And Foes our Women too.

Then into Action let us rise
On Virtue's lasting plan:
To guard Creation's dearest ties,
We fight the Foes of Man.

A SCOTCH

A SCOTCH SUBSTITUTE

FOR A COMPASS AT SEA.

A CAPTAIN once—his Compass lost—
Address'd a wary *chield* of Forth,—
" This Ocean never can be crost,
" Unless we find where lies the North."

Shrewd Sawney from his golden head
A Something pick'd that never errs;
Then to the anxious Captain said,
" I'll soon relieve you from your fears:

" Now, mark it *weel*, my honest friend,
" See where it turns its eager mouth;
" A Caledonian Louse, depend,
" Will always *gang awa'* due South."

EXTEMPORE LINES,

REPEATED TO A MAN WHO WAS A GREAT SPECULATOR, WITHOUT ANY TALENTS.

So many *Irons* in the fire you hold,
That none, I fear, will ever turn to *Gold*.
Perhaps the wondrous burthen of your head
May sink—from Superfluity of *Lead*.

AN

AN AUTHOR'S CONSOLATION

FOR MISTATING HISTORICAL FACTS.

On many a subject though the Learned say
That I have err'd, and widely gone astray;
To other Judges I with comfort look:
For Fools think otherwise, and *buy* my Book.

CHARLOTTE'S BIRTH-DAY.

My Charlotte on this Day was born—
    The Loves and Venus know it;
With fragrant wreaths my brows adorn,
    For I am Charlotte's Poet.

I sing, that at my Charmer's birth
    The Graces flock'd around her;
Some latent charm Each calling forth,
    While Cupid fondly crown'd her.

Spring gave the God each op'ning flow'r
    That decks the lap of Nature;
Selecting from his choicest bow'r
    An emblem of each feature.

The Lily join'd her spotless mien,
With crimson tint adorning,
And on her dewy lip was seen
The Rose-bud of the morning.

The Vi'let in her breath was prais'd,
No scent was sweet without her;
And when her lovely eyes she rais'd
'Twas Sunshine all about her.

Like mountain-snow her bosom rose,
To Nature's impulse swelling;
And there his seat warm Passion chose,
And Candour took her dwelling.

Her eyes were mirrors rarely known,
Like daylight, nothing screening;
In ev'ry look distinctly shone
Her heart and all its meaning.

Such was the Birth of her I love
And cherish most sincerely:
Her constant Bard I'll ever prove,
And sing the record yearly.

MY

MY WORLD WITHOUT END;

OR THE

ANTICIPATION OF HEAVEN.

THE heart once engag'd, can it beat for another,
Or even to Kindness a passion return?
Oh, can it, my Friend, the warm sentiments smother,
Or quench what by Nature is destin'd to burn?

Alas! I too well in this bosom discover
A fond lov'd idea which nothing can part;
Though Friendship may charm, all its infl'ence is over
The instant I think of the Lord of my Heart.

Then talk not of Duty, nor yet talk of Reason,
For neither can conquer stern Nature's decree;
'Gainst both I must always be guilty of treason,
While Nature impels me, sweet William, to thee.

Yes, *thou* art the charm, the delight of thy Mary,
On thee, and thee only, her wishes attend;
In thinking of thee she can never be weary,
For *thou* art my World, and my World without end.

ON BEING ASKED WHY I AVOIDED FEMALE SOCIETY.

Had you e'er felt, as I have done,
A proffer'd heart deny'd,
Because it did not fortune own
To meet the views of Pride;
Like me, perhaps, you might mistrust
The glare of Female Charms,
Like me, lament that paltry Dust
Should bribe them from your arms.

Yet Heav'n forgive the girl I lov'd—
She, too, forgive herself!
Her bosom was by Duty mov'd,
And that, alas! by Pelf:
For purchas'd charms too often prove
Their owner's keen distress;
Disgusted with the buyer's love,
And hunger'd in excess.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

WRITTEN ON THE 21ST OF DECEMBER, 1803.

We quarrell'd on the *shortest* day;
The sweet result was this:
We laugh'd the *longest* night away
In scenes of mutual bliss.

Oh,

Oh, may it thus for ever prove
With hearts that know no guile:
An *instant* be the frown of Love,
A *century* the smile!

THE COXCOMB'S TEAR.

The Tear that marks the Coxcomb's cheek
From Feeling seldom flows;
His sighs no other language speak
Than what vain Fashion knows.
To Sentiment a restless foe,
To Virtue never true,
His rapture is another's woe;
His triumph, to undo.

From him the sigh, the ready tear,
Each tempting Beauty draws:
His creed is never once to hear,
But laugh at Honour's laws.
Then tell me not that tears and sighs
Are proofs of honest Love,
Since every Villain's *marshall'd* eyes
In seeming truth can move.

Ah! rather learn to prize that heart
Which struggles to conceal
The passion those dear eyes impart,
The secret pangs I feel.

The tears these eyes so often drop
To daylight are unknown;
For every gushing tear I stop
Till I can weep alone.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

O'er Dukes that perish we may drop a tear—
What eye withholds it from a Russell's bier?—
Yet if kind Heav'n in compensation give
One honest Earl to flourish and to live,
All is not lost—Britannia still shall find
Its Guardian Genius in a Rawdon's mind.

ON A PROUD MAN.

Pygmalion 's proud—you ask me why?
I really do not know:
His looks and words are very high,
But all his ways are low.
By such extremes if mortals think
In character to rise,
To mute regret let Wisdom sink,
'Tis folly to be wise.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I love thee, Chloe—Shall I tell thee why?
Because I think there 's candour in thine eye;
That no deceit thy youthful bosom sways,
But honour dictates all my Chloe says.
If I be right, Heav'n keep me still the same!
For Chloe's kindness is my dearest aim.
If I be wrong, Oh, let me still be so;
For there is bliss in ignorance of woe.

I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THEE.

Were I denied my lovely Fair,
Not Heav'n itself could please me;
For, if my Anna was not there,
Its very joys would tease me.
Then ask me not, enchanting Maid,
If I do love thee dearly?
No vows, I 'm sure, were ever made
Or utter'd more sincerely.

Yes, by those melting eyes I vow
No man e'er lov'd as I do:
To thee alone my wishes flow,
Thee only do I sigh to.

 All

All day my thoughts are fix'd on thee,
All night I dream about thee;
No other joy my soul can see:
Then can I live without thee?

ON HEARING THAT A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN'S BILLS WERE MUCH IN CIRCULATION.

THOUGH Milo's Paper float about the town,
And in loose ways by looser hands be shown,
The breath of Slander cannot reach his name;
His worth is spotless, and untouch'd his fame:
Each want created by a wish to bless,
His very debts are Charity's excess.
Hear this, ye sordid Usurers! and learn
To feel for others 'midst the trash you earn.
Hear this, ye purse-proud miserable crew,
And do to others as you'd have them do;
Learn, if you can, from Milo's boundless heart,
To act a generous, yet an honest part.

THE SOLDIER.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

THE Soldier knows that every ball
A certain billet bears;
That, whether doom'd to rise or fall,
Dishonour 's all he fears.

To save his Country 's all his plan;
Unaw'd and undismay'd,
He fights her battles like a man,
And by her thanks is paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,
By duty only driven;
And, when he falls, his Country knows
To whom his life was given.

Recorded on the front of day
The Warrior's deeds appear;
For him the Poet breathes his lay,
The Virgin sheds her tear.

THE NEW-MADE LORD.

LINES WRITTEN IMPROMPTU TO A GENTLEMAN OF LANDED PROPERTY.

A NEW-MADE Lord is one of those strange things
That squanders gold on tinsel, stars, and strings;
That throws industrious ancestry aside,
And sinks their worth in equipage and pride.
Among old Lords of all esteem bereft,
And scorn'd or pitied by the race it left,
This foolish creature struts about the town,
Without one wish or feeling of its own.
At Courts a bauble, laugh'd at by the Great,
And in the mob a mockery of state.

ON AN ATTORNEY OF BAD CHARACTER BEING SENT TO PRISON, AND TAKING A TAME PIGEON WITH HIM AS A COMPANION.

A RANK Attorney, on whose miscreant look
Sate all the plund'ring mischief of the *Rook*,
Commenc'd a sneaking Scriv'ner of the town,
Without one honest tenet of his own.
At length, outwitted by his own foul lies,
He went to prison to grow just and wise.
Nor wise nor just this ingrain villain grew,
For still he kept his former tricks in view;
And, lest the knowledge of these tricks should die,
Preserv'd a *Pigeon* constant in his eye.

REASON AND PASSION.

LET not Passion govern Reason,
Or to wild luxuriance shoot:
Passion blooms a short-liv'd season,
Reason is a lasting root.
Cheerful as an April-morning
Passion at its birth appears,
Vernal tints each hope adorning,
Vernal smiles and vernal tears:

For the tear of fervid Pleasure
  Like an April dew-drop is,
Brilliant as an Eastern treasure,
  Transient as the zephyr's kiss.
But on solid truth relying,
  When two hearts are join'd in one,
Reason, ev'ry change defying,
  Gives an everlasting sun.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

SONNETS

BY

THE REV. ******.

I REGRET that the unnecessary modesty of the Author of the following Sonnets withholds from me the pleasure of prefixing a highly respectable Name to effusions which would by no means disgrace it.

The first Sonnet was written at SEA. "In time of peace," says the Author, in a letter that accompanied the Verses, "I am cheered with the sight of a sail, which gives an idea of security, and shows the origin of society; but in 1794, immediately after the bloody decree of the French to give no quarter, the appearance of a sail was frightful.—The second was addressed to a Lady of great beauty and merit, who was alarmed at the evils which were said to be impending on this country."

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT SEA, ON THE PASSAGE TO HOLLAND, IN 1794.

WHILE my sight dwells on seas alone and skies,
And chilling breezes the green surface sweep,
Ye whitening sails, from the horizon rise,
To cheer the lonely silence of the deep!

So Fancy, in the melancholy hour,
Erewhile the social forms of Comfort rear'd;
The sense of danger fled her magic power,
And Terror vanish'd as the sail appear'd.

But now, when blows Despair's destructive breath,
And Gallic murders stain the shrinking flood,
Perchance each sail may waft the stores of death,
And every wave with horror teem and blood!
O may no sail on this still scene intrude!
Silence is bliss, and comfort solitude.

R. V.

TO MRS. ******.

WHEN the black sins of Sodom's faithless band
Arm'd with avenging flames Jehovah's hand,
Mercy still linger'd as the Patriarch spoke,
And ten just men could have delay'd the stroke.

So,

So, when in Britain fiercer crimes abound,
And prophesy'd destruction hovers round,
If ten like thee with active worth appear'd,
For every virtue, every grace endear'd,
Their force th' uplifted bolt of Wrath would stay,
And bring from Heav'n sweet Mercy's melting ray:
Their prayers would seal our pardon from above,
And frowns of Vengeance change to smiles of Love!

R. V.

POEMS

BY

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE REPORT THAT THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AT TWICKENHAM, PLANTED BY POPE, HAD BEEN CONVERTED INTO A COMMON GARDEN.

O THOU, to taste and nobler feelings dead,
Whose ruthless hand this vulgar ruin spread!
Where Pope's chaste fancy deck'd the classic ground,
In her lov'd haunt the BRITISH MUSE to wound!
In the lov'd haunt the Muse herself had rear'd,
By GENIUS, NATURE, and by TIME endear'd!
Ne'er can that Muse her deep regret proclaim,
But brands the havoc with eternal shame.
  Thus he of yore, ambitious, wild, and vain,
Destroy'd at Ephesus the sacred fane!
Yet 'twas the love of Fame beguil'd his mind,
And some excuse in human pride we find;
Fame, that impels the heart to high emprise,
Fame, that ensnares the virtuous and the wise!
But thou unknown, and reckless of a name,
Deaf to the madd'ning strains of Syren Fame,
Thou (guilt that nothing palliates) couldst deface
What GENIUS, NATURE, TIME, were proud to grace.

SONNET TO MRS. SIDDONS,

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

"And Beauty draws us with a single hair"—
Thus sung the Bard in fancy's happiest strains.
Hence of thy Tresses we may well beware,
Lest they enthrall the breast in lasting chains.

For all that bounteous Nature could impart,
Of genius, feeling, dignity, combin'd
With every softer charm to sooth the heart,
She fondly lavish'd on thy form and mind.

Yet shall I take thy Lock with no alarm,
Proud of a gift from one so good and kind,
In hopes, while I preserve the braided charm,
Th' ennobling influence of thy worth to find—
That worth which makes thy art so potent prove,
Adorning Virtue and exalting Love.

POEMS

BY

R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE MAROON WAR,
PERCIVAL, AUBREY, &c.

BE MUTE, YE STRINGS!

ADDRRESSD TO * CHARLOTTE'S HARP.

Be mute, ye Strings!—Cold is the hand
That moraliz'd your mellow strains;
Silenc'd the voice that led your band
To sounds of joy or fancied pains,
What time matur'd domestic pleasures,
The father's pride, the mother's joy;
When dance, and verse, and mingled measures,
Bestow'd a bliss without alloy.

Be mute, ye Strings!—No more a charm
Your soft vibrations can impart:
Extinct the flame empower'd to warm;
Cold, cold the joy-inspiring heart—
That heart which teem'd with sacred fire,
And hymn'd the universal Lord;
Which glow'd to tune a Sister's lyre,
And harmoniz'd the various chord.

Be mute, ye Strings! Your Queen is dead:
Break, break, ye Chords! your harmony:
Broke is your charm, your soul is fled,
To chant its glorious songs on high.

* The highly-accomplished and amiable daughter of the Author.

What mean these sounds spontaneous flowing?
A Seraph strikes the raptur'd strings:
What mean these words celestial glowing?
"Hosanna to the King of Kings!"

Resound, ye Strings! My Charlotte's voice
Again leads on your charmed band:
Now gently sigh, now loud rejoice,
Obedient to the Seraph's hand.
O Fancy! thine celestial treasures!
Ope to my soul thy healing springs;
Give me to join her heavenly measures—
"Hosanna to the King of Kings!"

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
ISABELLA-SOPHIA-GEORGIANA BYRON *,
WHO,
ON THE 2D OF JUNE, 1800,
IN THE 20TH YEAR OF HER AGE,
CEASED TO BE MORTAL.

'Tis but a frame of earth that moulders here;
Byron, immortal, fills her native sphere:
Early with virtue crown'd she early flies,
Bursting the shell that kept her from the skies.

* The reader will have met with some Verses by the Gleaner, addressed to this lovely young woman on reaching her 18th birth-day. Alas! she too soon fell a victim to a cruel distemper.

Yet dear the frame to those who knew her worth,
Who saw her animate that fragile earth,
Saw the light form that through its smile benign
Spoke the quick transit of its charge divine;
Saw grace and youth, and sprightliness and sense,
The charms of friendship and of taste dispense:
'Tis theirs to mourn, 'tis theirs the loss to prove,
And pay the tribute of terrestrial love.

But weep not, thou whom leisure leads to glean
A sacred moral from this mortal scene;
Rather to thine own bosom turn, inquire
If Vice embrute thee, or if Virtue fire;
If impious Pride the saving God deny,
Or Hope and Faith the Christian lore supply:
With pious awe these hallow'd mansions tread,
And learn to LIVE FOR EVER of the Dead.

EPISTLE

TO HUGH LEWIS, ESQ. BARRISTER *.

LEWIS, whom talents crown with just applause,
I love my country, and respect her laws;
Esteem the practice that with truth complies,
Preserves our civil and our moral ties;

* A gentleman whose eminent talents raised him very early in life to the height of his profession at the Jamaica bar. He was appointed Advocate-General, and was rapidly making a fortune when he was cut off in the flower of youth.

Proves the firm chains that men in concord bind,
And guards the peace of all the social kind;
Secures the harmony at which 't is aim'd,
And wards the savage rights so well disclaim'd.
When, too, some learned champion still for worth,
With native genius blest, steps boldly forth,
Bent wrongs to conquer, and establish right,
Shining t' obscure Chicanery's stolen light;
To awe the pow'rful, and the weak defend,
Truth, skill, his means, and justice for his end;
To hold for Virtue palms, for Vice a rod,—
He shines like Sol, and emanates from God:
On Genius then may just rewards attend,
As fame, as fortune, and the bosom friend!

But may confusion still the wretch await,
Be poverty, disgrace, contempt his fate,
Who the just end and means can disregard,
Yet arrogantly hope the just reward!
Justice perverted, Truth and Wisdom dropt,
Can Falsehood, Cunning in their place adopt;
Who holds the rogue and just in one degree,
Or the rogue higher with a higher fee;
Who sees or right or wrong as gold directs,
Points good in ill, or ill in good detects;
Alone impell'd by all-seductive gold,
Prompt to destroy, or ready to uphold;
Of peace regardless, who on strife relies,
And views his harvest from contention rise!
Curs'd be the wretch! for talents, learning, worse;
Learning and talents to the world a curse.

So

So hawks rise stronger in the visual ray,
To pounce destructive on their harmless prey.

Come on, my Friend, much life before thee lies;
Make to my verse a moment's sacrifice:
Awhile in rhyme together let us stray;
Can the Muse steal thee from thy books away?
Canst thou from COKE and HALE thy search suspend,
To seek the meaning of a rhyming friend,
Before thy greatness, gathering fast with time,
Keep from suspicion and from thee my rhyme?
Come, while but friendship can my verses draw,
Together let us beat this round of Law,
Eye its demerits, give a just report,
And try them at the bar of Phœbus' Court;
Where for a Jury see nine Female Youth,
Whose ev'ry fiction but adorns a truth:
Peerless indeed, sole Jury there they stand,
But more impartial breathes not in our land;
Our land, that caught the custom in its birth,
And introduced the glorious right on earth.
Once happy land*! may peace again unite,
And East and West know one establish'd right!
End civil strife! may British weapons fall
On proud Iberia, and on treach'rous Gaul!
My veins, through which the kindred juices flow,
Swell but to strike the officious meddling foe.

Ah! may Britannia and her giddy Sons
Wake from the madness which the land o'er-runs,

* It is necessary to keep in mind that this poem was written before the close of the American war.

Unclose their hearts and eyes to feel and see
That Tyrants are not friends to Liberty;
Reject alliance with the Bourbon realm,
And, join'd once more, the fraudful foe o'erwhelm;
Abase the haughty line, its funds decrease,
Then turn their minds to guard their laws in peace!
Meanwhile let us, since leisure is our own,
Since from these shores the boastful Gaul * hath flown,
Let us, inflam'd by Virtue's noble cause,
Pursue our rhymes of Lawyers and of Laws;
Just talents from Chicanery's tricks explore,
And, undeceiv'd, distinguish dross from ore:
False talents, like false coins (so Virtue cries),
Th' intrinsic value known, the phantom flies.

LEWIS! we'll pass a harmless troop of Law,
Unskill'd to charm, nor dignified to awe;
Whom Art nor Nature grants the powers of speech,
Or Justice to assist or over-reach;
Whom still an abler Orator precedes,
To add to whose full sense there little needs.
Venial this fault—not all alike can shine;
It is not yours, but may, my friend, be mine.
Grant me, Reflection! grant an upright mind!
No crime with me if Rhet'ric lag behind:
If not to charm, yet pleas'd am I with sense
To feel the magic pow'rs of Eloquence:
More pleas'd if wrong the Syren yet delight,
Superior Virtue bind me to the right:

* Count d'Estaing, who it was said had broken his parole, was at that time cruising off Jamaica, and threatening the island.

I wrong

I wrong no client while my fault he sees,
And, if I cannot serve, reject his fees.

To what serves all this formal show of right,
Pleadings by day, and searches deep by night,
These rustling robes, huge tomes, and awful court?
To further right: what else can they import?
What do the Judges seek, or ought to seek?
And to what end should learned Counsel speak?
Is any injur'd? let his wrongs appear
In language liberal, and by proof sincere.
Do aggravated acts the wrong attend?
There, there let Eloquence her thunder bend,
The ruffian deeds in their true light set forth,
Contrasted well with all the sufferer's worth.
" But what," cries *Prater*, " what is this to me?
" What are your proofs, and what your injury?
" A non-suit clear: their Honours cannot doubt;
" Look in the count, a *t* and *d* left out."

Alas! that Justice sits in such a maze,
Encompass'd by a thousand devious ways
Of circling forms, obstructive to our ease,
And all the labyrinth of Special Pleas *!
'Tis wand'ring still to quash, abate, demur,
And ten to one we wander still to err:
We find no issue where the labyrinth ends;
A Special Lawyer is the worst of friends.

* Special-pleading has been often attacked by popular writers, and on the other hand supported by the most eminent lawyers. That it often delays, and sometimes perverts justice, cannot be denied; but it should be regarded as an important pillar to the venerable structure of the Common Law.

See *Timon* welt'ring in his blood appear;
He brings his action, for the wrong is clear,
And for redress depends upon the Court;
What man shall rise th' aggressor to support?
Hear *Salvo* reason without more ado,
Quintilian 's quoted, and the thing 's not new:
Is honour hurt? We must not then forsake
The cause we 're amply fee'd to undertake.
Be honest first, be honour next your plan;
The noblest work of God 's an honest man.
Retain! How honest, glorious, just, and wise,
Who random undertakes whate'er shall rise,
Chains himself down, or right or wrong the end,
The venal advocate of foe or friend!
So *Cocles* too excused the ready part,
Excused in vain to men who boast a heart,
That 'fore his benefactor brambles strew'd,
And wounded ev'ry nerve of gratitude:
E'en though the cause prov'd basis to his fame,
The cause recorded but records his shame;
The deed is foul, defend it how he can;
LEWIS and I must blush for such a man.

The issue join'd the cause in happy train,
Hear *Vultur's* eloquence conviction gain:
The half-assenting Judges smiling hear,
The half-persuaded Jury give an ear;
Success but seems to wait the Speaker's close,
When (sad reverse!) no more his language glows:
He falters, hesitates, his memory fails,
His faculties benumb, and doubt assails;

Till

Till strength'ning gold the clouded evils chase,
Then gen ius brightens, and he talks apace.

Lives there the man whose reputation's glare
Exempts his cause from meditative care?
Whose brief in court first strikes his dauntless eye?
Whose tongue then questions, "On what side am I?"

With little quirks of Court tremendous big,
By twenty circuits form'd the veriest prig,
Elate with conscious impudence of face,
See *Fang* steps foremost of the modest race;
He deals injustice where he sees no fear,
And spurns on all beneath the robed sphere:
Brawls for the wealthy, multiplies excess,
Rails at the poor, and makes their little less;
Draws forth the purse, to indigence dire awe!
And scoffs at Justice, while he talks of Law.

Another, proud his genius should be known
To rise in more professions than his own,
In horse-flesh skill'd, 'tis there he seeks applause,
And leaves to Chance his client and his cause.

Dread thought! that Genius should bemean itself
To tickle pride, or shine alone for pelf!
That men, on whom the Robe confers rank, name,
Distinction, riches, and the key to Fame;
Of Virtue thoughtless, though on Justice bent,
To find her vulnerable parts intent,
Not where to shield, but where they most may wound,
Witty to stab, and learned to confound;

Mistake

Mistake the door to Honour and to Fame,
And on the Robe cast Infamy and Shame!

Now, LEWIS, turn; the Muse is higher flown:
Does Justice on the Bench secure her throne?
Sits she impartial, undisturb'd, and blind,
With mental eye enough the right to find?
What are the tricks of all the quibbling tribe,
Compared to Justice if she take a bribe?
The strumpet's fame is Virtue's self twice told
To Justice prostrate 'fore the God of Gold.
BACON! what talents, erudition, thine!
Ah! could they save thee from th' indignant Nine?
Vain in the paths of science hast thou shin'd,
The Muse proclaims thee "*meanest of mankind.*"
Nor worthier he whose fell ambitious pride
Ascends her seat, unskilful to decide:
See! sad confusions round his judgments fly,
Knave, just, right, wrong, in misty chances lie:
What strange distinctions, learned Judges tell,
Arise 'tween Bobbin Joan and Kitty Fell!
Makes this man's nose a hundred pounds and more,
And pints of t'other's blood not worth a score*!

Yet could my Muse on waxen wings confide,
And dare to sing of HARDWICKE, HALE, and HYDE,
Or chant the glory of our present day,
Tuning with MANSFIELD's praise my ardent lay,
Whom verse could once delight, Pope's MURRAY then,
Now plung'd in Law dispensing right to men,

* It is to be remembered that the poem was not written in England.

Whom

Whom the young Muse herself with rapture sees
Assisting Justice in emergencies;
Intent to open wide her blest abode,
And lead each suppliant o'er an easy road;
Dividing opportunity to all,
That e'en the youngest may attend her call *:
Oh! if lov'd Virtue could inspire my lays,
To sing of Wisdom and of Worth the praise,
Then should the Muse the brilliant task engage,
And rob its lustre from th' historic page.
But whither do I fly? My sense restore;
I scarce feel pinions and I fain would soar;
I view the path which POPE and BOILEAU trod,
And where I see a crime grasp Satire's rod.
But where, ye rodded! can the satire be?
Ye who to libel sink my verse and me;
An idle boy, that lounges, rhymes, and sleeps,
Whom from the Bar a want of genius keeps;
Absurd, with no one earthly thing to do,
Damning, through envy, what he can't pursue!
Ah! short-liv'd WEST †! were half thy genius mine
(GRAY's bosom friend, and fav'rite of the Nine,
The soul of piety, pure faith, and truth)
Were half thy genius mine, lamented youth!

* Lord Mansfield's conduct in overturning the delays attending *Views*, and his attention to the younger Barristers, who, before his Lordship's presiding in the Court of King's Bench, seldom if ever had an opportunity of moving their suit, will ever reflect the highest honour on his memory.

† The author had been reading the Life of Gray, and was delighted with the letters between him and West; to whom Gray alludes in the two following lines of his *De Principiis cogitandi*:

Vultum, quo nunquam pietas nisi rara, fidesque,
Altus amor veri, et purum spirabat honestum.

The

The foes of truth and rhyme might rave for me,
While I pursued the track forsook by thee;
Forsook for higher tracks, by Angels trod,
To raise the song from Mortal to thy God.

Here then I stop: go seek some worthier book;
LEWIS, unhurt, return to HALE or COKE.
To succour Justice lose no precious time,
Complete thy knowledge, nor condemn my rhyme;
Reason and Law synonymous maintain,
And from the cloth wipe off the gather'd stain;
In spite of Gold, let Truth thy genius draw,
Call forth thy virtues to retrieve the Law;
Let wrong be ever wrong in LEWIS' sight,
And never see as right, WHAT IS NOT RIGHT.

In a Poem of the highest order of merit, under the title of "THE JUDGE," by the Reverend Mr. Alley, there is an analysis of the importance and dignity of the Legal Character admirably delineated.

GLEANER.

POEMS

POEMS

BY

A SIBYL.

THESE beautiful Effusions are the offerings of a near and dear female relative, to whom the Author of HARVEST-HOME is indebted for some excellent Poetry, which has been already distinguished by * the Public; and which will continue to afford delight, while the union of the finest endowments of the head and heart, at once shaded and irradiated by invincible modesty, is appreciated.

* Poems under the character of a Sibyl. See Gleanings in England, vol. ii. pages 29, 30, 31, 32. 114, 115. 136 to 142.

TO

TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

Hail, verdant emblem of Dejection's form,
Bending submissive to the sullen storm!
A sympathising charm thy shades impart,
To each lorn grief that cankers in the heart:
Let then a pensive Muse her tribute bring
To thee, fair Willow! drooping o'er the spring.
To soothing themes thou shalt the lays inspire,
And thy soft branches grace her sylvan lyre:
Clear in thy limpid glass are waving seen
Thy pendent boughs, reflected in the stream;
In flexile negligence they sweep the wave,
Bow their green heads, and in the current lave;
Whose rippling eddies, as they murm'ring glide,
Play round thy image in its lucid tide.
Thy fostering shades let Sorrow's votary seek,
And oft in lonely woe her vigils keep.
Here the pale victim of a hopeless flame
Shall breathe in tears some heart-recorded name:
Woo the calm'd feelings Solitude can yield,
And far from festive crowds her anguish shield;
Turn from a careless world her aching breast,
Haunt thy lov'd shade, and sink to transient rest.

Oft thy wan leaves shall bind her thoughtful brow,
In fond remembrance of the plighted vow,
And to her with'ring heart the wreath shall prove
A sad memento of ill-fated love.

Congenial

Congenial to her wish, thy leafy arms
In bow'ry veil shall wrap her faded charms,
While plaintive Zephyr still returns her sighs,
Fans thy fair sprays, and in their foliage dies.
Here too more sombrous feelings may repose,
To shelter griefs that mem'ry oft bestows.
Here shall Affection consecrate her tears,
For those she mourn'd upon their early biers;
While Fancy sketches, in the twilight glooms,
Each friend lamented in their distant tombs;
Ideal vision brings their spirits nigh
On vap'ry clouds before her wand'ring eye;
Their shrouded forms still to her soul are dear,
And hallow'd whisp'rings greet her mental ear;
While Twilight drops from ev'ry humid leaf,
Soft tears of pity to her sacred grief!

Heywood Hill,
August, 1800.

TO THE RENEALMIA *:

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT, BENDING OVER THE WATER, AND DROPPING A BEAUTIFUL GUM.

Bright Renealmia! why in pensive grace
Bends o'er th' enamour'd stream thy lovely face?
With the green Naiad dost thou wish to dwell,
A fragrant off'ring to her pearly cell?

Or

* The *Renealmia* hangs over the waters like the weeping willow, in the same elegant attitude, and its clustered flowers are pendent, and continually

Or does fond Zephyrus with too rude a gale
From thy rich bosom balmy sweets exhale?
Still to the wave thus bows thy glowing head,
And gives thy image to its liquid bed.
Less beauteous forms might view with conscious pride
Their hues reflected in the glassy tide;
Whilst thou, fair plant! but think'st thy fading near,
Droop'st in thy bloom, and shedd'st a spicy tear.

THE MOURNER.

WITH pallid cheek and pensive air,
Elvira trembling stood,
Lean'd her shrunk form against the cliff,
And view'd the ruthless flood.

The settled gaze, the rayless eye
Proclaim'd her bosom care;
For all that guiltless sorrow owns
Was deeply planted there.

ally *weep* a sweet fluid, like a tear. It is a reed so *flexile*, as to be blown so as often to touch or dip in the water; and from this property is called *nodding*. It is the sweetest flower in the temple of Flora, as the Snow-drop is the most simple.——The above poetic description of this flower, being sent by the fair author to Dr. Thornton, is to share the honour of her Snow-drop by being transplanted into the Temple of Flora, of which the Doctor justly deems them worthy.

No tear the lovely wanderer shed,
No throb convulsed her breast;
For grief a sullen opiate gave
That counterfeited rest.

From festive roofs to rugged rocks
The sad Enthusiast strays;
From pomp and pleasure turns aside,
On Nature's works to gaze:

Stupendous o'er her fragile form
A mountain met the skies;
While at its base—the angry surge
In awful cadence dies.

Touch'd by the scene, her shatter'd mind
More equal tone regains;
Checks the wild impotence of thought,
That oft her fate arraigns.

In contemplation of the Pow'r
Who hears the Mourner's pray'r
Her struggling Spirit lowly bow'd,
And Patience chas'd Despair.

ON A FRIEND ASSERTING, "LOVE NEVER EXISTED LONG WITHOUT HOPE."

Delusive God! how fleet thy reign!
What heart canst thou alarm,
When Hope refuses her support,
Who gives thee pow'r to charm?

'Tis SHE sustains thy glowing throne,
And gilds thy flow'ry way:
And when no more she aids thy cause,
How transient is thy sway!

Or if still ling'ring in the breast,
Thy captive to retain,
The *roses* fade that form'd thy bonds,
And *thorns* alone remain.

Then think not, despot, to usurp the heart,
Where Hope's bright rays no cheering warmth impart.

TO REPENTANCE.

WRITTEN IN THE YAAR 1799.

Ah! why to me, unwelcome guest,
Dost thou intrude thy name;
Why offer me the tear-steep'd vest
That wraps thy meagre frame?

Go where Remorse with harpy sting
The guilty breast deforms;
There anodyne the rending pang,
And calm the bosom-storms.

I know no crimes that seek thine aid,
No ills which ask thy pow'r;
Nor do I need thy pilgrim form
To cloud Reflection's hour.

If at the shrine of hapless Love
I pour'd too warm a tear;
I woo not thee—thou pale-eyed pow'r!
My present griefs to sear.

For though from Pleasure's festive train
A fond recluse I stray,
Thou keep'st no vigils in the heart
Which guiltless Sorrows sway.

EFFUSIONS OF THE PEN,

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER.

SENT WITH SOME VERSES ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A CHILD WRITTEN BY A RELATION.

To kindred ***** these notes belong
For infant Beauty's birth-day song;
A favour'd bard—and sweet the line
By Genius brought to Nature's shrine.

Young rose-wing'd Sylphids dress the lyre,
And playful tune the obedient wire;
To gleeful Loves the theme proclaim,
Who sportive lisp sweet Julia's name,
Whisp'ring the Cherub to repay
A Cherub's kiss for Poet's lay.

And shall no off'ring from *my* heart
To *thy* lov'd boy its wish impart?
Though Fancy and the Muse are fled,
And sombrous visions o'er me spread,
If Sympathy her aid supplies,
As warm the kindred lay shall rise;
Nor need Affection bribe a ray
To deck the meed my heart would pay:
Or gild a wish by truth imprest
And offer'd to a mother's breast;
For whose soft charge I breathe a prayer,
Responsive to a Parent's care.

Far from the Smiler on thine arm,
May Heaven avert each baby harm,
And grant revolving suns, as now,
To greet his fair unruffled brow!
And though retreats the fading year,
May health and joy each season cheer;
Their parent lustre still attend
Where'er his timid footsteps bend!
And when all mortal blessings cease,
O grant him, God, eternal peace!

 TO

TO INDIFFERENCE.

Calm Goddess of each tranquil thought,
Oh! take me to your care;
A moment give thy listless ear
To a new votary's prayer.

Thy equal nature will not scorn
Th' apostate vow I breathe;
Nor will thy vacant eye observe
Mimosa's with'ring wreath.

From rival shrines, where oft my heart
Despis'd thy opiate powers,
To thee I bring each temper'd hope,
And give the future hours.

No more to Fancy's magic rays
Allow my soul to glow;
Nor let the breast thy sceptre sways
One anxious passion know.

LINES

LINES
WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

Whilst Joy's gay sun the bosom cheers,
We hail the charms of Spring;
But dearer far Autumnal scenes
The *pensive* Muse will sing.

Congenial to a sadden'd mind
The *relics* of the year;
While all its sick'ning foliage round
Awakes Reflection's tear.

The sullen blast, the dark-swoln cloud,
The chasten'd thought inspire,
And Nature in her fading gloom
Calms ev'ry rash desire.

Obedient to the sudden gust
A leafy shower is borne;
While each low murmur of the grove
Its honours seems to mourn.

With restless wing the Swallows seek
Their late-lov'd shelt'ring spray;
Faint-twitt'ring own the direful change,
And haste dismayed away.

The Genius of the leafless wood,
Complaining through the vale,
The plumy visitants reproach,
And swift they skim the dale.

Gay tenants of a radiant hour,
Who shar'd my summer's pride,
Now, poor ingrates! ye shrink aghast—
And from the tempest hide.

Thus round the idols Fortune rears
Each selfish flatterer swarms;
Plays round the dazzling star of wealth,
And in its radiance warms.

But should the ever-varying wheel
Reverse its glitt'ring pow'r,
Such swallow-friends will only share
The sun-beam of the hour!

WRITTEN AFTER READING "WERTER."

Though social laws deny a sacred grave,
And holy priests their rites funereal wave;
No pious hand allow'd to toll thy knell,
Or letter'd stone thy hapless fate to tell;
No decent monument or sculptur'd tomb,
To grace thy relics and record thy doom;

Yet Charlotte's tears shall soothe thy hov'ring shade,
Her faithful obsequies be fondly paid;
Warm from her heart each pious incense given,
To win forgiveness from the Throne of Heaven.
While Pity's off'rings shall thy grave adorn,
And teach the tender and the good to mourn.
Recording Friendship still shall love thy name,
And veil the hapless deed which wounds thy fame.
E'en Albert's self will breathe a generous sigh,
Nor chide the tear which clouds his Charlotte's eye.
While o'er this turf shall weeping Mercy bend,
To consecrate the sod which wraps his friend.
The cypress grove thy Charlotte's hand shall plant,
Nor shall this spot one verdant honour want.
Favonius oft upon his viewless wing
To this green shrine collected sweets shall bring;
And infant breezes in a mournful gale,
For Werter's fate shall sigh along the vale.

THE ROSE AND BEE.

A ROSE just op'ning to the day,
In prime of youth and beauty gay,
Gave her rich essence to the gale,
And bloom'd the fav'rite of the vale.

Attracted by her balmy breast,
A neighbouring Bee her charms confest;
Through clouded hours or sunny skies
To her with faithful wing he flies.

For

For *her*, forsook the thymy glade,
Nor with the honey'd woodbine staid.
Prais'd her soft leaves with modest truth,
And vow'd to guard her heedless youth.—
The lovely Flower allowed his claim,
And blush'd approval of his flame.

One morning, absent from her side
On plans important to his tribe,
A Butterfly essay'd his art
To lure her eye and charm her heart:
Proud of his form, the gaudy thing
Spreads to the sun his spangled wing;
In airy circles round her flew,
At distance first—then bolder grew;
Humm'd flattering nonsense in her ear,
Which Flowers as well as Belles will hear;
Swore none could e'er deserve her charms
Who strayed one moment from her arms;
And said, "'Tis strange, 'twixt you and me,
"You listen to that plodding Bee—
"An insect so devoid of grace,
"Uncouth in figure as in face:
"We wonder much, my blooming friend,
"To sweets like yours he dare pretend.
"Forbid him then thy glowing eye;
"And see a thousand conquests nigh."

The silly Rose at first would chide,
Yet heard his praise with conscious pride;
And still would lend a willing ear
Whene'er the giddy fop was near;

Till with his form enamour'd grown,
Her Bee no more she deign'd to own;
And, lost to truth, soon let him know
Her heart's election was the *Beau.*

The generous Bee forbore reply,
But view'd with scorn her tinsel Fly;
In pity saw his lovely Flow'r
Doom'd to repent this faithless hour,
And only wish'd, "she might not prove,
"A coxcomb's heart was born to rove."

Prediction true! Ere ev'ning's close
The Insect left his yielding Rose;
To seek new conquests gaily flies,
Unheedful of her perfum'd sighs;
On each new Bud a smile bestows,
And *hints* the goodness of his Rose;
Who, withering on the parent tree,
Repentant mourn'd her injur'd Bee.

POEMS

BY

DOCTOR WALCOTT.

ON AN UGLY OLD WOMAN

SURROUNDED WITH DIAMONDS.

Proud of her gems, so large and bright,
  Urganda shows all she can muster;
And looks, amid the blaze of light,
  A tallow candle in a lustre.

IMITATIONS OF OLD BALLADS.

TO MY MAISTRESS, D. C.

As doeth the birde of morninge, in high ayre,
  Singe out his dittie over hill and vale;
And when the chidynge voice he haps to hear
  Of his swete partner on her nest belowe,—
That telleth him to leave the heavens above,
And darte ydowne and singe unto hys love;
Then doeth he leave at once the lofty skies,
And to the maistresse of his pleasaunce flies:

So when, far off, I heare thy pleasante voice,
  All I forsake to come, myne Love, to thee:
Albeit with thee alone may I rejoyce,
  Thou art the life, the fountaine of my glee:
And when I do not thy brighte form espye,
The fountaine of my happinesse be drye.

Sept. 6, 1787.

BALLAD.

BALLAD,

BY THOMAS CAREW.

WHAT is Beauty?—'Tis a flow'r
That doth quickly fade and die;
Drooping in the very hour
That 'tis pluck'd to please the eye!
What are bloom, and breast of snows?—
E'en the Lily and the Rose.

CHLOE was the fairest Fair
That did e'er entrance a swain;
Love did yield her smile and air,
And each Grace was in her train:
Now is Love for ever flown,
And the gentle Graces gone!

She who Beauty's prize can boast,
Boasts the sprightly month of May:
But that month must soon be lost;
Soon, like shadows, pass away!
TIME will come, and WINTER bring;
SUMMER, then farewell, and SPRING!

But, if we improve the Mind,
That's a gem of polish bright;
In that gem a *rock* we find,
Bearing us 'mid DEATH's dark night:
This attends us to the tomb,
And with lustre gilds the gloom.

July 19, 1798.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

POEMS

BY

MR. HUTTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following ingenious Pieces form the Poetic Sheaf of the truly worthy and wonderful Being of whose history a sketch has been given in the First Volume of this Work. These effusions of his Muse will not tend to diminish the opinion which the Reader must have conceived of this truly good old Man.

ON

TO THE PEN *

WITH WHICH I WROTE A LARGE FOLIO VOLUME, CONTAINING THE LIVES OF MY ANCESTORS AND MY OWN.

A WORK laborious done by you,
That would a score of Pens undo:
At this great task you scorn'd to droop,
Which would have well employ'd a troop;
For *they* beneath the work would groan,
But you perform'd that work alone.

From your dark-pointed nib appears
The history of two hundred years:
Of you, dear Pen, it may be said,
That "Back to life you rais'd the dead;
"Brought forth those acts which dormant lay,
"And spread them in the eye of day;
"The private follies have betray'd
"Which seven generations made."

On Memory let it be engrav'd,
"A soft goose-quill my life has sav'd!"
And—what the Reader will most prize—
Though you told tales, you told no lies.
Thyself I consecrate to fame,
Till one shall rise and do the same.

May 26, 1800.

* These lines were promised by the GLEANER in the Historic Sketch of their Author.

THE WEDDING-NIGHT.

BEGUN JUNE 23, 1755; FINISHED MAY 6, 1801.

AND now, my dear Sally, you're chang'd to a Wife,
As I am enlisted a Husband for life:
The darts, and the flames, and the killings are o'er,
With all the false ware Cupid keeps in his store.

Ne'er let us look back to the days of our courting,
And say, with a sigh, "They were those we'd *most* sport
in:"
The fault is our own, if with these we should class them;
For we may, if we will, make the *future* surpass them.

Pure Love is the root from which bliss rises free,—
Then who'd ever shake down the fruit from the tree?
It will ripen with time, and the taste is divine;—
I know I've your heart, and I know you have mine.

Let me tell thee, *Miss Prudence* must not make a stand,
But she must attend us—We'll each take a hand;
For if this chaste damsel should never be driven,
Our faults will be fewer, and sooner forgiven.

Should *one* find an error, and scold for a while on't,
Let the other take *Cranmer's* advice, and be silent;
'Twill lead us directly to sweet Peace before us:
Let us not, like the *Fife* and the *Drum*, bear a chorus.

If,

If, in turning the shilling, two halfpence we have,
We'll live upon one, and the other we'll save;
And if it should hap our returns shall be more,
We'll rise in our living, and rise in our store.

And then, my dear Girl, it is twenty to one,
This will be our support when old age shall come on:
If imprudent, a workhouse may fall to our share;
The reverse may produce us—a char'ot and pair.

Besides, 'twill enable us both, in the end,
To live independent, and succour a Friend;
For happiness, surely, from that man is flown
Who acts as if he for himself liv'd alone.

Domestic concerns are with thee to denote,
While I keep the vessel of commerce afloat:
Of mutual assistance we'll ever be heedful,
With help, or with counsel, which ever is needful.

Time kept marching forward, while thirty years close;
Nor car'd he a farthing who fell or who rose:
Then sprung up—these maxims attended with care—
A house in the country; a char'ot and pair.

Forty-one years pass'd over,—the tide ran one way,—
We still liv'd two lovers—It seem'd but one day!
But when they were gone, she was torn from my side,
And left me a wound that will ever abide.

If with time love increases, as authors engage,
In spite of disease, or decrepid old age,

Then my daily feelings no mortal can tell,
Except he has lov'd one as *long* and as *well*.

May 6, 1801.

THIRTEEN WISHES *.

I WISH'D, when young, "I had but clear
"That lowly sum—*Ten pounds a year!*"
For work, or play, I must confess,
Produc'd a sum a *leetle* less;
For peeling straws is better game
Than working worsted in a frame:
"I'd be contented with this store,
"And never send a wish for more;
"Could eat, and dress a little gay;
"Besides, could either work or play."

Before three years were fully come,
Good Fortune gave me thrice that sum;
And, when successful flows the tide,
A river soon swells up with pride:
If one wish is not spent in vain,
Who could another wish refrain?

"Dear Fortune, if I've favour found,
"Then let my second wish be crown'd!
"Enable me, who humbly seek,
"To lay by *half-a-crown a week*;

* This is a sort of history of the Author in verse.

The reader will be pleased to understand all the Wishes have been gratified. GLEANER.

"Sufficiently

" Sufficiently 'twill swell my store,
" And then I'll trouble thee no more."

She gave a nod; she smil'd assent:
I found within complete content.

But what mind in the human range
Wo'n't change as oft as seasons change?
For though to win gives present joy,
A leetle more, is all the cry.

The wheels of trade were taught to go,
Which gather'd cash as wheels do snow,
And, steady rolling o'er the ground,
Rais'd up a wish at every round.

" To walk on foot will hurt my pride;
" 'Tis needful I a horse should ride:
" And who would not, his joy to crown,
" Wish for a *man* to rub him down?"

Dame Fortune listen'd all the while;
Said not a word, but gave a smile.

" Two maids in waiting would be best;
" My servant in a *liv'ry* dress'd:
" For these I have a strong desire;
" Higher my wishes can't aspire.
" If both are plac'd to my account,
" Not one step more I wish to mount."

But who his bold resolves can trust?
Man's born to wish, and wish he must:

Pride

Pride is the itch, sets nails a-scratching;
And, like the itch, is just as catching.

"My friend a country-house can see;
"I long'd for one as much as he."

A house was in the picture found;
A char'ot fill'd up the back-ground:
"The first I'll build when I have clear,
"In land, one hundred pounds a year:
"Char'ot and pair I'll sport in view
"The moment I can muster two."

He who has wish'd to sixty-four,
Is seldom known to give it o'er;
As well might beauty *damp* a flame,
Or the gay winner *leave* his game;
Though I engag'd to wish no more,
The past forgot, I look'd before.

"A *manor* will a title bring;
"And E, s, q, 's a pretty thing."

Thus, having reach'd the ladder's top,
It must be nearly time to stop.
One word of Man, which shall be true;
He always holds a future view:
Wish following wish, proceed in train,
Like water-blebs in heavy rain;
Which with each other well compare,
For both are fill'd with empty air.

Feb. 18, 1802.

TO A NEW-MARRIED MAN.

'Tis easy, when married, to put away strife,
Because a good husband will make a good wife.
Draw gently, be loving, good-humour'd, and still;
Then you may be happy as long as you will.

DEAR friend, I'm giv'n to understand,
You've ta'en a loving wife in hand,
And probably expect to share,
Like others, pleasure without care:
Serenity and sunshine too
Are things with ease you bring to view.

But, pray, what title have you got
To what the major part have not?
For where *one*'s bless'd who takes a wife,
There's *two* repent it during life.

Yet this state is, though ills invade,
The happiest state that e'er was made;
For, if the evils we're combating
Are evils of our own creating,
We with some prudence then may shun them,
Or cut them short when we've begun them:
The traveller should never lack
To strike into the cleanest track.

Full forty years the chain I bore,
And wish'd to bear it forty more;
For, when pure love affects the heart,
A couple never wish to part:
Their love will grow through ev'ry stage
In spite of wrinkles, sickness, age.
Large draughts of Pleasure I drew then,
Perhaps not known to one in ten;
Nor ever felt one pang of pain
Till it pleas'd Heav'n to break the chain.

Allow, then, an experienc'd mate,
Long practis'd in the married state,
To tell you where, if you're not blind,
Content and pleasure you may find.

'Tis said, *that* state is harmony,
When wife and husband *both* agree:
But I maintain, bliss holds its place
When *half* this only is the case;
Then who would miss a Paradise,
When he can buy it at half-price?

Use all attention, on your part,
To *keep*, as well as *gain*, her heart;
Nor act the child, when at its play,
To cry for what it throws away.
You'll find this, of all gems found yet,
The richest in your cabinet.
If your address *her* heart procures,
She the same title has to *yours:*
Dwell on her virtues as divine,
And then she'll make them brighter shine;

Of the minutest take a view,
It shows none are forgot by you.

If inwardly you feel delight
Whenever she appears in sight;
If, when with her you're left alone
You neither tire, or heave a groan,
You then have fully learnt your part,
And I'll pronounce she's gain'd *your* heart.

Should common errors be descried,
Those errors ne'er in public chide;
Tenderly touch, without abuse;
Nay, softly plead her own excuse;
This calls that pride forth in the end
Which ever shows a wish to mend.
To cherish love, and make it thrive,
Attempt to *lead*, but never *drive*.
To persevere be much inclin'd,
Thus you will mould her to your mind.

Should male or female friend but seem
To lessen her in your esteem,
To their suggestions ne'er attend,—
They come from a suspicious friend.
Those faults o'er which your eye must pass
View through the small end of the glass;
This, my dear Sir, a *friend* procures,
Who always will diminish yours.

If ever grief attacks her breast,
Take to yourself one half, at least;

With

With *reasons*, gentle *soothings* too,
That cankering enemy subdue.

Contentions in the married state
From nothings oft originate:
A candle's end, a thread, a pin,
Are quite sufficient to begin;
Answers, rejoinders, and replies,
Make many a serious quarrel rise,
Which terminates in deep vexation;
Nay, sometimes in a separation.
Whene'er such altercations start,
Let silence end them on *your* part;
Then the grand point you win with ease;
And you *may* win whene'er you please.

When you in company shall meet her,
With kind attention always treat her:
Your satire, banter, laugh, or sneer,
On no account must glance at her;
Nor let her e'er be plac'd by you
In a degrading point of view.
If, of the two, you hold most sense,
Then let it act in her defence.

These maxims *I* observ'd—Adieu!
If not worn out, will profit you.

Feb. 27, 1797.

A DAY.

A DAY.

IN CHIT-CHAT VERSE,

TO DR. ******,

WHO INQUIRED HOW I PASSED MY TIME.

So much one day is like another,
It might be taken for its brother.

AT six o'clock I raise the head,
Toss the warm cov'ring off the bed,
Dress—and if thoughts sprung in the night,
Distinguish them in black and white,
Survey the skies with half a scowl,
And prophesy if fair or foul:
Then to my girl * I softly creep,
To steal a kiss while she's asleep;
For when the foot but lightly moves
We stand a chance to win the gloves.

My hat put on, I quit the door,
Attempt to walk two miles or more;
At Birmingham I meet my boy †,
But never meet him without joy;

* An only and tenderly-loved daughter, and who fully deserves the utmost that parental affection can bestow:—accomplished, ingenious, and amiable.

† His only son, the prototype of his father's industry, pursuing the same regular track with equal success.

For

For life to melancholy tends
Were we to live without our friends:
Nay, if to solitude we give,
How can we then be said to live?

Thoughts of the *pen* are now laid by,
On *paper* * only cast an eye.
"'Twill suit you, Sir, to buy this lot,
"The best and cheapest sort we've got."
"Nay, Sir, it will my warehouse fill."
"Rot it, take all—pay when you will."

The glasses, newspapers, and I late
Enter the parlour to be private.
Let's see what Statesmen are contriving,
And politic nags which they are driving.
But how can I men's actions view,
Who know but little what they do?

My joyous breakfast comes at last in,
I relish like a ploughman fasting;
Chat with all comers on each head,
But, after all, there's nothing said,
Till *Molly* finishes debates,
Enters with, "Sir, the dinner waits."
Who would not enter with all *his*-heart
To taste the pudding, pye, or dissart?
Let me to these sweet dishes join,
And you, my friend, may take surloin.

Nought now remains (the floor well trod)
But burn my shins, or take a nod,

* See the Veteran's Memoir.

Till

Till gloves are on, hat o'er the eye,
"'Tis striking five *, and so good bye."

The bulky town recedes from view,
I meet with bows and How d' ye do?
Miss Rain and I each other chase,
Are often found in close embrace:
Though clean without and pure within,
"I dunna like hur tuch ma skin."

When Aston steeple strikes the eye
It steals for her I lov'd, a sigh.

One mile walk'd o'er, the trav'ller sees
My little cot peep through the trees.
Dear cot! for thirty years inclin'd
To furnish me with peace of mind,
Which ne'er gave anxious thought or sigh
Until the fourteenth of July †,—
Hid from the world, from care, from din,
Can cast a pleasing look within.
Here I, with truth it may be said,
Write for the living, wake the dead,
Converse with those who liv'd of yore,
And feed on what they fed before:
Transaction at command appears,
Bring back to view a thousand years.

* Every afternoon at this hour he returns on *foot*, in all weathers, to his house on Bennet's-hill, more than two miles from Birmingham, which, however, he still walks with ease, though now in his 83d year.

† Advert to the Memoir.

Now in heroic verse we'll state,—
At that sound when I pass the gate
Bounces old Cerberus from his bed,
Not grac'd with *three*, but with *one* head;
Bullies in thund'ring strains about,
Resolv'd to keep invaders out:
But instant, finding who I am,
Converts the monster to a lamb,
Smiles at me with that mouth and eye
Rais'd the past moment to destroy.
Severity would give him blows,
Humanity a pat bestows.

The birds my little grove retain,
And hail me with a cheerful strain;
In gratitude they sing their best,
Because they hold a peaceful nest;
For neither bird nor nest have been
Disturb'd since first my grove was seen:
A place, perhaps, by right divine,
As much *their* freehold as 'tis mine;
And though we both are now possessors,
May both bequeath it our successors;
Nor shall it in the frost be said
I e'er withheld a crumb of bread.

My pair of grays * the Muse engage,
Who in my service see old age:
They hear my voice, they make no stand,
But take the bread from master's hand;

* They have drawn me often to the happy villa, and are treated as kind tho' humble friends. The whole of these passages relates literal facts.

Perceiving

Perceiving an exhausted store,
Lovingly follow me for more.
They never knew a treatment harsh,
Strangers to want as to the lash.

I meet my servants growing old,
But never meet them with a scold;
My equals in an Eye Divine,
Why not my equals then in mine?

Puss cocks her tail, begins to crawl,
And rubs her side against the wall.
She ne'er in all her life has spoke,
Or she would say "Give puss a stroke."

But what the pleasure can surpass
When my girl sees me through the glass?
Rises to meet me, while the joy
Takes full possession of her eye.
Where is the man that could look glum
Who sees the best of women come?
Whatever comfort age can find
Lies in the storehouse of her mind *.

Now garden, converse, book, or pen,
Tea, supper, music, please till ten;
When the bell rings "to bring a light,"
I mount, and burrow for the night.

Of blessings can I wish for more?
They amply satisfy fourscore.

* This too is a literal truth.

Thus

† Thus I enjoy,—others partaking,—
A little heaven of my making.

Nov. 20, 1802.

* I absolutely sigh at the impossibility of giving here more of the minutiæ of this dear and good old man. They are of importance to all orders of human beings, and I shall not

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

GLEANER.

POEMS

BY

AN INVISIBLE.

THE within is an actual poetical correspondence, begun at Oxford, continued at Warwick, and beautifully sustained by a Lady, whose merit is known to a splendid circle of friends, and will be acknowledged by the Public, though I am not at liberty to give her name. The Lines by the GLEANER, which introduce the subject, were written at the instant the circumstances they describe took place.

EXTEMPORE

ON HEARING A LADY SING IN AN ADJOINING ROOM* TO THE AUTHOR.

WITHDRAWN to my inn, and there musing alone
On peace and on war, while the moon softly shone,—
As if with her own fairy shadows at play,—
And shed o'er the world a more delicate day,
A voice, as by magic, began to impart
The rich sounds of Nature, though fashion'd by Art!
Such a feast for the eye, such a treat for the ear,
Methought 't would be transport to *see* as to hear.
But no figure or form to this voice could be found :
So I told my charm'd heart 't was the Angel of Sound,
Permitted in kindness the moments to cheer
When the Dæmon † of Discord prepar'd to appear.

GLEANER.

PARODY EXTEMPORE,

BY THE LADY TO WHOM THE FOREGOING VERSES WERE ADDRESSED.

ON the mind of the Poet oft Fancy has shone;
'Twas Fiction created Enchantment alone;

* The Roebuck Inn at Oxford.

† This was written at the time that the *soi-disant* Invader was momentarily expected.

With

With fictions poetic 't is charming to play,
Till Reality enters to chase them away.
The Voice you have heard has no charm to impart;
Dame Nature is niggard, and pow'rless is Art.
It can't be a transport to see or to hear
One plain to the eye, and who treats not the ear.
If she charm, all the charm in idea is found;
How empty the flatt'ries of men!—all *a Sound!*
'Tis said they too much would have power to cheer,
But Reason and Truth make them all disappear.

Soon after this the Lady left Oxford. Some months after, the fair Poet still preserving her invisibility, with serio-comic pleasantry wrote, at Warwick, the following, which she called *

FIRST PARODY.

THE laurel which you gave I'll not *divide* †:
I sought it not—Fame's empire is *too* wide.
I first refus'd it for my humble lyre,
You, still insisting, fann'd Ambition's fire:
You, who in turn woo all the tuneful Nine,
Blame not a Woman who would touch their shrine.

* The lines which are here hinted at are mislaid. The point of them was to divide the honours of Poesy and Music with a Lady then at Warwick, the contribution of whose Muse will succeed those of the Fair Invisible.

† The Angel of Sound!—Grammarians, I appeal to you, Is not *the* definite?

Partial their patronage, to Man begun,
Have they no Woman favour'd?—"Scarcely one,"
Cries jealous Man, who thinks no earth-born Maid
Can write or think without his lordly aid.
If on one Woman you a wreath bestow,
Take half again—th' injustice makes her glow—
Go, gen'rous Bard! 'mongst thousands share the bays;
I, though * unangel'd, take no lesser praise:
Scorning the vengeance Satire would inspire,
I leave to any one the verse and lyre.

This gave birth to what follows:

'Twas night, and all were gone to bed,
The time when graves give up their dead,
In spite of silence, shades, and thought,
My mind with enterprise was fraught;
I tow'rds Parnassus bent my way,
Apollo's Sister lent her ray.

She added:

And by the light of her favouring beams, by the road, I found (oh joy!) a sprig somewhat similar to that you sent me from Parnassus. Mr. GLEANER, I shall call it

SECOND PARODY.

You are no Despot †——" *must*" the wreath divide?
‡ Hail, Lord of Fame's fair empire, rich and wide,

* "Alluding to the flattering appellation conferred on me in the verses at Oxford."

† Refusing to share the laurel, the Gleaner had called her despotic.

‡ It is hoped the reader will consider the compliment to the Gleaner as merely carrying on the spirit of the contest with ironical pleasantry.

'Tis

'Tis yours, I know, to grant the sacred lyre;
'Tis yours, I know, to light the hallow'd fire.
Lord of the Muses, you command the Nine,
All worship regulate at ev'ry shrine.
'Tis well—your just, your sacred reign's begun;
Punish presumptuous rebels, spare not one.
Man, lordly Man, to ev'ry tuneful Maid
Gives freely or withholds th' inspiring aid.
Thanks that you let e'en two * make me their care;
You tell whom they *must* love, and who *must* share
Their smiles and favours, and their fame bestow:
Well may your breast with regal triumph glow.
You say who merits, who *must* wear the bays;
Your word is law, unquestion'd is your praise;
Not mighty Bluebeard could such awe inspire.
No more!—I here renounce my baffled lyre.

This produced

A THIRD PARODY.

What! bid a Woman Fame's fair wreath divide?
Women, like kings, seek empire far and wide;
King-like, would triumph if they touch the lyre:
The Swede ne'er glow'd with more unconquer'd fire.—
But I usurp.—Had Cromwell woo'd the Nine,
No rival he had suffer'd at their shrine.
Were those who abdicate, since time begun,
Respected or content? No—scarcely one †.

* Music and Poetry. † Richard Cromwell an exception.

You

You help'd to crown this all-despotic Maid:
Oh, second Warwick *! wherefore lend your aid?
Of all usurpers 't is the constant care
To keep the diadem, and not to share.
Edward could wear what Warwick could bestow.—
Remember Barnet!—do not proudly glow.
Usurpers oft are favour'd with the bays,
And Merit often misses well-earn'd praise.
Pretenders, tyrants all, my breast inspire;
Though I usurp, I will contest the lyre.

These effusions were followed by others, in which the fair Writer displayed at once her gaiety of heart and imagination. The GLEANER continued his remonstrance, and contended the wreath might be divided without rivalry. She then, to use her own words, schooled herself in yet another Parody for her former Parodies.

The GLEANER is supposed to answer the said *presumptuous* Parody in the following manner:

" INSOLENT woman! cease thy saucy lays,
" Lest thou receive the *nettle* for the *bays:*
" Think not thy Pegasus can mount to Fame,—
" Down, down, proud heart, nor dare the wreath to
" claim.
" All bards, who o'er Parnassus' heights can fly,
" Shall thy presumption scorn, thy claim deny;
" *Exclusive praise!*—Thou vain, thou would-be Muse,
" *Gain* homage, ere that homage you refuse."

* Neville Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, was killed at the battle of Barnet.

IMPROMPTUS

BY

A LADY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of these sprightly Effusions is the Lady referred to in the Lines of the Fair Invisible, as worthy to share the Wreath conferred alike by her musical and poetical Talents. I am indebted to her, likewise, for a pathetic Tribute to the Memory of a beloved Sister, which will be found in the Republications.

CUPID DEFIED.

WHY waste thy arrows, wanton Boy,
On one thou never canst annoy?
My blissful freedom I'll maintain;
Then spend thy quiver not in vain.

Thy subtle arts, sly God, I brave;
Hope not to find in me a slave;
Reason assists to blunt thy dart,
And shields secure my youthful heart.

LOVE VICTORIOUS.

SAY, lovely Delia, cruel maid,
Ah! why, beguiled in Friendship's name,
Thou hast my heart a captive made,
And bound me fast in Cupid's chain?

Then, sweet offender, mayst thou prove
Enthrall'd like me in Cupid's snare;—
Repay thy victim love for love,
And thus the tender crime repair.

LOVE REPELLED.

Turn not on *me* those eyes, dear youth,
Where sense and sweetness join;
For, ah! I fear thou 'lt read the truth
Reflected back in mine.

While fluttering in the fatal net,
That wily Love has thrown,
My heart I fain would rescue yet,
Though yielded for thy own.

That heart, when half by Love betray'd
Reason could still subdue,
Is now, alas! by *Reason* made
Captive to Love and you.

E. E.

IMPROMPTU
ON THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

BY DR. BUSBY.

Dame Nature, the Drama's fair mother, thought fit
To display in an actor her zenith of wit;
To the work she applied, saying, "Mortals, obey!
"A Garrick I give all your passions to sway!"
Yet, great though the wonder, she fain would do more,—
But *how*, since her gifts were exhausted before?
"Happy thought!" exclaim'd she, and exultingly smil'd,
"What I did in a Man, I'll now do in a Child."

POEMS

BY

MR. MEYLER,

AND OTHER FRIENDS.

TO A. A. MILES, ESQ.

(Oxford Row, Bath,)

IN RETURN FOR A VALUABLE PICTURE PAINTED BY THE ELDER BARKER.

SEATED in my old arm chair,
(Alas! full long have I been there)
I heard a kind of buzz below,
And wish'd th' immediate cause to know;
Then from my Rib the reason sought—
"Here's something curious just now brought,
"Which must not be (she cried) display'd,
"Till in *your* presence it is laid."
Then with some little fuss and racket
They usher'd in a monstrous packet,
Folded in neat and snow-white linen,
Wrapt curiously with many a pin in.

"Pray what's all this?" A Nymph with smiles
Cried—"Sir, it comes from Mr. MILES;
"But you will know the business better
"When you have ope'd and read this letter."
Along the lines my eyes now wag,
Whilst they the *Cat let from the bag*:
When—to our wonder and delight,
A BARKER rises full in sight!
And, as the letter soon made known,
The precious gem was all my own!

I stared,

I stared, and smiled—now thank'd, then chid,
Scarce knowing what I said or did—
Dispatch'd your Damsel in a hurry—
Such was my pleasure—such my flurry.

Now having paused, good Sir, awhile,
Let me, in gratitude's warm style,
Sincerely thank your gen'rous mind
For such a boon, by means so kind
As e'en enhance the welcome present;
Means like yourself—polite and pleasant!—

CHARLES, in *Brinsley's* fav'rite lay*,
Though dupe to folly, vice, and play,
Would not dispose old NOLLY's head
Though for it countless pounds were spread:
So I, this picture sent by you,
Will prize like treasure of Peru—
Here shall it hang—by Heav'n I swear it!
Whilst I have room, or wall to bear it.

Nov. 17, 1804.

P. S. Dear Sir, to Mrs. MILES I send
The warmest wishes of a friend,
Who must regret he robs her sight
Of one of Barker's landscapes bright.
Her GENIUS!—but be mute, *my* lays,
For ROYALTY itself essays
To speak with rapture in her praise†.

W. MEYLER.

* School for Scandal.

† The attentions paid by every branch of the Royal Family to Mrs. Miles on many occasions, and particularly last Summer at Weymouth, are highly creditable to that Lady, whose exquisite musical talents transcend all praise.

TO

TO JOHN BAVERSTOCK, ESQ.

WITH A PRESENT OF GAINSBOROUGH'S GIRL AND PIGS.

As Women, in a *certain* way,
Allow their busy thoughts to stray,
And fancy that they long, or wish,
For game, or fruit, or fowl, or fish;
So connoisseurs, if works of taste
Should chance their anxious eye to feast,
Feel squeamish, comical, and cold,
Till what they *long* for 's in their hold.

You, I observ'd, this morn did view
My little *Roasters* with a *goût*;
A goût which seem'd to wish them all
Hung up in your well-pictur'd hall.

Then take them, Sir: the precious *Litter*
Is for your tasteful mansion fitter
Than (what some sneering Wits may cry)
Their former, dingey, tasteless *sty*. W. MEYLER.

1787.

TO SLEEP.

FROM THE LATIN.

Emblem of Death! ah! soothing, balmy Sleep!
Friend of my pillow, o'er my senses creep;
Soft let me slumber; gently breathing sigh;
Live without life; and without dying die!

THE

THE RIDER AND SAND-BOY: A TALE.

To give the last polish to youth, 'tis agreed
That *Travel* doth all formal precepts exceed;
It adds ease and freedom to classic-glean'd knowledge,
Rubs off the School rust, and the roughness of College.
As proof of this system, what men are so easy
As those who for *Orders* so fluently tease ye,
Who ride round the country, and show far and near
Their Manchester patterns, or Birmingham ware?

One day, after dinner, as a set of these wags
Were cracking their filberts, and praising their nags,
A poor shoeless urchin, half-starv'd and sun-tann'd,
Went by the Inn window crying, "*Buy my fine sand.*"
When saddle-bag SAMMY, long fam'd for his fun,
To banter this dust-cover'd Squaller begun—
"What dost sell there, my lad?" "Why, sand, sir."
"And prithee
"Hast got a large stock? I see none of it with thee."
"Oh! I leaves sand and Neddy about the town's borders,
"And am just stepping round, sir, to look out for
"*Orders!*"

MORNING FLOWERS.

Go, Flow'rets fair, and from the sadden'd sense
Each tort'ring sentiment of care remove:
O'er the Soul's wound your soothing dews dispense,
Replete with fragrance, sympathy, and love.
Yes; go, ye Flow'rets! and may magic pow'r
Entwine a wreath round every future hour!

MATILDA DE C. C.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

BY A LADY.

Ah, happy insect! free from care,
Thou sportest in the flutt'ring breeze;
Wild as the fragrant mountain air,
And playful as the waving trees.

When morning glimmers in the east,
Thou wander'st o'er the dewy ground,
To sip the wild thyme's honey'd feast,
Whose sweet breath scatters perfume round.

At noon thou suck'st the thistly mead,
Where, with companions blythe and gay,
Upon the nectar'd flowers to feed,
And sport the sultry hours away.

And when the sun's last beam is fled,
And ev'ning sheds her pearly tears,
Thou sinkest to thy blossom'd bed,
Slumb'ring till morn again appears.

Ah! happy insect! once like thine
My heedless moments pass'd away;
No lengthen'd sigh of grief was mine:—
No tears then chill'd the glowing day.

I wander'd carelessly along
The wild wood paths and shady bowers;
Gave to the murmuring winds my song,
And gather'd wreaths of simple flowers.

Yes: then, gay Flutterer! like thee
I danc'd where sportive Fancy led;
But Joy no longer smiles for me,
And Hope's enchanting dreams are fled.

S. E.

POEMS

BY

J. MORFIT, ESQ.*

* Whose Communications on various interesting Subjects in Birmingham, in the first volume of this work, must have displayed his ability as a Prose Writer, no less than the following Pages will discover his powers as an elegant Classic Poet.

IN

FRANCISCUM ROGERS, M. D.

Plurimo, id si quà foret, carmine celebrandum, hi versus præter ultimos, vivente ipso, scripti fuerunt: ultimi autem postquàm omnibus flebilis, sed nulli quàm mihi flebilior, animam efflavit, manu trepidante adjiciebantur. Fuit ille Medicorum decus et exemplar, in humanitate nimius, alienæ saluti consulens, suam negligens; optimo dignus monumento, nullius indigens.

Erepte Gallis prava jubentibus
Adis Britannos, exul amabilis!
Cui multa passo jam licebit
Hîc patrium renovare carmen.

Furore cæco regna ruentia,
Regumque sedem sanguine lubricam
Mansurus hîc liquisti; uterque
Incolumem dedit esse Phœbus.

Te clariorem extare Machaoni
Volebat idem; te miserataque
Fortuna tandem ponit iras
Prima studens reparare damna.

Fuêre luctus; pulchrior it dies:
Propinqua prudens arripe gaudia!
Carpenda, dum fas sit, fugaci
Gaudia præteritura gressu.

 Mater

Mater vocat te læta Cupidinum,
Vocatque Virgo bellula, blandula,
Ardore tendens jam benignas,
Quas fabricavit amor, catenas.

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

Sed heu ! febris, quæ tuta putes, brevi
Evertit atrox ; occidit, occidit
Laudatus ille, interque laudes
Solvitur in lachrymas Camœna !

THE MERE IDEA OF THE ABOVE BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

Snatch'd from those dire artificers of ill,
Thy native Gauls, 'tis giv'n thee to retire
To Britain's sheltering shores,
And renovate the song
Sung by thy Fathers, Exile ever dear!
Dear for thy virtues, dearer for distress!
For much hast thou endur'd
In stern Misfortune's school.

Kingdoms convuls'd and torn, the sport and prey
Of eyeless Fury, and the seat of Kings
Slipp'ry with human gore,
And rocking midst the waste,

 'Twas

'Twas thine to view with horror, and to seek
The sure asylum of this Guardian Isle.
    For *either Phœbus* lent
    His tutelary arm.

The same Protector, smiling, bade thee rise
Our great Machaon; to repair her wrongs
    Fortune with pitying haste
    Uncurls her angry brow.
Sorrows *have been*: now brighter shines the day
That wakes to rapture: seize the coming joys!
    For human joys, alas!
    Too rapidly expire.

The frolic Venus beckons thee to bliss;
And thy own Chloris, beautiful and kind,
    Extends the happy chains,
    Forg'd by rejoicing Love.
    ....
    ....
    ....

But ah! a fever fierce with sudden blow
Levels our hopes in dust: he dies, he dies
    The Muse suspends her praise,
    And steeps her song in tears.

[The GLEANER cannot refuse a place to the warm and tender sentiments expressed in the following Stanzas, which are the free-will offering of a Virgin Muse on the same subject:]

ON THE

LATE MUCH-LAMENTED DR. ROGERS.

Hark the death-bell, dreary sounding,
Speaks a noble spirit fled;
Fate, all human hopes confounding,
Numbers Rogers with the dead.

Far, oh far from her who bore him,
From his Country far he lies!
Strangers, in pale groupes, deplore him;
Strangers close his honour'd eyes.

Science, o'er his bier reclining,
Bids the Muse record her woe:
The sad Muse the task resigning,
Tears instead of *numbers* flow.

In dark cells, o'er beds of anguish,
Still unwearied did he bend:
Mourn, ye Poor, who hopeless languish,
Your Physician and your Friend!

An heroic soul possessing,
Toil and danger he defied:

Nought

Nought requiring but his blessing,
In the poor Man's cause he died*.

J. PEILL, jun. †

* Dr. Rogers was a French emigrant, born of a most respectable family at Bottereaux, near Evereux, in Normandy, the 17th of June, 1766. He finished his studies as a priest, and obtained very flattering testimonials as Master of Arts at Paris, March 13, 1789.—He was ordained a priest September the 18th, 1790; and came to England in 1792 to avoid revolutionary horrors. He resided alternately in London, Yorkshire, and Scotland; and studied at Glasgow, where he took his degree. He went from thence to France, where he remained two years for the purpose of finishing his medical education. Returning from thence in 1802, he was elected a Physician to the Birmingham Dispensary, and died the 14th of October last of the scarlet fever, after three days' illness. His death was occasioned by attending on a Dispensary Patient.

Dr. Rogers was skilful and indefatigable as a Physician, and as a Man, *factus ad unguem*. To the greatest suavity of disposition, and elegance of manners, he added an uncommon nobleness of thinking, and elevation of soul, which spurned at every thing mean or sordid. With the graceful gaiety of a modern Frenchman, he united the firmness of an old Norman. His modes of thinking on political and religious subjects were liberal and humane; but shocked at the atrocities of his countrymen, he had bidden an eternal farewell to the "green fields of his youth," and had adopted England as his country.

In the constellation of his Virtues Humanity shone the brightest: this governed his life, and was the cause of his death. Bruce tells us, that it was a custom in Abyssinia for Physicians, instead of receiving fees, to give money to their Patients. This was verified in Dr. Rogers's practice, with respect to the Dispensary Patients: where Physic was no longer useful, he opened his scanty purse to enable the Patient to recruit exhausted nature by wholesome aliment. His reputation was deeply rooted, and the branches were every day expanding themselves; when the fatal axe struck the young Cedar, and the pride of the Forest fell. It may with truth be added that he was an able Chymist, both in theory and practice, having given admirable public Lectures on that Science in the course of last year with universal approbation.

† This young Gentleman is one of the Clerks of Messrs. Boulton and Co.

[The

[The very beautiful Verses which follow are by the same Author, who has contrived to throw new grace and new fancy into one of the most hackneyed subjects in the whole circle of Poetry.]

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A NEW-MARRIED COUPLE.

And are those ling'ring hands for ever join'd,
So slow, yet fond; so cautious, yet so kind?
How pure the wish, how temper'd the desire!
The head all coolness, and the heart all fire!
Celestial sweets your nuptial garlands breathe;
Love lends the flowers, and Prudence forms the wreath.

Yet know, though cruel Absence shut the scene,
And threw a length of dreary miles between,
Know, gentle Pair, that Fancy brought me nigh;
A wish my flight, my vehicle a sigh.
Unseen I stood, and saw the pomp appear,
Saw liv'ried Cupids mount behind your chair;
Then to the church, exulting, led the way,
And heard Amelia speak herself away:
Saw the fond look the ling'ring vow out-run,
The compact finish'd, ere the rite begun.

The pomp is past, and vanish'd the parade,
The gloves all sullied, and the flowers all dead.

The

The bridal cake, a now neglected thing,
Forgets its mystic passage through the ring;
Nor, shooting magic through the pillow'd head,
Calls the gay vision round the fair one's bed.

But, gentle pair, in bright succession rise
Far purer transports, and more lasting joys.
Passion will yield to Friendship's fervid flame,
And Love be mellow'd to a milder name.
"Something than Beauty dearer" will supply
The faded form of face, and prompt th' ecstatic sigh.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE LATIN OF

SANNAZARIUS, DR. LOWTH, &c.

BY

THE REV. PHILIP PARSONS.

EPITAPH

ON THE TOMB OF NEÆRA.

FROM THE LATIN OF SANNAZARIUS.

WHAT sweet and dying strains enchant my ear?—
They are the mourning Graces that you hear.
What funeral pomp moves slowly o'er the green?—
'Tis dead Neæra forms the solemn scene.
Whence come these sweet perfumes which round are spread?—
'Tis Cupid scatt'ring odours round the dead.
And what materials raise the pile on high?—
The darts of Love the funeral pile supply.
Who rear'd the heap, and form'd the different parts?—
The Nymphs of Elegance arrang'd the darts.
What form is that?—'Tis Venus that appears
Gath'ring the bones, and gath'ring them in tears.
Blest monument! peculiar is thy lot.
All honours centre in this sacred spot.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHURCH OF CUDDESDEN, OXFORDSHIRE, BY DR. LOWTH, TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Chara, vale!—ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
Et plusquam Natæ nomine chara, vale!
Chara Maria, vale!—At veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Chara, redi! Lætâ tum dicam voce, Paternos
Eja, age, in amplexus, chara Maria, redi!

IMITATED.

Dear maid!—ah, doubly dear from Nature's ties,
Farewell!—most good, most modest, and most wise!
Adieu, Maria!—on Heaven's blissful shore,
If I be worthy, we shall meet once more.
"Dear maid, return!"—then raptur'd shall I cry,
"Fly to a parent's arms, my dear Maria, fly!"

ACON AND LEONILLA,

A BROTHER AND SISTER, EACH BLIND OF ONE EYE, AND BOTH HANDSOME.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN.

Acon's right eye is of its sight bereft,
Fair Leonilla too has lost her left;
Yet do their beauties all beholders strike,
Both boast celestial charms, and both alike.
Sweet pair! t'improve your beauties let me try:
Youth, give your sister your remaining eye;
And trust me, Acon, what I say is true—
She shall be Venus then—and Cupid you.

POEMS

BY

JOHN BULLAR, JUN.

I CANNOT allow the following Pieces, which are to close the Poetic Contributions, to come under the eye of the Reader, without presenting something in the way of tribute to the amiable Author. I am already under obligations to him for some valuable assistance in prose*; since to his pen I am indebted for services which I am sure have been well received. Being indulged with a discretionary power to suppress or reveal his name, it is not on slight ground I prefer the latter; because, in so doing, I feel confident I shall deserve the thanks of the Public, for introducing to it a Writer, who may afford many an intellectual pleasure of a very elevated kind; and I am proud of being permitted to lead him from the shade of life to the light in which Nature determines him to shine.

Availing myself, therefore, of the power vested in me to the utmost extent, if I trace the author of the subsequent Poems to an obscurity where Genius and Industry bend cheerfully to the most lowly offices, it is with no other aim than to increase the respect and reverence which the Reader will feel for them; and to point out an object who, every way worthy of exaltation, dignifies the humblest, and would give lustre to the proudest situation.

This Gentleman's name is BULLAR, whose present employments and contented disposition are best described by himself in some of his Communications with the Gleaner.

"Since you are pleased, sir, to express a degree of pleasure in having drawn me from concealment, I cannot suffer your imagination to supply any part of the circumstances belonging to me; lest you should think my station

* Acknowledged in page 9, vol. i., and referred to in subsequent pages.

station higher, or my acquirements greater than they really are.—Then, sir, you must understand that I am of very delicate health, about twenty-six. Seven years of apprenticeship, and four of superintendance, I passed in the printing-office of Mr. Baker *.—Want of health drove me last year from this situation; and the entreaties of friends led me to take charge of the education of their children: so that at present I occupy the humble station of master of *a day-school;* which has increased much beyond my expectations.—The little knowledge I possess (in addition to what I acquired, when a boy, at school) has been rapidly snatched in the short intervals of a business which regularly confined me from *six in the morning till seven in the evening:* so that I really *wonder* at the good opinion many are so kind as to entertain of me; for I consider myself as very superficial in my information.—Judging it better, however, to 'drink of the brook by the way,' than wholly to neglect the 'Pierian spring,' I have hastily sipped as I have been running along; yet am happy to find that my 'shallow draughts' have not 'intoxicated my brain.'—The preservative from self-conceit, and from vain and empty infidelity, which is every day betraying its ignorance, I have found in 'Zion and the flowery brooks beneath;' which, with Milton and Cowper, and a thousand names of high renown and holy fame, I am not ashamed to visit, that I may 'draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

"I am afraid I have said too much of myself: therefore, as the author of Hermes says, 'here shall be an end.'

"Respectfully yours,

"JOHN BULLAR, jun."

* Of Southampton.

THE

THE FALL OF THE LEAF*.

[I feel that I could hazard nothing in pronouncing this leading poem of this little collection, of the first order. It displays exquisite touches, both of sentiment and poetry.]

YE Groves! that late with glistening eyes
I saw from Winter's death arise,
Put on the livery of Spring,
And bid your feather'd tenants sing,—
Ye Groves, adieu!—the sounding blast
Tears off your leafy honours fast;
And soon shall Winter's death again
Assume its stern and cheerless reign.
With solemn sadness I behold
The glow of your Autumnal gold;
Sad presage of a sure decay,
Omen of many a stormy day!

Oh! if some voice of dire portent,
On the prophetic errand sent,

* The letter which covered this charming production contained the following passage:—"Your opinion of my verses I am ready to attribute to excess of candour.—I was, indeed, a little addicted to rhyming, when some years younger; but I have since read so much *good poetry*, as to put me pretty much out of conceit with my own performances.—I have, however, been rash enough to express in metre my feelings *on the Fall of the Leaf*, as they were excited in a walk last Saturday; and I enclose the result."——He adds in reference to other favours, "I have robbed my pillow to give you these papers before you leave Southampton."

Nov. 5, 1804.

Should

Should now proclaim—"These Groves so fair
"Spring's cheerful green no more shall wear,
"Seal'd up in everlasting death,
"No more shall feel the genial breath
"That gave their blooming glories birth,
"And spread new life o'er laughing earth,"—
O'er your last leaf would I complain,
And on it 'grave some mournful strain.

But the eternal promise given,
In years long past, to him, of Heaven
Preserved, the venerable sage,
Sole relict of a guilty age,
That, while Creation's frame remains,
Summer and Winter o'er the plains
Alternate heat and cold shall pour,
The cheering beam, the freshening show'r,—
Forbids a doubt, that yet again
Spring shall arise, and beauty reign:
Consol'd, with Autumn's spoils I part,
Since future Springs shall cheer my heart.

Not so revive *Man's** wasting days!
Seasons return; but sure decays
Strip youth and manhood of their bloom,
And lay their honours in the tomb.
A thousand Springs yon Oaks have told;
No second Spring shall *Man* behold.
How cheerless!—if life's last sad breath
Gave him to an eternal death!

* *Part* of this idea has been used by Gray.

"Forbid it!" struggling Nature cried,
Yet fear'd it, *when Immanuel died!*
The vault of Heaven with darkness hung,
And Hope's last knell in thunders rung.
But when she saw him burst the tomb,
Reverse the melancholy doom,
Death's strongest fetters torn away,
The grave illumed with tenfold day,—
From that blest morning Faith assumes
A joy that more than Summer blooms,
Soars to a region where the blast
Of Winter is for ever past;
And, fill'd with hope, aspires to sing
The glories of that better Spring.

Thus, while I muse on Autumn's gloom,
And Man's inevitable tomb,
Not there my thoughts shall sorrowing stay,
But rise to Heaven's eternal day.
Visions of glory o'er my soul
Scenes of delight and wonder roll
In vain; for fancy ne'er can paint
The Heaven of the expiring Saint.
Here rest thy hope—Thy GOD shall give
More than a mortal can conceive.

TO

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH AN ELEGANT SET OF COWPER'S POEMS.

WHEN Britain's sons to China's shore
A British monarch's presents bore,
Great was the glare and the parade
To Asiatic eyes display'd:
A precious box, of costly mould,
Beset with gems and deck'd with gold,
Held a long letter from the Court,
With proffers of a friendly sort;—
Of friendship such as courtiers give,
And well-bred statesmen well receive,
And with base coin of equal weight
Repay the glitt'ring counterfeit.
Ah! F———, you and I can see
And pity insincerity,
Smile at the white-wash'd forms of state,
And all the treaty-breaking Great;
And for ourselves desire the part
Of conduct guided by the heart,—
The heart where Grace triumphant reigns,
And holds Hypocrisy in chains.

Though no rich casket did attend
The well-bound volumes of my friend,
Nor long epistle full of wind,—
(What else are words without the mind?)

Yet there was what no varnish'd cheat,
Nor painted guile, nor veil'd deceit,
E'er gave; for what was said was meant;
And half a gift is its intent.
What then remains?—A feeble lay
Would ill the generous gift repay,
But that the verse, though faint and weak,
Attempts the writer's heart to speak.

Go then, my song, and tell my friend,
That 'tis to thank him you intend;
Say, He that sent thee here, had nought
To give him that was worth a thought,
But, won by his well-meaning art,
Wrapt in a verse—HE SENT HIS HEART.

April 6, 1798.

TO THREE FRIENDS

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH GUTHRIE'S GEOGRAPHY.

UNSKILL'D, with oily tongue, to make
Large compliments for fashion's sake,
And, with a deal of civil pother,
To say one thing and mean another,
The kind Triumvirate I 'll tell
At once, I thank them—that 's as well.
For, had I canted o'er and o'er,
With compliments a dozen score,

Madam,

Madam, I thank 'ee—Gentlemen,
I 'm much obliged t' ee—and again
Vented the same dull hackney'd stuff
Till Fashion's self had cried—Enough;
Ye might, malgré votre bienséance,
Have wish'd my compliments in France.
'Tis a large volume:—can't I find
Some marrow here, to feed the mind?
For, as I think, it may be said,
There's meat and bones in all that's read;
But authors' minds are oft so narrow,
That readers must supply the marrow.

For instance, Guthrie's Grammar here:
The bones and meat will soon appear;
There's zenith, nadir, axis, arctic,
Tropic, ecliptic, and antarctic,
With latitude and longitude,
And of hard words a multitude.
Now these are bones:—but who will say,
I wish the bones out of the way?
For these, though hard they seem at best,
Are the foundation of the rest.

Again, there 's meat: 'tis hence we know
What climes are clothed with endless snow;
Where vertical the sun descends,
What lands his milder ray attends;
Where Luxury has fix'd her seat,
Where Industry and Peace retreat;
Where Liberty her blessings pours,
Where Commerce spreads her richest stores;

Where

Where Tyranny enslaves the mind,
Where Bigots free-born conscience bind;
Where the mad Hero's bloody car
Bids nations mourn the scourge of war;
Where Afric's hapless children stand
Beneath their savage tasker's hand,
And from the sons of Britain rue
A bondage worse than Egypt knew.

Thus have I shown you bones and meat:
One ye may pick, the other eat;
Firmness and strength the bones supply;
The flesh without them soon would die:
Each has its use, must be confest,
But still the marrow is the best.
Guthrie some marrow yields, I know,
But scarce enough of it, I trow.
When o'er the starry canopy
He glances observation's eye,
Struck with amaze, he turns the thought
To Him who all these glories wrought,
And, while he wonders at his laws,
Acknowledges the Great First Cause.
Give the astronomer his due:
He sets a pattern we 'll pursue.
We 'll think of Him who clothes the earth,
And gives all Nature's beauties birth;
And as his glorious works amaze,
And dazzle, while on them we gaze,
We 'll turn with pleasure to his word,
And learn to know and serve their Lord:

So

So shall each page in Nature's book
Instruct us, while thereon we look,
And all the works she spreads abroad
Shall fix our faith in Nature's God.

A CONTRAST;

OR THE

ADVANTAGES OF REAL CHRISTIANITY.

" O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!
" Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periclis,
" Degitur hoc ævi quodcumque est!

Ah! solemn hour, of more than Stygian gloom,
That leads the Sceptic to his awful tomb!
There is the darkness felt, when not a ray,
Save wrathful lightning, gleams upon the way;
The past all vanity constrain'd to own,
And all the future, a dread blank, unknown.
What was his state on earth?—To toil, to play,
To gather wealth, to drive dull care away,
To feel his soul by jarring passions torn,
Prosper'd, to sing, and discompos'd, to mourn;
Yet, mourning, only to *this* refuge brought,
To seek a vain relief in murdering thought;
Sin's willing drudge, the Tempter's ready slave,—
His *hope*—to rot for ever in the grave.

And

And has he cast the book of God aside?
Are *these* the fruits of unbelieving pride?
O had he but been wise, and known his end,
That book had sent him to a heavenly friend;
Had shown for every need a rich supply,
Had taught him how to live and how to die;
Had drawn the veil aside, and blest his eyes
With Heaven his home, and happiness his prize.—
Such honour have the Saints;—their earthly cares
Belong to God, while confidence is theirs;
Their treasures are with Him, where no decay
Consumes the store, no robber seeks a prey.

Lo, with his torch the great Archangel 's come,
And Earth receives her long-expected doom;
High o'er her funeral-pile the flames ascend,
And dust and ashes are Creation's end;
There, 'midst the wreck, the Christian counts his cost;
"My God is mine, and nothing have I lost!"

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH A PENCIL-CASE.

The dull Poetaster, as pert as a parrot,
Whom poverty nails to a sky-kissing garret,
When friends show their kindnesses time after time,
Is fain to repay them with flattery's rhyme.

 O how

O how will he cry up their virtues and graces,
And cram a large budget with bushels of praises!
For when Truth has emptied her very scant store,
Invention's at hand to supply him with more.

" Invention (says he) is sweet Poetry's soul:
" Who would shackle bright Genius with Truth's strict
" control?
" On Parnassus's nag when I once am astride,
" Shall I rein in my courser, or wait for a guide?"

But we'll let him alone; for, poor heart, 'tis his living:
His friends are as fond of receiving as giving;
And if to their vanity incense he burn,
'Tis but what they expected he'd do in return.

Sure then I was ne'er cast in so happy a mould;
I've no praises for silver, no flatt'ry for gold;
Nor can furnish a cart-load of varnish and paint
To bedizen a de'il till he pass for a saint.

Yet I see no objection to putting together
A few paltry verses, though dull as the weather,
To pay my best thanks, with the very best grace,
To my friend Mr. B. for my neat pencil-case.

May the pencil that dwells in this glittering shell
Prove 'tis anxious in all that is good to excel!
Devoted to reason, to virtue, and grace,
May it ne'er write a word for repentance to rase!

Then,

Then, though worth in itself scarce a pitiful groat,
It shall prove not unworthy so splendid a coat;
Nor shall furnish a type of what hypocrites are,
Whose hearts are as false as their outsides are fair.

THE UNHAPPY SPANIARD*.

Written after reading in the newspapers the distressing account of a Father witnessing, from the deck of a frigate, the total loss of his property, and destruction of his family, in consequence of the blowing up of another frigate, which he had only a short time quitted.

How vast is my despair!
Ne'er may it hope relief.
Words cannot paint my care,
Nor utter half my grief.

* Amongst sentiments which accompanied this little offering of a pious Muse, were the following: "Having room in my paper, I add a few lines, in which I have endeavoured to put grief into words, I fear, with little effect. Pray do not imagine that I have presumed to fancy them fit for the public: short pieces require, in my opinion, a high degree of finishing; and if I were ever so capable of giving it, I have no leisure.

"Virginibus puerisque canto," from morn to noon, from noon to dewy and frosty eve; and have no business at Parnassus. "Propria quæ maribus," and "Thirty days hath September," is the poetry with which I am called to be conversant: no wonder, then, if, when I attempt to sing, "Nil majus generatur."

I am, dear Sir,
Latinè et Anglicè,
In prose and in verse,
Respectfully yours,
JOHN BULLAR, Jun."

Mine

Mine was a faithful wife,
And blooming children mine:
I saw them torn from life,
And whelm'd in ocean's brine!

My joys, with them in air
Scatter'd, for ever fly:
Sunk with them in despair,
My hopes for ever die!

Dæmons of ruthless war,
That ravage earth and sea,
Behold your triumph here,—
A father's misery!

Earth cannot heal my woe;
All human help is vain:
O whither shall I go?
To whom shall I complain?

Poor mourner! make thy pray'r
To HIM who can give rest:
Whose gracious lips declare,
The MOURNER SHALL BE BLEST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the subsequent short Poems are a selection from various recent Fugitive Pieces. The kind reception they met from the public on their original publication, inspires the Author with a hope they may add a not unwelcome sheaf to the Harvest Home.

The "Elegies" of the "Nightingale" and "Partridges;" and the "Soliloquy of a Highwayman," which is founded on a very interesting fact, are from a juvenile production * of the Author's, at present out of print, and find a place in this Collection on account of their having been indulged with peculiar marks of distinction.

* "Liberal Opinions, or the History of Benignus.

SELECT

REPUBLICATIONS.

TO WILLIAM MOODY, ESQ.

WITH AN EMPTY PURSE, PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Written at Beau-Desert, near Henley in Arden.

THIS is the Day of Gifts, to prove
By change of tokens unchang'd love;
And who is he that once a year
Yearns not to prove he is sincere?
And who so poor, but can bestow
Some sign that may affection show?
For true affection will receive
What e'en the Sons of Verse may give;
For, 'tis Affection's generous part
To weigh and measure by the heart,
In whose kind balances a flower,
Light as the thistle-down, has power
Sweetly to turn th' indulgent scale
Where all the miser's heaps would fail.

How lucky then, dear Friend, for me,
Who've nought to give but poesy!
For, though a Friend may be a poet,
Few are his means, 'tis said, to show it.
Of wreaths, 'tis true, his God sends plenty;
From half a page he can weave twenty;
Pinks, roses, lilies, all in bloom,
Enough to deck May's drawing room;

 Nay,

Nay, in December's darkest time,
Can make a rich July in rhyme,
Can amidst Nature's real snow
Bid Fancy's fairy blossoms blow,
And all so freshly cull'd and gay,
From gardens in Utopia!

When poets, poor although they seem,
Have their Golcondas in a dream;
Domains in tail, estates in fee,
None but a poet's eye can see;
A rich alcove, a sweet parterre,
A castle, and a bank in air——.
From these possessions, worthy friend,
I could a perfum'd garland send,
That high as Warwick's loftiest tower
Might make Beau-Desert all in flower.

But what are flowers? I fain would give,
What might a little longer live;
For Fancy's blooms, though fair and gay,
Like Nature's, flourish but a day.
What then shall grace my new-year's verse?
My friend a banker—Sure a PURSE
Is most appropriate to his plan,
Though useless to a rhyming man.
Then take it, MOODY: and though, poor
And empty, it now boasts no store
But the thin silver round its rim,
You soon can fill it to the brim,
And, though so long, and lean, and taper,
Can spread it out in Warwick paper,

Can lend it golden wings to fly,
As t'were native of the sky.

Yet when 'tis full, oh let it rest,
A gift to her you love the best!
In her kind hand it still shall prove
A friend to Bounty as to Love;
And I next year will send to you
An empty sack, for filling too.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MOODY*.

While genuine worth without pretence,
And genuine wit, without offence;
A temper equal, soft and kind,
A mirthful heart, a serious mind;
A fancy vivid, gay, and warm,
And true good-humour's constant charm;
In generous sympathy sincere,
A gift to Want, to Woe a tear;—
While courteous manners, accents mild,
'Midst spirits blithe and frolic wild,
And hospitality that knew
No narrow art, no sordid view,

* The wife of the gentleman to whom the foregoing verses were addressed.

But

But flow'd spontaneous from the breast,
Delighting to make others blest :—
While these remain a theme of praise,
Thy death the tender sigh shall raise,
And till *all these shall charm no more*
Thy early fate shall we deplore.

ON THE DIFFICULTY OF DELINEATING THE CHARACTER OF A FAVOURITE SISTER LATELY DECEASED *.

JULY 15TH, 1803.

Vainly I court the Muses' tender aid
To pay *due tribute* to thy gentle shade:
Far from my plaintive prayer they drooping turn,
To shed soft pity o'er my Harriet's urn.
No gleam of Genius, or of Fancy's ray,
To raise the mind or drive despair away;
No genial smile, alas! they deign to send,
And all the Poet 's vanish'd in the Friend.
When Time with lenient balm shall ease bestow,
When fades the past, and tears less frequent flow;
When Memory, still too faithful to forget
Her anguish, softens into mild regret;
Then Love shall vibrate less on Sorrow's string,
The Muse revive, and mount on tuneful wing;

* These feeling lines are by the Lady who has contributed the pleasing pieces which follow those of the Fair Invisible, in a former part of the present volume.

Perchance her wonted energy regain,
And sweet Invention deck the hallowed strain.

But, ah, blest Spirit! Sister of my love!
No time one sacred truth can e'er remove—
The Poet most inspir'd could ne'er impart
Thy Virtues, best recorded in the heart.

TO MR. SIGMOND*,

ON DRAWING ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S TEETH.

To lose a friend, who, in this vale of tears,
Had been an honest helpmate fifty years!
A friend, who all that time had firmly stood,
And prov'd, in hardest duty, firm and good;
So close our union, that we seem'd but one,
Flesh of the mutual flesh, and bone of bone:
And when, full oft, on desperate service plac'd,
Each tough encounter like a hero fac'd!
Yet, O! from such a friend at length to part—
Ye, who e'er lost a tooth—O tell the smart!

Thrice every day—still eager for the fight,
He waged the war, and fought with all his might;
Prepar'd the muffin, touch'd the toast so nice,
And help'd at dinner through each dainty slice;
And, O! what toils Herculean did he brave!
A stout day-labourer, an unwearied slave.

* A celebrated Dentist at Bath.

Now

Now the gigantic ox he piece-meal tore,
Now fang'd the ham of the Westphalian boar;
Now to the mouth the tempting lamb he drew,
And seiz'd on all the cook or butcher slew:
Yet, O! from such a friend at length to part—
Ye, who e'er lost a tooth—O tell the smart!

A sanguine compact!—But since men *must* eat,
And, spite of Ritson*, will not leave off meat,
Poor hungry morals go devouring on,
And the long course of devastation run;
And blest the man, who safely can depend,
In deeds so bloody, on a fearless friend!
Yet, O! from such a friend at length to part—
Ye, who e'er lost a tooth—O tell the smart!

Then what to cruel Sigmond shall I say,
Whose ruthless forceps dragg'd this friend away?
And, like the fatal Furies with their sheers,
Struck at the pride of half a hundred years?
And as the helpless victim bleeding lay,
And show'd the mortal signs of life's decay,
What shall we say to him who thus could sever
Such a deep-rooted favourite for ever?

Yet friends, alas! there are, who, though they prov'd
For many a year deserving to be lov'd,
Have false and hollow on the sudden turn'd,
And tarnish'd all the laurels they had earn'd;
Such was the out-cast—long an honour'd guest—
Who stung at length the lips he once possess'd.

* Who wrote a treatise on the *virtue* of abstinence from animal food.

Then,

Then, thanks to Sigmond! whose sagacious eye
Could the foul traitor in his frauds espy—
See him at length his wonted aid give o'er,
Still fair in form, yet rotten at the core!

Yes, Sigmond, thanks! and could thy skill perceive
All the false friends, which, like that tooth, deceive;
Couldst thou detect each changeling's hollow part,
And pluck the rooted mischief from the heart;
Each lurking unsound flatterer make thy prey,
And drag the smiling traitor into day;
O couldst thou—ere the deadly poison spread—
Check the foul venom ere all truth were dead;
Could lancets, probes, or lotions cleanse the sore,
Ere Falsehood ulcerate each tainted pore,
What meed, blest Artist! could e'en Kings bestow?—
Were they to give their *thrones*, they still would owe.

LINES

TO THE GOVERNORS AND BENEFACTORS OF THE DISPENSARY FOR VISITING AND ATTENDING THE SICK AT THEIR OWN HOUSES *.

Written November 1802, a few minutes previous to the Anniversary Meeting of the Governors.

O FOR the favour'd Prophet's holy fires,
Ethereal light, which sacred thought inspires;

* An account of this excellent Charityi s amongst the Prose Contributions of Mr. Morfit; and a pathetic tribute to Dr. Rogers, its physician, has appeared by the same hand amongst the poetic presents to the GLEANER.

The

The LIVING Light descending from above,
Borne on the pinions of the mystic Dove!
Then should the Muse her instant homage pay,
And at this votive Board her tribute lay;—
Then should her lyre be strung to notes divine—
An offering worthy Yours and Pity's shrine!

But, since to hallow'd harps alone belong
The inspirations of spontaneous song,
Ah, be it mine—though in terrestrial lays,
To lift the thought to hopes of nobler praise;
To bid you see, in each relation dear,
The Father's, Husband's, Orphan's, Lover's tear—
Enraptur'd tears! that mix with every prayer—
The sweetest incense for your guardian care.

O let me raise, sublime, your mental eye
To view the wreaths preparing in the sky;
There bid your mental ear catch sounds from Heav'n,
By Cherub Choirs to Virtue only given!
For Heav'n itself approves each gracious deed,
And God's rewarding smile is Pity's glorious meed!

TWO

TWO PICTURES

OF

OLD AND NEW BATH,

TAKEN AT DIFFERENT SITTINGS VERY REMOTE FROM EACH OTHER.

Written at the above-named City, May 8, 1801.

O Bath! how fair wert thou to view
When last I said, Dear Bath, adieu!
When, in the language of the Beau,
I tender'd thee my D. I. O.!
Fair were the hills that topp'd thy scene,
And fair the groves that smil'd between.
A Crescent grac'd thy airy brow,
A Circus bound thy zone below;
And, blithe as Eden in its May,
Nature, with all her train at play,
Was seen distinct: the frolic Gales
Sporting with Beauty in the vales,
While Temp'rance, to Hygeia given,
Crown'd with roses fresh from Heav'n,
Their odours dropping from her wings,
Shed balms into thy healing Springs;
While all that rais'd life's drooping powers
Were guided by the sober Hours:
These regulated dance and play,
And scatter'd blessings o'er the way.

Such

Such wert thou when I saw thee last,
Some twenty fleeting summers past.
But now, so mighty art thou grown,
Thy head so huge, thy trunk so swoln,
Thy legs and arms so long and wide—
And such an air of city pride—
Thy sides so blacken'd by the smoke,
Thy streets so cramm'd, thy views so broke
By upstart buildings perch'd on high,
Like pigmies aiming at the sky;
Vapour that respiration clogs,
And all the family of fogs;
And modern ruins all a-row,
And wind above and dust below;
And London fashions rattling down
To make thee yet more overgrown;
And well-bred dinnerings at seven,
And sipping coffee at eleven,
And sandwiches at noon of night,
And dames at noon of day in white,
Showing their shapes to all the men,
Up Milsom-street and down again;
Pacing the smooth parades in crowds,
Like shadows folded in their shrouds;
Yet shades that prove the substance true,
For each fair limb 's betray'd to view;
And though to earth the drapery reaches,
'Tis but a kind of muslin breeches;
Tight e'en as buckskin on the beau,
With here and there an airy flow
As waves the linen to the breeze—
O times of freedom and of ease!—

And

And after thus they blow about
They brave the oven of a rout,
Then hissing hot retire to bed,
And rise at noon of day half dead:—
In short, thou art so Londoniz'd,
So over-built and over-siz'd,
That my old friend I scarcely knew
Since last I said, Dear Bath, adieu!

Yet, if by this increase of height
And bulk thou art as good as great;
If thou more largely canst dispense
Thy streams to Genius, Virtue, Sense;
If from those streams more copious flow
The balms that soften human woe;
O, if they offer prompt relief
To pallid Sickness, paler Grief,
Or give to Pity's gentle eye
The melting beam of Charity,
Or to the trembling nerves impart
The tone that gives the cheerful heart;
And if from thy augmented wealth
The Poor find bread, the Affluent health,
And faded Sorrow at thy springs
Removes the malady it brings—
Then, though thy charms were ALL destroy'd,
Though hosts of artists were employ'd
To seize the remnant of thy bowers,
Usurp the fragrant realms of flowers;
Though the white mason should displace
Thy varied grounds of every grace,

Where

Where now thy tender blossoms blow,
And daisies shoot, and hawthorns grow;
Rob e'en the gardens of their pride,
And spread the vernal ruin wide,
Till e'en the firs that capp'd thy scene
Should yield their everlasting green,
And disembowell'd quarries dark
Change to a town thy Allen's park;
Another Crescent crowd thy hill,
And, hid in clouds, another still,
Another Circus on another
Staring and wondering at each other,
Till, when I next my visit pay,
Brick, stone, or mortar block my way;
I'd bid thee build from street to street,
Till Lud's and Bladud's cities meet!

COME! LET THEM COME!

Written at Bath, Feb. 24, 1804, during His Majesty's Indisposition.

LONG has the Isle been vex'd with dire alarms,
And long its generous sons been rous'd to arms;
Long has the proud Usurper made his boast,
That all his horrors should invade our coast;
In desperate vauntings, sworn to distant lands,
That half the trembling world shall join his bands—
Reluctant bands! who, while constrain'd they lend
To France their arms, are still fair England's friend;
And, when their vassal legions dare the waves,
Will feel they strike for tyrants and for slaves.

Yet

Yet tho' their taunt be vain,—in all her might,
Imperial Britain stands prepar'd for fight;
COME! LET THEM COME!—her proud defiance sounds,
Which Glory echoes to her utmost bounds;
Like fire electric spreads from shore to shore—
COME! LET THEM COME! and waft their navies o'er!
In one vast chorus all her sons combine,
And cry, exulting—BRITAIN, WE ARE THINE!

And oh! should Gallia's tyrant NOW advance,
The ruthless scourge of NATURE as of France!
Should he assault with more than dæmon rage,
And Britons on their own proud seas engage;
Or, on their soil,—dear consecrated earth!
How would they prove their valour and their birth!
How would they rally round that kingly breast,
Where Father, King, and Christian beam confest!
How, from the Atheist Warrior's *brow* would tear
The *laurel* wreath,—and place the *cypress* there*!

Feb. 24, 1804.

THE

* The Laureat Warton, in his Ode after the King's recovery from his *former* alarming illness, inquires:

"Within what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess HEALTH to dwell;
Where from the rigid roof distils
Her richest stream in steely rills?"

After describing in animated strains various places in the kingdom famous for medicinal waters, the same classical bard gives the following beautiful description of the miraculous springs of Bath:

"Or broods the nymph with watchful wing
O'er antient BADON's mystic spring;

And

THE SCREEN.

ON RECEIVING SOME HANDLES BEAUTIFULLY TURNED IN SANDAL-WOOD, FOR HAND FIRE-SCREENS.

WHILE the hand that we love with affection we press,
And the heart we have won we with fondness address;
From Fashion's false dazzle, and Faction's fierce heat,
While at home we repose in our tranquil retreat,
Beside our own hearth, where ourselves we enjoy,
How useful, how moral is this little toy!
To point out the pleasures, most felt as less seen,
That glow in the bosom, how apt is the Screen!
And, ah! as we move it, and sit snug behind,
How sweet the *Reflections* it casts on the mind!

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT more can a high-favour'd mortal require,
Life's warmth to receive, yet attemper its fire?
The joys of the *world*, like our faggot may flare,
But the joys of our *home*, tho' they glow, should ne'er
glare;
The first, like our faggot, may crackle and flout,
Just scorch for a minute, and then quite go out;

And speeds from its sulphureous source,
The steamy torrent's secret course;
And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire
In deep unfathom'd beds below,
By Bladud's magic taught to glow?
Bladud! high theme of Fancy's Gothic lyre."

While

While true bliss, like the sun, never squanders the light,
And, tho' shining for ever, for ever is bright;
And the reason is plain, why like him we thus burn:
'Tis because we, like him, *on our own axis* turn*.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A CHERRY-TREE, AT WRITTLE HALL, ESSEX, WHILE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF MR. BIRCH.

All hail to thee, blest Cherry-Tree!
For thou shalt match the Mulberry.
Altho' no Shakspeare's hand divine
With deathless laurels hang thy shrine,
The fair Affections, good and true,
Shall love the spot whereon they grew:
For oft beneath thy verdant bound,
The sport, the lay, the song went round;
And many a time the social board
With all thy ruddy gifts were stored;
Friendship, and Worth, and sprightly Wit,
Under thy boughs would often meet;
And Zephyr, an ambrosial guest,
With airy wings would fan the feast;
And hither too has Flora stray'd,
To breathe her fragrance o'er the shade.
Here Wisdom grave, and Frolic gay,
Has wept or laughed the hours away.
But sweet the smile, and soft the tear,
That Mirth or Wisdom mingled here;

* These and the preceding lines have since been printed, and given to different friends for hand-screens.

For

For *real joy* bade this to glow,
But *fabled grief* taught that to flow.
Oh then may those, blest Cherry-Tree!
Whose genial hearts encircle thee,
Such woes as spring from *fabled care*,
Such *real joys*, for ever share!!!
For me as firm these woodbines twine
Around this russet coat of thine,
As thy own rosy fruit when *twin*,
They seem than brothers more akin;
May I to every friend be join'd
In strictest union of the mind;
And each returning summer see
My fav'rites of the Cherry-Tree:
Where, if the Fates would hear my prayer,
I'd place the self-same party there.
Then flourish long, thou genial shade!
For Pleasure, Love, and Friendship made;
And may thy social foliage grow,
To canopy the feast below!
And if thy friends all *happy* be,
Sure thou shalt match the Mulberry!

THE COMPLAINT OF THE CHERRY-TREE,

OCCASIONED BY THE PARTY'S DESERTION OF IT IN THE SUCCEEDING SUMMER.

A ROVER since the world began,
No charms can fix inconstant Man.
Throughout the fond but fickle race,
What proofs on proofs, alas, we trace!

His

His warmest passion dies away,
Before its object feels decay.
From Youth and Beauty he will start,
No truant like the human heart;
Nay sometimes woman—form'd for love—
Will be the first to make a move;
Like vagrant bees, they seldom settle,
But leave a lily for a nettle;
From sweetest flowers to weeds will range,
And think the honey 's in the change.
I own this truth 's extremely old,
And has ten thousand times been told:
Hear it once more, I beg, from me,
A poor forsaken Cherry-Tree.

Seven silver moons have hardly wan'd
Since fav'rite of your lawn I reign'd;
Around me group'd your happy throng,
And your Bard hail'd me with a song!
The tuneful flatterer swore, my shade
For Friendship and for Love was made:
In perjur'd verse he bade me grow,
A guardian of the feast below.
Ye all united in a prayer,
That Heaven my lightest leaf would spare.
The Zephyr, witness of your vows,
Beheld you deify my boughs.
Your joy was still to live in air,
And treat me with a fav'rite's care;
The while my woodbines gave their flower,
And I, a banquet and a bower;

And yet you now behold in me
A poor forsaken Cherry-Tree!

Ah, sad reverse! my friends are flown!
The deified is left alone!
My fruits are still your banquet made,
But scorn'd my hospitable shade:
Yon stinted plants your hearts invite;
My happy rivals bloom in sight;
Yon flaunting guelder-roses tower,
And lowly pinks usurp my power;
The brier wreathes its thorny pride,
And pigmy shrubs my pains deride;
E'en cowslips, with their blossoms dead,
Presume to lift the wither'd head;
Though each might warning take by me,
A poor forsaken Cherry-Tree!

One only friend my sorrows move,
One whom those very sorrows prove—
My tender woodbine still remains,
Faithful associate of my pains;
Appears more fondly to caress,
And clings more close to my distress.
Thanks, Woodbine! thou still lov'st, I see,
A poor forsaken Cherry-Tree!

But, ah! ungrateful as they are,
My truant friends engage my care;
"Long as these generous woodbines twine
"Around this russet coat of mine,
"May Pity meek, and Frolic gay,
"Or weep or smile the hours away!

"Still

"Still joy sincere give this to glow,
"And fabled grief bid that to flow!"
Still shall my fruits and flowers dispense,
A double relish to the sense;
Still shall my branches grateful bend,
And I will prove a constant friend:
Grant but one boon, I 'll still be true,
Oh! keep me still within your view!
Whilst those we love but bless our sight,
We cannot seem deserted quite.
Grant this, and I 'm content to be
A poor forsaken Cherry-Tree!

FINALE,

WRITTEN* AT THE SAME PLACE FOR THE SAME PARTY.

THE hours of the Morn that illumin'd our way,
And summon'd our party to hail the new day,
Are happily past; and, our pleasures to crown,
Soft Night now spreads o'er us her pinions of down:
But ere the kind blessings she offers we share,
Let our souls to their Maker ascend in a prayer.—
Lord Supreme, and Power of Powers!
Guardian of the circling hours!
O Disposer! long bestow
On our hearts the tender glow!

* Composed by the late Hon. Mrs. Cochrane, then SILENA BIRCH, no less beautiful in mind than person, and whose early death was attended by many of the most touching circumstances.

The glow which taught our race to prove
Parent fondness, filial love!
Whether thus together plac'd,
By fair Nature's zone embrac'd,
Or * dispers'd the globe around,
Never be that zone unbound,
But still teach our hearts to prove
Parent fondness, filial love!

ELEGY OF A NIGHTINGALE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

For Elusino lost renew the strain,
Pour the sad note upon the ev'ning gale;
And as the length'ning shades usurp the plain,
The silent moon shall listen to the tale.

Sore was the time, ill-fated was the hour,
The thicket shook with many an omen dire,
When from the topmost twig of yonder bower
I saw my husband flutter and expire.

* The Power who trampleth all things under his feet, hath, alas! gradually dispersed or destroyed the Cherry-Tree party, almost root and branch.

"Still drops from life some withering joy away."

'Twas when the peasant sought his twilight rest,
Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;
'Twas when the plumy nation sought the nest,
And all, but such as lov'd the night, were still,—

That, fondly sitting with a lover's pride,
(My tender custom while the sun withdrew)
Dear Elusino sudden left my side,
And the curs'd form of man appear'd in view.

For sport, the tube he levell'd at our heads,
And, curious to behold more near my race,
Low in the copse the artful robber lay,
Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place.

Ingrateful wretch! He was our shepherd's son,
The harmless, good old tenant of yon cot!
That shepherd would not such a deed have done;
For love of him first fix'd us to this spot.

Oft as at eve his homeward steps he bent,
When the laborious task of day was o'er,
Our mellowed warblings sooth'd him as he went,
Till the charm'd hind forgot that he was poor.

Ah, could not this thy gratitude inspire?
Could not our gentle visitations please?
Could not the blameless lessons of thy sire
Restrain thy felon hand from crimes like these?

Insidious boy, thou tyrant of the plain!
Couldst thou but see the sorrows thou hast made,

Oh! didst thou know the virtues thou hast slain,
And view the gloomy horrors of the shade:

Couldst thou behold my infant younglings lie
In the moss'd cradle by our bills prepar'd,
Babes as they were, unable yet to fly,
Their wings defenceless, and their bosoms bar'd:—

Surely the mighty malice of thy kind,
Thy power to wrong, and readiness to kill,
In common pity to the parent's mind
Would cease the new-made father's blood to spill.

Haply, the time may come when Heav'n shall give
To thee the troubles thou hast heap'd on me;
Haply, ere well THY babes begin to live,
Death shall present the dart of misery.

Just as the tender hope begins to rise,
As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;
As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
And the breast throbs with all a parent's joy;—

Then may some midnight robber, skill'd in guile,
Resolv'd on plunder, and on deeds of death,
Thy fairy prospects, tender transports spoil,
And to the knife resign THY children's breath.

In that sad moment shall thy savage heart
Feel the sad anguish, desperate and wild;
Conscience forlorn shall doubly point the smart,
And Justice whisper—THIS IS CHILD FOR CHILD.

'Reav'd of their sire, my babes, alas! must sigh,
For grief obstructs the anxious widow's care;
This wasted form, this ever-weeping eye,
And the deep note of destitute despair,—

All load this bosom with a fraught so sore,
Scarce can I cater for the daily food!
Where'er I search, my husband search'd before,
And soon my nest will hold an orphan brood!

For Elusino lost then pour the strain,
Waft the sad note on ev'ry ev'ning gale;
And as the length'ning shades usurp the plain,
The silent moon shall listen to the tale.

THE PARTRIDGES:

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST DAY OF AUGUST.

Hard by yon copse, that skirts the flowery vale,
As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of sorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew;
But my rude steps increas'd the cause of pain:
Soon o'er my head the whirling partridge flew,
Alarm'd, and with her flew an infant train.

But

But short the excursion;—for, unus'd to play,
  Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make:
The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
  Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
  And hush'd the affrighted family to rest;
But still the late alarm suggested dread,
  As closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent, doom'd to various woe,
  Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's fear;
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
  And, to avert it, thus preferr'd her prayer:

"O Thou! who even the sparrow dost befriend,
  "Whose providence protects the harmless wren;
"Thou God of birds! these innocents defend
  "From the vile sports of unrelenting men!

"For, soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
  "The slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,
"While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,
  "Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

"O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
  "Parch with unwonted heat th' undewy ground!
"So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
  "So shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

"Then may I fearless guide them to the mead;
  "Then may I see with joy their plumage grow;

"Then

"Then may I see (fond thought!) their future breed,
"And every transport of a parent know.

"But if some victim must endure the dart,
"And fate marks out that victim from my race,
"Strike, strike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart!
"Spare, spare my babes, and I the death embrace."

LINES,

BY A LADY, ON SEEING SOME WHITE HAIRS ON HER LOVER'S HEAD.

THOU to whose pow'r reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time!
Alike the dread of Lover and of Friend,
Why stamp thy seal on Manhood's rosy prime?
Already twining 'midst my Thyrsis' hair
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Through all her forms though Nature owns thy sway,
That boasted sway thou 'lt here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day
Thyrsis shall view unmov'd thy potent reign:
Secure to please while Goodness knows to charm,
Fancy and Taste delight, and Sense and Truth inform.

Tyrant!

Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,
 Swept by thy chilling wind, the rose shall fly;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
 And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless Age disperses ev'ry grace,
 Each smile that beams from that enchanting face:

Then through her stores shall active Mem'ry rove,
 Teaching her various charms to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of hopeless Love
 Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r,
 Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

TIME'S ANSWER.

Sweet flow thy numbers, O ingrateful Fair!
 And tuneful error marks thy polish'd rhyme;
But know, though mine to give the silver hair,
 'Twas thy own Thyrsis begg'd the boon of Time:
Thyrsis, high glowing yet in manhood's hour,
 Who prematurely sought an earnest of my pow'r.

Mov'd by his pray'r, those wintry wreaths I wove,
 Twisting my snow-drops with the rose of youth;
But still 'twas Thyrsis' gentle fraud to prove
 His Daphne's friendship and his Daphne's truth:
" Oh, strew thy partial whiteness (thus he said),
 " Oh, let thy snowy symbols straight invest my head!

" So

"So shall I see, if, chill'd by thy advance,
"She with life's summer moments shall recede;
"So shall I see, if, with youth's fleeting glance,
"From age's menace Daphne too shall speed:
"So shall I triumph, if I find the Fair
"Defy the snowy wreaths, the monuments of care."

Then wherefore tyrant? Fair ingrate, 'tis mine,
When falls man's short-liv'd blossom of an hour,
To touch Affection with a bloom divine,
And proud expand Truth's never-dying flower;
To lift fair Constancy to seats sublime,
E'en 'bove myself,—above the pow'rs of Time.

Ah! then let Mem'ry and the Muses know,
Thou, lovely satirist, shouldst bless my reign;
My pow'rs alone could deathless charms bestow,
Which prov'd the fondness that inspir'd thy strain,
Since, but for those white omens of my sway,
The world had wanted Daphne's faithful lay.

TO MISS C. BRACKENBURY*,

OF COPTFOLD-HALL, IN ESSEX.

Invoking Fortune, yet losing the raffle.

As Fortune from her birth was blind,
We should not call the dame unkind;

* Now Mrs. Baddeley, of Chelmsford, in the above-named county.

When

When Worth and Beauty she forsakes,
We ought to pity her mistakes.
That Ladies lose what Coxcombs win,
Is more her *sorrow* than her *sin*:
And though she show'rs her favours down
On blockheads who deserve her frown;
On Pride bestows a coach-and-six,
And plays a thousand silly tricks;
To Folly gives the prosp'ring gale,
Neglecting Wisdom in the vale;
Mounts Vice upon her golden throne,
While cottag'd Virtue weeps alone;
At random lends a title here,
Refusing ev'ry honour there;
Now gives the knave a lucky hit,
Plumps the dull rogue and starves the wit;
Though 't is confess'd she ev'ry hour
Discovers some abuse of power;
And though she blunder'd yester-night,
What doth it prove, *but want of sight?*
Poor Goddess! could she but have seen
Her Brackenbury's ardent mien,
Th' impassion'd glow, the anxious air,
That guard the hope-illumin'd Fair:
O had she but the * *gift of eyes*,
None else had borne away the prize!

* The bandage has, in the case above hinted, been long since removed from the eyes of the blind and fickle goddess; who, had she been as celebrated for clearness of sight and steadiness of disposition as she has been, and ever will be, for their contraries, could not have directed her choice more wisely, or led her more directly to happiness in the characters of wife and mother.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, in wisdom, 't is design'd
The Goddess *should* continue blind.
Fortune and Love restor'd to sight,
What mischief had been done last night!
Both had resign'd their wheels and darts,
And gain'd their eyes—*to lose their hearts.*

TO THE SAME,

WITH THE FEMALE FABLES.

Fit gift for widow, maid, and wife,
Accept these rules of female life,
Where Fiction lends new charms to Truth,
Combining both, as friends to youth;
The duty of your sex behold,
By birds, and beasts, and flow'rets told:
Here insects preach like sound divines,
Each tree a tree of knowledge shines.
A lesson for the coxcomb's heart
The flirting sparrow shall impart;
The tender turtle and the bee
Shall murmur love and industry;
In the lamb's bleat you'll precepts find
To shun the wolves of human kind;
The generous horse will nobly show
What with your flatterers you should do;

The

The glow-worms of your sex how vain,
You learn from Philomela's strain;
The serious owl and simple goose
Harangue in verse for female use;
And the young lion bids you 'scape
All friendship with the human ape;
And every leaf and every bower
Unfolds a salutary power,
While all with one loud voice declare
What women *should* be—what YOU are.

EPITAPH ON MR. CATCHPOOLE,

OF BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

WHAT though no titles speak thy modest worth,
Nor proud processions, nor the pomps of birth;
Nor trophied tombs, where labour'd emblems shine,
To mark, in gloomy state, an antient line
Of Kings and Heroes crumbling near the spot,
Where ev'ry folly but their Pride's forgot?
The glare of fortune, and the swell of blood,
Ill suits the decent grave that holds the good;
Ill suits, O parent shade! thy humble dust,
Which asks no flatt'ry from the breathing bust.

Far other power, no marble can impart,
Records the hist'ry of a Father's heart;
Far other incense shall thy ashes grace,
Ah, dear support and comfort of thy race!
Thine the fair homage filial Love supplies
In balmy tribute from thy children's sighs.
The bosom'd shrines that own thy deathless sway,
No moth shall perish, and no worm decay;
A Son's mute grief shall make thy fame more dear,
Thy virtues shine more graceful in the tear
That duteous bathes a Daughter's cheek, than all
The vaunting plumage of the gorgeous pall;
And more true honour from such offering springs
Than the mock woe which grandeur buys for Kings.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

Ah! family forlorn.!
The sport of fortune, famine, and mankind!
Compose thy griefs, Louisa—stop those tears;
Cry not so piteous—spare, oh spare, thy sire,
Nor quite distract thy mother—hapless babes!
What shall I do?—Whichever way I turn,
Scenes of incessant horror strike my eye:
Bare, barren walls gloom formidably round,
And not a ray of hope is left to cheer;
Sorrowing and sick, the partner of my fate
Lies on her bed of straw;—beside her, sad,
My children dear cling to her breast, and weep;
Or, prest by hunger, hunt each nook for food,
And, quite exhausted, climb these knees—in vain.
How ev'ry asking eye appeals at once!
Ah, looks too eloquent!—too plainly mark'd,
Ye ask for bread—I have no bread to give.
The wants of Nature, frugal as she is,
The little calls and comforts which support
From day to day the feeble life of man,
No more, alas! thy father can supply!—
To me, the hand of heaven-born Charity
Hard as the season gripes—the neighbourhood,
Busy'd or pleas'd, o'erlook a stranger's woe;
Scarce knows the tenant of the adjoining house
What thin partitions shield him from the room

Where

Where Poverty hath fix'd her dread abode.
Oh fatal force of ill-tim'd delicacy,
Which bade me still conceal the want extreme,
While yet the decent dress remain'd in store,
To visit my Eugenius like myself;
Now shame, confusion, memory, unite
To drive me from his door.——

——————Ah cruel man!
Too barbarous Eugenius—this from thee?
Have I not screen'd thee from a parent's wrath?
Shar'd in thy transports, in thy sorrows shar'd?
Were not our friendships in the cradle form'd?
Gain'd they not strength and firmness as we grew?
And dost thou shift with Fortune's veering gale?
Dost thou survey me with the critic's eye,
And shun thy friend, because—(oh, blush to truth!
Oh stain to human sensibility!)
Because his tatter'd garments to the wind
And every passenger more deep betray
Th' extremity severe?—Then fare thee well!
Quick let me seek my homely shed again,
Fly from the wretch who triumphs o'er my rags;
On my Louisa's faithful bosom fall,
Hug to my heart my famish'd fondlings round;
Together suffer—and together die.——

—————— What piles of wealth,
What loads of riches, glitter through each street!
How thick the toys of fashion crowd the eye!
The lap of Luxury can hold no more;
Fortune, so rapid, rolls the partial show'r,

That

That ev'ry passion sickens with excess,
And nauseates the banquet meant to charm.—
Yet what are all these golden scenes to me?
These splendid modish superfluities!
What are these bright temptations to the poor?
Sooner, alas! will Pride new gild her coach,
Than bid the warming faggot blaze around
The hearth where chill Necessity resides.——
But must, Louisa, then—our tender babes—
Must they untimely sink into the grave?
Must all be victims to a fate so sore?
The world will nothing give but barren frowns:
What then remains?—There stands the wretched hut
I dare not enter—Heav'n befriend them all!
What then remains?—The night steals on apace;
The sick moon labours thro' the mixing clouds:
Yes—that were well—O dire Necessity!
It must be so—Despair, do what thou wilt!

————I faint with fear,
With terror, and fatigue—This forest gloom,
Made gloomier by the deep'ning shades of night,
Suits well the sad disorders of my soul:
The passing owl shrieks horrible her wails,
And Conscience broods o'er her prophetic note;
Light springs the hare upon the wither'd leaf,
The rabbit frolics—and the guilty mind
Starts at the sound, as at a giant's tread.—
Ah me!—I hear the horse along the road—
Forgive me, Providence—forgive me, Man!
I tremble through the heart—The clatt'ring hoof
Re-echoes

Re-echoes thro' the wood—the moon appears
And lights me to my prey.——

——— Stop, traveller!
Behold a being born like thee to live,
And yet endow'd with fortitude to die,
Were his alone the pang of poverty:—
But a dear wife, now starving far from hence,
Nine hapless hungry children at her side,
A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
Urge him to actions which his heart abhors:
Assist us—save us—pity our despair,
O'erlook my fault, and view me as a man.
A fellow-mortal sues to thee for bread,
Invites thy charity—invites thy heart.
Perhaps thou art a husband and a father:
Think, if thy babes, like mine, dejected lay,
And held their little hands to thee for food!
What wouldst thou have me do, wert thou, like me,
Driven to distress like mine?—Oh! then befriend,
Make our sad cause your own.—I ask no more,
Nor will I force what bounty cannot spare:
Let me not take assasin-like the boon
Which, humbly bending at thy foot, I beg.
Ne'er till this night——

——— God speed thee on thy way!
May plenty ever sit within thy house!
If thou hast children, angels guard thy steps!
Health scatter roses round each little cheek,
And Heav'n at last reward thy soul with bliss!

He's

He's gone—and left his purse within my hand.
Thou much-desir'd, thou often sought in vain,
Sought while the tears were swimming in my eye,
Sought, but not found—at length I hold thee fast.
Swift let me fly upon the wings of love,
And bear the blessing to my fainting babes,
Then, gently take Louisa in my arms,
And to the mourner whisper happier tidings.

——Hark! what noise was that?
'Twas the dull bittern booming o'er my head;
The raven follows her—the dusky air
Thickens each form upon the cheated sight:
Ha! something shot methought across the way.
'Tis but the shadow of this stripling tree,
That throws its baby-arms as blows the gale.
Each object terrifies Guilt's anxious heart!
The robber trembles at————

————What have I said?
Robber!—Well may I start—O Heav'n!
What have I done?

————Shall then Louisa live on spoil?
Shall my poor children eat the bread of theft?
And have I, at the peaceful hour of night,
Like some malignant thing that prowls the wood,
Have I—a very felon!—sought relief
By means like these? And yet the traveller
Gave what I ask'd, as if in charity.
Perhaps his heart, compassionately kind,

Gave from an impulse it could not resist:
Perhaps—'twas fear—lest murder might ensue.
Alas! I bore no arms—no blood I sought.
How knew he that?—Yet sure he might perceive
The harden'd villain spoke not in my air;
Trembling and cold, my hand was join'd in his,
My knees shook hard, my feeble accents fail'd,
The father's—husband's—tears bedew'd my face,
And virtue almost triumph'd o'er despair.
Yet strikes the thought severely on my heart,
The deed was foul!—Soft—let me pause awhile.
Again the moon-beam breaks upon the eye.
—Guilt bears me to the ground—I faint—I fall!
The means of food should still be honest means,
Else were it well to starve!——

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

JOHN AND DAME.

"O there is none of you so mean and low,
"That hath not noble lustre in his eyes;
"Your England never did (nor never shall)
"Lie at the proud foot of a Conqueror."

SHAKESPEAR.

CORRECTED FROM THE SIXTH EDITION.

THE

PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

It may be proper to observe, that the following Pages were a gratuitous Offering from the Gentleman to whom they are addressed, who joins the Publisher in thinking them well calculated to assist the great Common Cause of the Country.

The subsequent Letter from the Author is necessary to the better explanation of the circumstances under which the Stanzas were written.

[N. B. This little Poem was first published, almost gratis, to facilitate and spread its circulation amongst all orders of people, for the sake of its PRINCIPLE, not its POETRY.]

TO A FRIEND.

DEAR SIR,

You are already apprised, that my motive for visiting this place was, as expressed in the volume I had the honour lately to send you, once more to take by the hand that prototype of all that is faithful in a friend, or worthy in

in a man *, John Hills. This excursion happening in the reaping season, and at a time that the prospects of plenty were extended over the face of the country, while a high sentiment of love for that country, and of magnanimous disdain for the man who presumes to threaten it with Invasion, was kindled in every bosom, you will believe that I did not "bend an eye of vacancy" on these interesting subjects; rendered yet more touching by their being placed so near the spot where I was born, and where I had passed the earliest years of life. I reviewed my juvenile scenery; and my lowly friends eagerly clustered about me, either with gay delight, or with that pensive pleasure which is yet more sweet.

Numerous were the marks of loving kindness manifested by the villagers; one neighbour offers me a horse, even though it was harvest-time! So, it was a compromise betwixt Reaper and Gleaner; the ride for mere exercise being postponed till Little Jack—so was the pony called—had carried the breakfast-scrips, luncheon-bottles, and dinner-baskets into the fields. A second neighbour offered the use of his taxed cart, smarted up chaise-fashion. Another sent a basket of fruit, which, though forbidden by my doctors, I could not but taste, as a sacrifice to gratitude. A fourth presented some corn-flowers. And every morning some good soul or other provided a warm harvest-cake, of which I partook at breakfast, even in the most hissing hot weather: and I literally "ate hot rolls and butter in July," lest the do-

* The author alludes to a passage in a note to a volume of Gleanings in England, just published, page 637.

nors

nors should deem me thankless. But nothing touched me more than the action of a little creature whom I met returning from the fields, and who put into my hands, with a nod of his head, and without uttering a word, all *his* gleanings of the day—some thirty or forty wheat-ears—in exchange of a penny-piece which I had given him. And poor old George Constable* walked over from St. Ives to Woodhurst, in the 74th year of his age, and declared how rejoiced he was, and how glad he should be to see me every where in the known world *but in his churchyard*. This he said with a gay air; but the *point* of the old man's expression was in your calling to mind, that he is the sexton, and has put under ground some generations of men.

I should not forget a most natural action of love and affection in a poor fellow whom I encountered in one of my rides. He suspended a work of hard labour, as he caught my eye, and stretched out his arm, as if to give me welcome; but he drew it suddenly back, to wipe his hand with the bosom of his shirt, exclaiming, with accents that would have reconciled me to a grasp of the iron man,—"Fackins, sir, 'tis *you*, sure enough: my hand is something too hard for yours; but, as you have got your glove on, I *must* have one shake let what will come on't." And as he obeyed the impulse of his honest heart, he supplicated God's blessing on me all the while, observing, that "he knew me at once, though I had gotten a bit into an oldish man, as well as himself; and that I had done him more good, he was sure, than a pint of

* Of whom the reader has a curious anecdote in page 16 of the first volume of Harvest-Home.

good ale would have done this smoking' weather. I leave you to judge whether he did not get his pint of ale into the bargain.

All this is extremely welcome; and the more so as I know it to be genuine—

"Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires."

It is become habitual to me to describe whatever strongly impresses me; and you will not wonder that I observed my usual custom on this occasion.

What follows is the result. But I was soon led from individual to general emotions, and was not a little gratified to see that the spirit of the country had spread itself even to this sequestered spot, inhabited by a people of almost aboriginal simplicity. I saw it diffusing itself over the fields and closes; accompany the Swains and Farmers at early morn in their way to their daily labour, and escort them back on their twilight return; I was both an eye- and ear-witness to a thousand little things, which if detailed would spread out into volumes. It all went to prove the universality of the one grand principle of patriotism. And though, both from my own observation and converse, I neither see nor hear any reason whatsoever to alter my opinions or arguments stated in another work *; it is delightful to see that the enthusiasm of the moment is too warm and too mighty for any remembrance, but that which is inspired by the love and duty which attach us to our native soil.

I pledge all the good faith that subsists between us (and I could bring many vouchers from the sylvan scene) as to what follows being never more, and often less, than

* Cottage Pictures.

the

the words and actions of the parties concerned, all given as closely as verse could permit.—I had first intended a few stanzas descriptive of local objects and occurrences, for *your* perusal and that of a few of our private friends; but the subject grew upon me till it formed itself into what will now be presented to your view by a Friend, who with heart-felt fervour exclaims,

God preserve you,
and God preserve the Country!

From John and Dame's Cottage.

JOHN AND DAME.

PART I.

WHOE'ER has read the Gleaner's page
Must know and love this gentle pair,
The annals of whose blameless age
And spotless youth are storied there.

But since their faithful tale was told,
Full oft has Autumn chang'd the leaf,
And now, for rustic toils too old,
In this small * cot they seek relief.

Yet

* As we crossed over the way, my friend pointed to a neat but unfinished cottage, immediately opposite the church.

"I built

Yet here no woodbine-woven bow'r
Scatters its perfume round the place;
Nor ivy buds, nor honeyed flower,
The lattice wreathe with rural grace.

Nor yet *within* has Fashion placed
Affected ornaments for show;
And not a vanity has Taste
Made pure Simplicity to know.

A cottage true, with casement small,
A decent bed of dark moreen,
And ruddy floors, and whited wall,
And curtains of time-faded green:

A pendent glass in old oak set,
And chairs of rush, and cupboard blue,
A goodly table and beaufet,
Are all that deck this cottage true.

Save, that fresh-gather'd boughs you see
Filling the chimney space so neat,
Tea-chest of fair mahogany,
And mantle-piece with posies sweet.

But 'tis their *own*, and 'tis their *home*,
And all the village cluster there:

"I built this partly with my own hands, and my poor boy's, that are now all dust," sighed John sorrowfully, "on purpose for my dame and myself, had my son and Sally lived to marry and taken the farm: but, as God took them, I let it go without thinking of, or touching it, and kept doing a little to it, from time to time, but often broke away, not being able to stand and work so near *the poor Lovers' graves!*"

Gleanings in England, vol. ii. p. 619.

To

To John and Dame the neighbours come,
For all the village is their care.

And 'tis a *loyal* village too,
As any in King George's land,
For English men and women true
Distinguish all the rural band.

And all are hearts of oak, and brave,
And not an inch of ground will yield;
For, when I spake of *Frenchman's slave,*
They swore *they* still would—KEEP THE FIELD.

" The field where we were bred and born,"—
At harvesting I heard them cry,—
" And where we work from night to morn,
" Dear fields! for you, we'll fight and die!"

And then they trill'd the roundelay,
And shook their reaping-hooks with glee,
And chorus'd bold the loud huzza,
And swore again " They would be free!"

Then to the heapy grain they bent,
" Because," said they, " ere Frenchmen come,
" We best can show them our intent,
" After a jolly harvest-home.

" But when in goodly stacks they 're placed,
" And bold and tall they rise to view,
" The deuce an ear shall Frenchman taste,
" Unless for one ear *he pays two.*"

Then,

Then, at the merry jest, a laugh
Goes gaily forth from sheaf to sheaf,
And next, to *him* a round they quaff,
" Who first shall cashier Gallia's chief!"

While blithe the youngling gleaner-bands
Ply busily those sheaves between;
And joyful fill their little hands,
And eye the burnish'd heaps unseen.

But, early taught, by matron Dame,
The moral of each proverb old,—
"That he who steals will come to shame,
"While honesty with bags of gold

" Uncounted may alone be left,
" And true to trust in rags remain,
" And should those sheaves e'er tempt to theft,
" Will scorn to filch a single grain:

"Since sweeter far the coarsest cake,
"Of barley-bread, or darker rye,
"Than whitest wheat-flour guilt can bake,
"Or all that sinful arts supply.'

And thus they toil, while thus they play,
Till the deep shades of night advance,
When, homeward as they wind their way,
They talk of fighting, and of France.

PART

PART II.

But now the hamlet we regain,
And at John's ever-open door
Awhile to gossip pause the train,
And thus their harmless day is o'er.

Then morning comes, and, ere the skies
Have gladsome hail'd the orient sun,
From their short rest the groups arise
Refresh'd—the self-same course to run.

Then, too, the Gleaner early takes
His walk, where all these objects blend:
Explores the thickets, streams, and brakes,
Or chats, in cool cot, with his friend.

And, in that cool cot, fair and true,
Full oft an image fond and dear
Rises at every glance to view,
And claims the sigh, and claims the tear.

Scant though the window, through its panes
The church-yard neighbourhood you spy;
Yon white stone marks the Youth's* remains,
And close beside the Maiden's lie.

An aged ash its gray branch flings,
And like the mourning willow waves;

* This worthy young man and woman were betrothed to each other, but fell early victims to the same disorder—a rapid consumption.

And

And from yon cloud the moon-beam springs,
And softly gilds the lovers' graves.

Then, lighted by the broader ray
Of full-orb'd Cynthia, as she shines,
The glistening dew-drops seem to lay
Fresh incense at the lovers' shrines.

And clear as noon-tide now appears
The path-way to the House of God,
Which many a hundred rolling years
The rustics have each sabbath trod.

Yet not a yew or cypress shade
Within the sacred round is seen,
To grace the spot where love is laid,
Or guard the brier-bound hillocks green.

And when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
Still shall the prospect gloom the same :—
But what so sweet beneath the skies
To sighing John and sorrowing Dame?

"Methought, at first, our hearts would break,"
Quoth John, "to live those children near;
"But now we seem to hear them speak,
"And angel voices strike the ear."

"And what," exclaims the tender wife,
"Are other prospects now to me?
"Bereav'd of thee—my pride of life,
"How dear the turf that covers thee!

"And

"And oft at early morn, and eve,
"As a fond look I cast around,
"Though that white stone still makes me grieve,
"How sweet to see the holy ground!

"Yon Lordship-house*, where shone the great,
"However rich, however fine,
"I'd leave, with all its rooms of state,
"To live near that dear grave of thine!

"And should the threatening Frenchman come,
"And ruthless seize our cottage true,
"Old John and I shall die at home,
"And meet the blow that grave in view.

"Then would it open to receive
"The murder'd parents of my boy,
"Our hearts would then no longer grieve,
"Our spirits meet in endless joy!"

PART III.

Thus genuine people tell their pain,
In words from genuine nature caught;
And thus the Gleaner joins the strain,
The same his prospects and his thought.

For, to this cottage true, he wends
At length his solitary way;
And here awhile, with lowly friends,
He hails declining summer's day.

* A mansion lately inhabited by Sir Robert Burton.

And

And forth he goes, 'midst native grounds,
    To clasp a hundred rustic hands;
Then fondly strays o'er well-known bounds,
    And mixes in the harvest bands.

And as he sees the youngling trains
    O'er fragrant fields assiduous roam,
He listens to their artless strains
    Till twilight guides them gently home.

And when their sounds are heard no more,
    And nought but light winds whisper round;
When toil and pastime both are o'er,
    And weary groups repose profound:

O then how soft alone to sit
    Pensive within this cottage true,
Ere yet the bat has ceas'd to twit,
    Ere yet the moon retires from view!

And, O how sweet, at midnight hour,
    To breathe a prayer for suffering friend,
And supplicate the healing power
    Some pitying balm from heaven to send!

And softer still, to hear him sleep,
    Each pain and sorrow lull'd the while;
And when again the morn doth peep,
    Bid him good morrow with a smile.

But, lo! how pale that moon-ray peers
    On yonder figure, poor and old!

'Tis

'Tis Anna* of a hundred years,
Who descants still on times of old;

Still vaunts of gay victorious days,
When she and our First George did reign;
The monarch he of lofty lays,
And she the queen of humbler strain.

And now, though sceptred beauty's o'er,
And all her lovers in the grave,
The rustics, as they pass her door,
"Swear—*Anna from the foe to save.*"

She hears the oath, and, with a sigh,
Thankful extends her wither'd arm:
"The burial-place," quoth she, "so nigh,
"'Twere hard the foe these bones should harm!"

And as the youngling gleaner-band
On the small head their gatherings bear,
They, too, at Anna's door-way stand,
And leave a generous handful there.

And for th' Invader—when the corn
Is safely stor'd, the infant throng
Again can muster, eve and morn,
Their volunteers, full twenty strong!

* ANN EARL, who resides in a cottage immediately opposite to that of JOHN HILLS, bordering on the church-yard. In her youth, she is said to have been extremely beautiful. The author remembers her in the same house upwards of forty years; and, in a recent conversation with her, finds she has a memory to all which then passed.

The

The reeds* cockade and plume supply,
Th' inverted kettle forms a drum,
The slight lath arms each little thigh,
And "NOW LET BONAPARTE† COME!"

Then stoutly forth they march with glee,
An urchin troop with spirits wild,
Vow, like their sires, THEY WILL BE FREE!—
Thus springs the hero from the child.

Yet while for war they seem to glow,
The tiny soldiers, free from guile,
Forget the world contains a foe,
And sink in slumber with a smile.

And couldst thou, MAN OF BLOOD! behold
The villagers and village true,
See John and Dame in love grown old,
And not be melted at the view?

And not suspend thy gory spear,
Nor feel the touch of sympathy?
Nor at yon white stone drop a tear,
Near which the youth and maiden lie?

Ah, no! Thy tiger rage could speed
To seize upon this cottage true,
Commit each foul and felon deed,
And with its dead the church-yard strew;

* There are numerous beds of these in and along the neighbouring river Ouze.

† Or, as they more frequently call him, BONNYPARTY.

And yon white stone in ruins lay,
    On which the sweet moon now doth shine;
And make the hallow'd bones thy prey,
    And mock at Love and Pity's shrine!

Yes, ruthless, Thou, untaught to spare,
    Canst rob the chambers of the grave,
The meek babe from the bosom tear,
    Nor mother nor her infant save.

To thy destroying arm must yield
    The useful ox, the generous steed,
And all the treasures of the field,
    And man and beast promiscuous bleed!

With stony heart, and weepless eye,
    Thou tak'st thy sacrilegious round,
Stabbing the labourers as they lie
    In toil's sweet slumber wrapt profound.

Nor cradled infancy, nor age
    Bed-rid or crutch'd, nor orphan's moan,
Can 'scape thy all-devouring rage,
    Nor matron's shriek, nor father's groan!

O then, by all that crowns your lives,
    By friendships true, and loves sincere,
By spotless daughters, blameless wives,
    Kinsfolk, and King and Country dear—

Rise, RISE, ye husbandmen and swains!
    Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm, ye poor!

Defend

Defend your dear, your native plains,
And spurn the invader from the door!

Or, should the Tyrant's self advance,
Let all your scythes to sabres turn,
Convert the sickle to the lance,
Till shepherd's crook shall laurels earn.

So shall the loud and jovial laugh
Still gaily spread from sheaf to sheaf,
And PEACE return, as proud you quaff—
The DOWNFALL OF THE GALLIC CHIEF!

So shall your villages and plains,
Your cots and farms, be still your thrones;
So thrive your damsels, dames, and swains,
And quiet rest poor Anna's bones.

Then, rise, ye husbandmen and swains!
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm, ye poor!
Defend your dear and native plains,
And SPURN TH' INVADER FROM YOUR DOOR!

A POETIC DISPUTE.

" Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest."

TO THE REV. MR. GRAVES,

OF CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH,

On receiving an admirable Letter, written after having passed the 90th Year of his Age.

LONG-LOV'D and venerable Friend,
Thanks for the *Paradox* you send.
You talk of weakness and of age,
And then to *prove* it fill your page
With every mark of mental health,
Vigour and intellectual wealth,
And active, warm benevolence,
And all the energies of sense.

You tell me too, you're deaf and blind;
Then show the *vision* of your mind
To be so little worse for wear,
In all that Genius pictures fair,
That, running sense and wit 'gainst time,
You're little more than in your prime;
And had I not the date from you,
I scarce should think you fifty-two;
The point when Wisdom is mature,
And what remains of Fancy, pure;

Or

Or, if you still dispute this truth,
We'll say you're in your *second youth!*
But even here you change the plan,
NOT TWICE a CHILD, BUT TWICE A MAN!

March 31st, 1804.

TO THE GLEANER,

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES OF HIS TO THE AUTHOR.

ALAS! my friend, you're very kind
To say, that though I'm deaf and blind,
Of sight and hearing thus bereft,
My *mental vigour* still is left;
But while you'd contradict my senses,
My *feeling* stronger light dispenses,
And *'spite* of all your glowing diction,
Poets, I find, *will* deal in fiction;
Yet, though I think your praise invention,
I thank you for your kind intention.

You tell me too, I still am *young*,
Nor are you, Sir, entirely wrong.
If *follies* are of *youth* the test,
This obvious truth *must* be confest;
In this respect I'm still a child,
By every youthful whim beguil'd:
The lovely sex I still admire;
But, ah! what hopes can they inspire?

Love

Love books,—I ne'er can read, I fear;
Love music—which I cannot hear;
Love pictures—which I cannot see;
What greater follies can there be?
But, every scruple to remove,
These doggrel rhymes the fact will prove.

I'm also *twice* a man, you say,
Not *twice* a child—ah! lack-a-day!
I never was, say what you can,
But little more than half a man;
And now, by age and grief worn out,
I still am *twice* a man, no doubt!
And that my faculties decay
I feel, alas! each fleeting day:
In short, if still you will dispute,
These rhymes your argument confute.
I'm hastening fast to ninety-one,
And ('tis full time) my work is done;
And hourly now I keep in view
My latter end.—Dear Sir, adieu!

R. GRAVES.

Claverton, April 2, 1804.

REJOINDER.

TO THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

BETTER and better, my old friend!
Instead of marring things, you mend;
And though I own you ably strive,
Your negative's affirmative.

 A truce

A truce then with poetic sparring,
Since in your vain attempt at marring
You more *confirm* what you deny,
As plain you prove in your reply.

There's not a line but beams with thought,
From wisdom or from genius brought;
A moral clear, or maxim terse,
Or epigram in every verse;
And then for sorrows so acute,
They strengthen what you'd fain confute;
Your talents and your tender heart
Are sound and true in every part;
Your humour, and your playful whim,
Show fancy firm in every limb;
And, 'spite of time and grief, your MIND
Is neither LAME, nor DEAF, nor BLIND.
And could I o'er stern Fate prevail,
As little should your BODY fail:
O could I ruthless TIME controul,
Your *mortal* part should match your SOUL.

The letter from Mr. Graves that gave rise to the leading verses, was in consequence of that gentleman announcing to the GLEANER a new and interesting work called "The Invalid," by the Author of "The Spiritual Quixote," "Columella," &c. written and put to press in the 91st year of the Author's age!

I have already expressed deep regret at the recent death of the venerable man who occasioned the foregoing verses. A very few months before his decease, in a letter dated the 14th of September 1804, he informed me that his eyes were so bad that it was with great difficulty he could write at all, and tenderly concluded himself, in a hand scarcely legible, my "very old and superannuated friend, Richard Graves."

He left the world in the November following. I applied for some particulars of his last moments to a mutual friend, who for the past thirty years

years has been in habits of the strictest intimacy, and who perhaps knew more of him than any other person had an opportunity of knowing. "Often," observed the correspondent alluded to, "have I said to myself, when Mr. Graves had been with me, and left me impressed with some additional proof of his genius or his friendship, "Dear old man! should I survive thee—and our difference of years seems to give me that assurance—what can I not say with truth of thy various merits? and what will I not attempt to say?" But *that*, among other things in this life that we fondly promise ourselves, is, by some fortuitous event, frequently frustrated. Mr. Prince Hoare, his old scholar, his constant correspondent, and most devoted friend, had been at Claverton two or three weeks before Mr. G.'s last illness, and attended to receive his last breath and blessing. Mr. Hoare observed he was prepared to give a short account of our departed friend, and what he affectionately composed I now enclose you."

I adopt the above-named gentleman's sentiment, that, "were it possible for such a man as Mr. Graves to pass by unnoticed, the world would fail to reap the whole of that benefit which it is entitled to expect from the influence of virtuous example. Description can, indeed, add no force to the impression made by living worth within the circle to which private excellence is known; but a more extensive posthumous record is a tribute which justice demands, because the failure of it might imply a doubt of the reality of important facts. For this reason I shall extend the knowledge of such example as far as may be within my power.

"Mr. Graves possessed from nature an extraordinary vivacity of constitution, to which the active employments of his choice and station gave a full scope, and which a rigid temperance maintained unimpaired to the end of a long life. His mind was highly cultivated at a very early period, not from the severity of precept, but from its spontaneous efforts to trace the sources of refined and virtuous pleasure. At College he was the intimate associate of Shenstone, Jago, Sir W. Blackstone, and whomever else of distinguished character the University of Oxford then contained; and he approved himself in no respect their inferior, either in the vigour of his talents, the rectitude of his heart, or the fervency of his projects for future utility.

"The example of his life has been uniformly of that kind from which society derives its essential advantages and actual comforts. His attention was not devoted to any speculative reforms of human nature, but was exerted, minutely and continually, in the department immediately subject to his inspection, to check the progress of errors that lead imperceptibly

ceptibly to calamity, and to direct the listening proselyte in the road to happiness.

"In his view of worldly actions, he contemplated the vices of mankind with the most minute strictness of discrimination; and when called on by his duty, he investigated them with severity, reproved them with earnestness, but corrected them with lenity. A first offence met his compassion, not his anger; but he was slow to pardon its repetition.

"A natural politeness, a simplicity of manners, equally unassumed and unassuming, covered (and from his ordinary acquaintance almost concealed) an ardent and energetic spirit, which never submitted to unjust aggression, and never stooped to dissimulation or dependence. He endured affliction with the courage of a mind conscious of its own uprightness, and frequently diverted the inroads of sorrow by the exercise of his accustomed literary pursuits.

"He had many of the eccentric habits of genius, but 'the love of order' was the prevailing principle of his mind, and rule of his conduct. The familiar intercourse of his domestic hours exhibited an unvarying tenor of affection, cheerfulness, and piety. He was in his heart, as in his profession, attached to the truths of Revelation. It was his declaration to an intimate friend, that after all the researches of reading or speculative inquiry, he thought 'No man,' to use his own words, 'could help being a Christian.'

"Mr. Graves was born, in the year 1715, of an antient family, at Mickleton in Gloucestershire. He was presented to the living of Claverton, in Somersetshire, in the year 1748, and to that of Crosscombe, in the same county, about two years since. He was a man of great classical learning, and was originally designed for the practice of Medicine, but afterwards turned his thoughts to the Church, in the doctrines of which he was uncommonly skilled. He established a school at Claverton for many years with the highest credit. He was first distinguished in the literary world as the author of The Spiritual Quixote, to which he successively added a great number of ingenious and interesting publications in verse and prose, in a clear, familiar, and lively style.—His Sermons are written in the same unaffected manner, and find an easy access to the heart. They are the only work to which he affixed his name, but there is no volume in the long catalogue of his writings, which does not bear the characteristic marks of his genius and virtue."

This portrait is very ably written, and resembles the original in many features. The learning and the virtues of the good old man are well sustained,

sustained, and it breathes of affection—but methinks it wants some distinguishing yet amiable eccentricities, which marked Mr. G.'s character. Mr. Hoare might have improved the likeness by noticing that rapidity of utterance, those flashes of wit, apt and brilliant quotations, boyish agility at fourscore and upwards; ever in a hurry, and always collected though seemingly confused; yet, and amidst all his velocities, coolly methodical:

> By turns he seem'd grave, gamesome, learned, wild,
> In sense a sage—simplicity a child.

All these minute yet important touches might have brought him nearer to general recollection. Were a monumental tribute to be paid to his memory, a better model could not be chosen than Cunningham's pathetic simple stanzas on his friend Shenstone—

> "Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse."

The expressions throughout apply equally to both.

"You request me," says the friend who furnished me with Mr. Hoare's elegant eulogium, "to send you some account of Mr. Graves's *first* and *last* illness; for such was his universal good state of health that they both came together. About a week before his death, or at most ten days, he was at my house*, *his daily resort for more than half a century*; he never appeared more lively, nor his faculties less impaired; and he had almost regained his old pace, which you may well remember was between a run and a walk, but which, you recollect, he had been prevented from using, through a severe fall he met about two years ago, and which, for the *first time in his life*, compelled him to remain quiet for a quarter of an hour together—

> "One morn we miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill;"

and I soon heard that he was afflicted by a violent disorder, which threatened fatal consequences, as his very slender frame could not stand the effects of any exhausting malady. Dr. Falconer went over two or three times, but saw nothing could be done. Dr. Moodie visited him every day during his illness, and administered every relief that he could devise. It seems the dear old man particularly wished to live, for reasons

* In the Grove, Bath.

of

of great importance, perhaps, to his mind, on a subject of inexpressible delicacy; he therefore sent for Mr. Horton, and told him that about forty years ago he recollected that his father was very successful in cases like the present. Mr. Horton inquired what he had taken, and declared nothing could be more proper. The veteran asked for me, and how the gout now used me. "I had promised myself," said he, "to have dined with him when he should be mayor of Bath (in the event of things not physically impossible some twenty years hence), but I fear that I shall be disappointed." Mr. Hoare was seldom out of his presence for the last three or four days. One of his scholars likewise, Mr. Matthias (Author of the Essay on Population), was then on a visit to his father-in-law, Mr. Eckershall, at Claverton "Great House." He attended his kind old master, and administered the sacrament to him. After this, perceiving his fate, he was perfectly collected during the whole trying scene of dissolution, and at length his breath passed unperceived away in a soft untroubled kind of sleep.

In his last letter to me from Claverton is the following impressive passage, soon after he had complained of the disorder in his eyes:

"While I was writing on the *Omnipotence* of temperance and exercise to preserve health, I was attacked by such a host of biles on my head, face, and neck, that I thought it a *punishment for my presumption*. I am now under the surgeon's hands for one on my cheek, near my sight, which makes me half blind."

In proof that the activity and vigour of his intellect remained with him to the last, may be mentioned his having adopted an idea suggested by Mr. Hoare, on a proposal of Mr. Phillips, that the veteran bard should become his own biographer, for which he was to have been very liberally remunerated by the proposer. Mr. Graves was so well pleased with this design, that scarcely more than a week before his death he sat down to the execution, with a mind so teeming with his subject, as actually to fill several sheets of paper with matter at once pleasant, interesting, and connected. It was proposed to enrich and diversify the narrative by anecdote, circumstance, and character, respecting the contemporary friends of the venerable biographer, whether of fashion or in letters. A memoir of this

this kind, of a man of observation and acuteness, stepping on to his century, beginning the history, as was intended,

> " even from his boyish days
> " To the very moment he was bid to write it,"

might have exhibited an instance of what a mind uncontaminated by the vices of society, a body braced by regular exercise, and kept in tone by invariable temperance, is capable. And had it not been for the intervention of an attack, violent and sudden, rather than of any lingering disease, the effect of a decayed constitution, this example of the " *sana mens in corpore sano*" might have been given to the living world, and to posterity, by a *man of genius and virtue*, in the HUNDREDTH YEAR of his age.

GLEANER.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

TO LAURA PHILLIPS,

AN INFANT.

WHAT bard a tribute can refuse
To LAURA, dear to every Muse?
Auspicious Babe! thy classic name
Kindles at once the poet's flame;
Each liquid letter fans the fire,
And animates the glowing lyre.

But, chaste as the descending snows,
And pure as May's scarce budding rose,
And fragrant as the breath of morn
When Flora's sweets the spring adorn,
Should the unsullied incense be,
To form a wreath, sweet maid, for thee!

What though, fond Petrarch, thy warm lay
Was ardent as the summer ray,
And gentle as the zephyr's sigh
Breath'd from thy own Italian sky;
What tho' these deck'd TTHY Laura's shrine,
Blest innocent! they suit not Thine.

For no unhallow'd, troublous thought
From the mad world's infection caught,

No

No passion, foe to peace and rest,
Has yet disturb'd that spotless breast;
And other strains to thee belong
Than ill-starr'd Love's tumultuous song.

O if a Petrarch sighs for thee,
And thou of magic poesy
Confess the charm, and yield to love,
May Honour still the flame approve!
May *thy* Vaucluse * be Virtue's vale,
Where Health and Heaven embalm the gale!

And purer far than Sorgue's † the wave
That shall that peaceful valley lave:
Here let an altar ‡, rear'd to Truth,
Burn for sweet Laura and the Youth,
Blameless, yet bright as Vestal fire,
And never in her heart expire!

S. J. PRATT.

* Near Avignon—celebrated by Petrarch.
† The river Sorgue—often mentioned by the poet.
‡ Alluding to the altar raised by Petrarch to Laura.

SYM-

SYMPATHY,

A

POEM:

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

[REVISED FROM THE EIGHTH EDITION.]

INTRODUCTION.

The Reader is requested to consider the following Poem as a SKETCH, and only a sketch, of the Sympathetic Principle, or Social Principle, applied first to the Author's particular situation, and thence extended more generally as influencing the whole animal creation.

Upon visiting the villa of a friend, and finding it deserted by a family extremely dear to the Author, he experienced precisely the sensations he has endeavoured to describe. It was natural for him to pass beyond his own case, and contemplate that of others under similar circumstances. The fairest productions of animated nature were before him. They occupied the same spot. He was in the midst of them. His heart dilated. If, as seems to be admitted, a virtuous enthusiasm be necessary to the proper enjoyment of such scenery, the Critic of Nature will hardly know how to be offended, though he should find that enough of this has stolen into the subject to occasion effusions, which, if closely examined when the mind is cold, may be not altogether in strict connection.

It were easy to have thrown out some sentiments not quite in keeping with the theme; but, zealous to prove the powers of Universal Sympathy, the writer felt the solicitudes of a Philanthropist united with those of an Author. Of course, what had any chance of cementing the social affections was too precious to be omitted.

The success which has attended the work in various forms of publication, is truly gratifying to the author, who

who now again presents it, considerably enlarged, and under every advantage he has been able to derive from private remark or public criticism. He hopes he shall be excused for allowing the flattering verses of some literary characters to remain. Most of them were free-will offerings to early editions before he gave his name to the poem; and the compositions in themselves are beautiful. As to the compliments, the Author can truly say, they have only stimulated him to efforts the better to deserve them; and he certainly has, upon all occasions, endeavoured as zealously to weaken the causes of censure, as to strengthen those of approbation.

TO THE AUTHOR OF SYMPATHY.

What son of Phœbus strikes the heavenly lyre?
  With sweetest strains of Nature and of Art,
What sounds that sacred harmony inspire,
  Strike on the ear, and vibrate through the heart?
While this new candidate for virtuous fame,
Like a coy lover, hides the secret flame,
Enjoys the plaudits, and conceals his name?

Hear'st thou, my Clio?—Heav'n-descended Muse,
  Let not this laurel'd Chief remain unknown;
Though modest merit should the praise refuse,
  Assert thy Poet, and his temples crown;
O! should a lay like this be sung in vain?
Or should the sweetest swan conceal'd remain,
While many a goose loud gabbles o'er the plain?

 Within

Within each gen'rous heart, his song enshrin'd,
Shall rouse the social passions to a tear;
Shall wake to Sympathy each feeling mind,
And blend Love's rosy smile with Pity's tear.
Then, Clio, tell with pride thy Poet's name,
Freed from the fears of Envy's dart or blame,
And let th' admiring world thy Bard proclaim.

CLARA REEVE*.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF OF THE CORRECTED COPY OF " SYMPATHY."

MACTE virtute esto, Patrone Pauperum elegantissime, miseriarum inurbanarum Pictor urbanissime, in quo reviviscit Goldsmithius. Pulchrè, φιλεθυμε, cogitas, et cogitata pulcherrimè loqueris. Nempe diceret Quintilianus, quòd in hoc tuo Poemate optima verba rebus optimis cohærent. Non verbum amplius addam.

Vive, vale !

J. M. Birmingham.

SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF SYMPATHY. 1803.

IN † happier days I listen'd to thy lyre,
Bower'd in paternal shades. To memory sweet,
The strains that waken'd Love and chaste Desire,
Mid the light Dance, and Mirth with twinkling feet,

* To whom the public is indebted for the Old English Baron, and many other ingenious publications.

† Alluding to a former Sonnet addressed to the same author.

Fain

Fain would I welcome once again, beguil'd
By thy symphonious numbers. Yet in vain
I trace poetic forms through Fancy's wild,
Here, where no haunts familiar to the child,
No favourite brook remurmuring in my ear,
No green wood whispering sooths the sense of pain!
And, while, at distance seen, the vivid train
Of pleasures thrill my fluttering heart no more,
O PRATT! can e'en thy "SYMPATHY" restore
Life's opening bloom, or call back youth again?

R. POLEWHELE.

TO

THE AUTHOR OF SYMPATHY,

A POEM.

ON Scar's lov'd banks, a stream unknown to fame,
That wildly winds this tangled dell along,
Where oft I feel the Muse's hallow'd flame,
And glow enraptur'd with her Attic song;

And oft her awful high-wrought strains recall,
As o'er the stage in tragic robe she sweeps,
With terror fraught the shuddering soul t' appall,
Whilst Pity, soften'd with her sorrows, weeps:

For * Avon's Bard this chaplet let me twine,
Culling one branch from her immortal wreath!
For, tender Bard, impassion'd HEART is thine,
And THOUGHTS that warm from social feeling breathe:

* The river Avon, in Somertsetshire.

Vivid and bright as thy ideas glow,
  Thy magic verse th' enlivening flame imparts;
From thee to us the strong emotions flow,
  And, ere aware, we feel them in our hearts.

E'en those who read but to amuse the hour
  Catch from thy page sensations more refin'd;
And, sweet Enthusiast, wonder at thy pow'r,
  Which so expands their souls to ALL MANKIND

Go then, in Virtue's cause the passions move,
  And SELF to gen'rous-glowing SOCIAL raise:
Be this thy meed, The good and wise approve,
  And BEATTIE's sanction ratifies the praise.

R. POTTER.

Scarning, 16th August, 1781.

IN a note to be found a few pages removed from those which I am now about to offer, I lamented the Death of the venerable GRAVES; I have now to mourn that of the excellent POTTER, a man no less sacred in my memory and dear to my affections. It was about midnight when the news of his decease arrived; and by one of those coincidences which so frequently surprise and interest us, I had the day before intended to remind him of a more than half promsie to honour HARVEST HOME with a love-token from *his* classic Muse. The tributary lines which follow suggested themselves immediately to mine, on hearing that he was no more:

O LEND

O LEND thy soft and lucid beam,
Fair patroness* of plaintive song,
To aid the Muse's tender theme,
Now thy light fleeces glide along.

How oft in Scarning's rural bowers,
And, Lowestoft, where thy sea-breeze plays,
Charm'd by his richly-varied powers,
And soften'd by thy lucid rays,

Have I with fond and raptur'd ear
Attentive listen'd to his strain,
At every pause still long'd to hear
The high-ton'd harmony again!

For Greece and Latium both combin'd
To grace and dignify his lyre,
And his own lov'd Britannia join'd
The patriot-poet to inspire.

O form'd to win and wear the bays!
Had Wit or Wisdom power to save
The full of honour as of days,
POTTER had still escap'd the grave.

Yet, dear to Love's and Friendship's prayer,
For gracious deeds and classic lore,
Fair Fame her favour'd Bard shall spare
Till Wit and Wisdom are no more;

* They were pencilled by moonlight.

Till

Till Virtue's self shall fade away,
And share awhile the common doom;
Then rise to universal day
Resplendent in immortal bloom*.

* "The republic of letters, in the death of Mr. Potter," observed an ingenious correspondent in a printed account which accompanied the affecting tidings, "has lost one of its best and most unassuming ornaments. His manners were simple, and his life exemplary. He was a scholar of the old school, and nothing tempted him to relinquish divine and polite literature. His works are not numerous; but they are valuable, and will find their way to posterity."

The only temporary effusion of his pen was a pamphlet in defence of his brother poet, Gray, against the criticisms of Johnson. A great portion of his life was dedicated to the translating of the three Greek tragic poets, to whom he is the first who has done ample justice in our language. He has the peculiar felicity of transfusing their loftiness, and preserving their simplicity, without running into bombast, or descending to servility.

His translations are justly admired by those who are well versed in the originals, of the charms of which they convey the most gratifying idea to the English reader.—It was not till after he had completed his last translation, that of Sophocles, that Mr. Potter obtained any preferment in the church higher than that of vicar of Lowestoft.

He had been a schoolfellow of Lord Thurlow, and had constantly sent his publications to that great man without ever soliciting a favour from him. On receiving a copy of the Sophocles, however, his Lordship wrote a short note to Mr. Potter, acknowledging the receipt of his books from time to time, and the pleasure they had afforded him, and requesting Mr. Potter's acceptance of a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Norwich; which, with his vicarage, rendered him comfortable for the remainder of a life honourably devoted to those pursuits which best become a profound scholar and a true Christian.

To the correctness of *most* of the circumstances herein mentioned I can vouch, on a personal knowledge of the facts. And by means of a letter received from one of the daughters, to whom the above verses are inscribed, I am able and permitted to give such particulars as the friend is ever eager to gather respecting the last moments of a great and good man. I shall present them in the feeling words of the affectionate communicator.

"You

"You ask particulars concerning the late illness which preceded the death of our dear departed parent, and your long-loved friend. He had, in effect, no illness, but a slow, regular, and, I bless God, an almost imperceptible decline. He was as cheerful and well amongst his friends the evening before his death as ever I remember him. I left his bedside at twelve o'clock, my usual time of retiring from my dear charge; he was then very comfortable. Alas! the next morning I found him a corpse, cold and stiff. The faculty were of opinion he went off in his sleep, for he lay exactly in the position I placed him when I withdrew, and his venerable countenance indicated a sweet repose. You, who for so many years had experience of his blameless life, will not be surprised to hear he was perfectly resigned to the awful summons, and that he expected it long before, and met death, as I am persuaded every good Christian must, with undisturbed resignation. It would be needless to tell one who knew him so well and so long as yourself, that he was an affectionate friend, and a most excellent parent.—Can I say more? With regard to his genius and learning, the world has but one opinion. But he has left no poetry or papers intended for the eye of the public. I acknowledge I was a little surprised, when I could endure the idea of examining his papers, not to find any thing of a general nature. His picture, done by Romney, and that of my brother, and his Sermons in manuscript, he left to my cousin. As soon as my domestic affairs are settled at Lowestoft, I mean to visit some relations who live in North Wales, and with them I shall most likely end my days. Every earthly comfort seems buried in the grave with my dear, dear father. This you would not wonder at hearing, could you have seen and known how truly happy and comfortable we lived together the last eight years of his life. I always told him he would spoil me—so it has happened. It is impossible I should ever meet with such a friend and protector.

"The public are wrongly informed as to some matters respecting him. The late Bishop Bagot was the friend who presented my father with Lowestoft and Kessingland, Lord Thurlow with the prebendary of Norwich. My father *never saw Lord Thurlow*, nor did any one make the least interest with his lordship. Some of the newspapers mentioned their having been school-fellows. His preferment to the prebendal chair was owing solely to my father's merit, and Lord Thurlow's liberal sense of it. The favour was conferred in a manner highly honourable to both.

P.S. "We do not mean to have any inscription, as it was our dear parent's particular desire not to have any memorial of that kind, but merely the date of his birth, death, and burial, on a simple and unornamented stone.

SYMPATHY.

BOOK I.

O'ER yon fair lawn, where oft in various talk
The fav'ring Muses join'd our evening walk,
Up yonder hill that rears its crest sublime,
Oft were we wont with gradual steps to climb,
To hear the lark her earliest matin sing,
And woo the dew-bath'd zephyrs on the wing.

Fast by yon shed, of roots and verdure made,
How oft we paus'd, companions of the shade
In yonder cot just seated on the brow,
Whence, unobserv'd, we view'd the world below!
Well pleas'd we cull'd fit objects for our song,
From land or ocean widely stretch'd along:
The morning vapours passing thro' the vale,
The distant turret, or the lessening sail,
The pointed cliff which overhangs the main,
The breezy upland, or the opening plain,
The misty traveller yet dimly seen,
And every hut which neighbours on the green.
Or down yon foot-way we explor'd the stream,
Whose little rills ran tinkling to the theme,
Which seem'd to sympathize with Hammond's lay,
Or lapse responsive to the lyre of Gray;
O'er these dear bounds * like one forlorn I roam,
O'er these dear bounds, I fondly call'd my home.

* Langford-Court, in Somersetshire, the seat of the Rev. Mr. WHALLEY.

And

And yet to touch me various powers combine
Where summer revels with a warmth divine;
The glowing season here each charm supplies,
From earth's rich harvest crown'd with cloudless skies,
Or future plenty bursting through the grain,
From golden sheaves that circle round the swain.

Here as I stop, beneath Eliza's tree,
Far, oh belov'd associate! far from thee,
Some little CHANGE thy absence to declare
I pray to find, and friendship forms the pray'r:
Less bright the sun-beams, or less soft the show'rs,
Some essence wanting to the fruits or flow'rs:
Those fruits and flow'rs, alas! more ripe appear,
And the lawn smiles as tho' my friend were here;
From the soft myrtle brighter blossoms spring,
In mellower notes the plumy people sing.

Near yonder church, where we retired to pray,
The good man's modest cottage I survey;
Our pious Pastor, who each sabbath taught
The listening rustic's noblest reach of thought:
That modest cottage and its garden still
Seek the soft shelter of the friendly hill;
The column'd smoke still curls its wreaths around,
And not one lessen'd beauty marks the bound.

As near yon bower with pensive steps I go,
To view the shrubs your culture taught to grow,
The fair exotics boast a happier bloom
Than when their patron shar'd the rich perfume:

The

The orange still its tawny lustre shows,
The late rose reddens, and the balsam blows;
While roving o'er the hedge the woodbine fair
Embalms with heaven's own essence heaven's own air:
Not softer and not sweeter flew the gale,
When we together trod this blooming vale;
When, far beyond the busy world's control,
Nature our guide, we open'd all the soul.

Whence this neglect? say, in thy lov'd domain,
Where all the virtues in thy presence reign;
Where gathering round thee, youth and age conspire,
While some as brother court thee, some as sire;
Where all the social passions fondly blend,
To give the smiling neighbourhood a friend;
Where somewhat of thy gentle heart is seen,
A grace, or goodness, adding to the green;
Where the babe lisps thy bounties on the knee,
And second childhood leans its crutch on thee.
Whence this neglect? Ingratitude, retreat!
Go: and in shades less sacred fix thy seat:
Go to the treach'rous world, thy proper sphere;
But, oh! forbear to scatter poisons here:
About this dwelling, and these harmless bounds,
Friendship and Love alone should take their rounds,
Fair as the blossoms which the walls sustain,
Rich as the fruits, and generous as the grain;
Secure as yonder warblers nesting near,
Like Honour steady, and like Faith sincere.

But soft, my friend! Tho' shrubs and bowers remain
The fix'd productions of th' unconscious plain;

Though

Though these no gentle sympathies can know,
But as the planter bends them learn to grow;
To higher parts as Nature lifts her plan,
The kinder creatures, haply, feel for man;
The tame domestics which attend his board
Haply partake the fortune of their lord,
His presence hail, his absence long deplore,
Droop as he droops, and die when he's no more.

Pleas'd at the thought, still onward let me tread,
Where flocks and herds diversify the mead,
Where breathing odours, winnow'd by the gale,
Fan the soft bosom of the smiling vale;
The rooks behind their brawling councils hold,
And the proud peacock trails his train of gold;
Around the doves their purple plumage show,
And clucking poultry saunter, pleas'd, below;
While there the house-dog, with accustom'd glee,
Fawns on the hind—as late he fawn'd on thee.
These crop the food, those press the flowery bed,
Nor weep the absent, nor bewail the dead;
Their stinted feelings seem but half awake,
Dull as yon steer now slumbering on the brake.

Whence then the gloom that shrouds the summer sky?
Whence the warm tear now gathering in my eye?
And whence the change when bosom-friends depart?—
From FANCY striking on the feeling HEART.
Oh should I follow where *she* leads the way,
What magic meteor to her touch would play!

Then,

Then, far from thee, this sun which gilds my brow
In deep eclipse would darken all below;
The herds, though now plain reason sees them feed,
Smit by her touch would languish in the mead;
The breeze which now disports with yonder spray,
The flocks which pant beneath the heat of day,
The pendent copse in partial shadows drest,
The scanty herbage on the mountain's crest,
The balmy pow'rs that mix with ev'ry gale,
The glassy lakes that fertilize the dale,
Struck by *her* mystic sceptre all would fade,
And sudden sadness brood along the shade.

As poets sing, thus Fancy takes her range,
Whose wand ethereal waves a general change;
A change, which yielding Reason still obeys,
For sceptred Reason oft with Fancy plays;
Soon as the gen'rous master leaves his home,
What vision'd sorrows deep invest the dome!
Soon as the much-lov'd mistress quits the scene,
No longer smiles the grateful earth in green:
In solemn sable ev'ry flow'r appears,
And skies relent in sympathizing tears!
Scarce had the bard of Leasowes' lov'd domain
Clos'd his dimm'd eye upon the pensive plain,
Ere birds and beasts funereal honours paid,
Mourn'd their lov'd lord, and sought the desert shade;
His gayest meads a serious habit wore,
His larks would sing, his lambs would frisk no more;
A deeper cadence murmur'd from his floods,
Cimmerian horror brooded o'er his woods:

At

At ev'ry solemn pause the raven scream'd,
The sun set sanguine, and the dog-star gleam'd;
But chief the conscious laurels droop'd their head,
While every bower its leafy honours shed;
Around his walks the Muses wander'd slow,
And hung their lyres on every naked bough.

Yet, separate facts from fairy scenes like these,
Nature, we find, still keeps her first decrees;
The order due which at her birth was giv'n,
Still forms th' unchanging law of earth and heav'n;
In one fair tenor, *on* the circle goes,
And no obstruction, no confusion knows.
When Shenstone, nay, when SHAKESPEARE press'd the tomb,
The shrubs that saw their fate maintain'd their bloom;
Clear ran the streams to their accustom'd shore,
Nor gave one bubble less, one murmur more;
Nor did a single leaf, a simple flower,
Or fade or fall to mark their mortal hour.

But, is it Fancy ALL? what, no reserve?
From one dull course can Nature never swerve?
Is change of seasons all the change she knows,
From Autumn's sickly heats to Winter snows;
From chilling Spring to Summer's dog-star rage;
From boy to man, from man to crawling age?
These her transitions, ling'ring, sad, and slow,
Whence then, in these lov'd shades, my bosom's woe?

Ah! is it Fancy, that, with silent pace,
Impels me thus to range from place to place?

To

To see on ev'ry side an harvest bend,
Yet look on ev'ry side to find my friend?
Or is it Fancy makes yon village train,—
For now 'tis ev'ning,—sport around in vain?
That plighted pairs, amidst the hazel boughs,
By me unseen, impart their tender vows;
While, unsuspicious of a witness near,
They mix with Nature's language Nature's tear?
That twilight's gentle gray which now comes on,
To wait, a sober hand-maid, on the sun,
To watch his parting tinge, his soften'd fires,
Then blush with maiden grace as he retires;
The full-orb'd moon, which now ascending high
Her silver shade throws light across the sky;
The still serene that seems to lull the breeze,
Soft in a leafy cradle midst the trees;
The lessen'd sound of yonder distant bell,
Some mournful moral in each pausing knell;
The dropping dew that settles on my cheek,
The frugal lights that from each cottage break;
The just-dropp'd latch, the little lattice clos'd,
To shield from evening's damp the babe repos'd,
And note the hour when temperance and health
Yield the pale vigils of the night to wealth?

Say, is it vision'd Fancy works the charm,
When these blest objects lose their power to warm?
Ah! no:—from other sources springs the smart;
Its source is here, hard pressing on my HEART.

Yes, 'tis the HEART, my friend, which rules the eye,
And turns a gloomy to a cloudless sky;

 The

The soft magician governs ev'ry scene,
Blossoms the rock, or desolates the green;
Along the heath bids fancied roses blow,
And sunshine rise upon a world of snow.
Yes, 'tis the HEART endears each smiling plain,
Or to his native mountain binds the swain (*a*);
His native mountain where his cottage stands,
More lov'd, more dear, than all the neighb'ring lands;
For though the blast be keen, the soil be bare,
His friends, his wife, his little ones are there.

Oh, had the brother of *my* heart been nigh,
When morning threw her mantle o'er the sky;
Or when gay noon a gaudier robe display'd,
Or modest ev'ning drew her softest shade;
Then had the shrubs breath'd forth their full perfume,
And like his flow'rs my feelings been in bloom.
For still to prove the natural bias right,
Should each fair season with each sense unite.

The bias SOCIAL, man with men must share
The varied benefits of earth and air;
Life's leading law, my friend, which governs all,
To some in large degrees, to some in small;
To lowest insects, highest pow'rs, a part
Wisely dispens'd to ev'ry beating heart;
A due proportion to all creatures given,
From the mole's mansion to the seraph's heav'n.
See the wing'd legions which at noon-tide play,
Together clust'ring in the solar ray,
There sports the social passion; see, and own,
That not an atom takes its flight alone.

Th' un-

Th' unwieldy monsters of the pregnant deep,
The savage herds that through the forest sweep,
The viewless tribes that populate the air,
The milder creatures of domestic care,
The rooks which rock their infants on the tree,
The race which dip their pinions in the sea,
The feather'd train, gay tenants of the bush,
The glossy blackbird, and the echoing thrush,
The gaudy goldfinch which salutes the spring,
Winnowing the thistle with his burnish'd wing,
Jove's eagle soaring tow'rds yon orb of light,
Aurora's lark, and Cynthia's bird of night:
All these the laws of Sympathy declare,
And chorus Heaven's first maxim, BORN TO SHARE.

(*l*) E'en yon vast ELEMENTS, my friend, may prove
The tender force of Sympathy and Love.
Th' illumin'd æther, o'er whose ample breast
Suns roll, stars circle, planets sweep or rest,
On which the glowing fingers of the GOD
Have mark'd the beamy comet's flaming road,
O'er which floats wide the Proteus robe of light,
By day the azure, and the dun by night,—
These, as they travel their fix'd course, agree,
And charm the spheres with SOCIAL harmony.
Who knows (a task by sages unexplor'd)
What social aid the elements afford?
What kindred ties may bind the host of air?
What friendly office star may do for star?
Perhaps, (nor is conjecture here a vice,
Fancy full-plum'd in such research may rise:)

Perhaps yon Sun, reduc'd by constant glow,
For ages friendly to this world below,
May from some neighb'ring planet borrow light,
As he repairs the waning queen of night.
Perhaps some orb celestial may restore
Some lov'd and kindred star's exhausted power;
With friendly aid may bountifully glow,
And be in heaven what Howard was below.

Thus Instinct, Sympathy, or what you will,
A first great principle, is active still;
Shines out of every element the soul,
And, deep pervading, animates the whole;
Floats in the gale, surrounds earth's wide domain,
Ascends with fire, and dives into the main;
Whilst dull, or bright, th' affections know to play
As full, or feebly, darts this social ray;
Dimly it gleams on insect, fish, and fowl,
But spreads broad sunshine o'er man's favour'd soul.

Man's favour'd soul then tracing through each state,
Behold it fitted for a social fate;
Behold how ev'ry link in nature tends
One chain to form of relatives and friends,
One chain, unnumber'd beings to confine,
Till all assimilate and all combine.

Yon spacious dome, which earth and sea commands,
Where Lelius dresses his paternal lands;
Where water gushes, and where wood extends,
To share each beauty, Lelius calls his friends;

A desert

A desert scene, till they adorn his bow'rs;
A naked waste, till they partake his flow'rs.
Nor this, though sweet, the greatest bliss he feels,
That greatest bliss his modesty conceals.
Pass the green slope which bounds his fair domain,
And seek the valley sloping from the plain;
There, in a blossom'd nook, by pomp unseen,
An aged couple lead a life serene;
And there, behind those elms, a sickly pair
Exchange their labours for a softer care:
'Twas Lelius gave to sickness this repose,
And plac'd life's second cradle near the rose;
In his own hall though louder joys prevail,
A dearer transport whispers from the vale;
Though mirth and frolic echo through the dome,
In those small cots his bosom finds a home.
Fame, fortune, friends, can Providence give more?
Go, ask of Heav'n the blessings of the poor!
A greater comfort would you still supply?
Then wipe the tear from Sorrow's streaming eye;
For social kindness to another shown,
Expands the bliss to make it more your own.

Lo! the rude savage, naked and untaught,
Shares with his mate what arts and arms have caught;
When winter darkness clouds his long, long night,
See how he strives to find the social light;
His woodland wife, his forest children dear,
Smooth the bleak storms that sadden half his year:
For them he tracks the monster in the snow;
For them he hurls his sling, and twangs his bow.

Nor scorching sunshine, nor the driving show'r,
Nor vollied thunder, nor the lightning's pow'r,
Nor climes where sickness pants in every breeze,
Nor worlds of ice, where nature seems to freeze,
Check the fair principle, which bursts away,
Like yon blest sun, when clouds attempt his ray.

Hence, ever lean the feeble on the strong,
As tender sires their children lead along;
While, by degrees, as transient life declines,
And blooming youth to withering age resigns,
The social passion shifts, with place and time,
And tender sires are led by sons in prime;
The guide becomes the guided in his turn,
While child and parent different duties learn.

Not then from FANCY only, from the HEART,
Pours the keen anguish on th' immortal part,
And Truth herself destroys the bloom of May,
When Death or Fortune tears a friend away;
From virtuous passion, virtuous feeling, flows
The grief that dims the lily and the rose.
Drops a soft sorrow for a friend in dust?
There, Truth and Fancy both may rear the bust;
While one pours forth the tribute of the heart,
The other plies her visionary art;
Potent she calls her airy spectres round,
And bids them instant consecrate the ground;
Fancy presides as sov'reign of the scene,
And darkens every leaf of every green;
Whilst Reason loves to mix with hers the tear,
And the fair mourners form a league sincere;

 Her

Her airy visions Fancy may impart,
And Reason listen to the charmer's art.

In life's fair morn, I knew an aged seer (*c*),
Who sad and lonely pass'd his joyless year;
Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
And shunn'd, oh dire extreme! the face of man;
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his vest, a hermit's was his food;
Nich'd in some corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rockstone lave,
Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,
Drop after drop to reckon, would engage
The ling'ring day, and, trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well.
Then thus he moraliz'd as slow it pass'd:
" This brings me nearer Lucia than the last;
" And this, now streaming from the eye," said he,
" Oh, my lov'd child! will bring me nearer thee."

When first he roam'd, his dog, with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the sorrower sought a lonely woe.
The Hermit paus'd, th' attendant dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear:
Up rose the Hermit, up the dog would rise,
And every way to win a master tries.
" Then be it so. Come, faithful fool," he said;
One pat encourag'd, and they sought the shade;
An unfrequented thicket soon they found,
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;

Mellifluous

Mellifluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh,
Fountains which well a pilgrim's drink supply.
And thence, by many a labyrinth it led
Where ev'ry tree bestow'd an ev'ning bed.
Skill'd in the chace, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er in morn or moon-light course he caught;
But the sage lent his sympathy to all,
Nor saw unwept his dumb associates fall:
He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind,
And, though a hermit, had a social mind.
" And why," said he, " must man subsist by prey?
" Why stop yon melting music on the spray?
" Why, when assail'd by hounds and hunter's cry,
" Must half the harmless race in terrors die?
" Why must we work of innocence the woe?
" Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow."
Thus liv'd the master good, the servant true,
Till to its God the master's spirit flew.
Beside a fount which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the Hermit found a grave;
All in the running stream his garments spread,
And dark damp verdure ill conceal'd his head;
The faithful servant from that fatal day (*d*)
Watch'd the lov'd corpse, and hourly pin'd away;
His head upon his master's cheek was found,
While the obstructed waters mourn'd around.

O pain to think that fellow-men there be
Whose breasts ne'er felt the touch of Sympathy!
Who view unmov'd the sorrow-delug'd eye
O'erflow with bitterness, and hear the sigh

Heave from the sealed heart; yet, still severe,
Ne'er knew the solace of a pitying tear;
Who, stern, can see a neighbour's whelming fate
Bend him to earth beneath misfortune's weight;
Who the blest throb of tenderness ne'er felt,
Pangs that delight, and agonies that melt!

Did HE who form'd the finer sense to know
Congenial transport and congenial woe;
The social passion breath'd in every vein,
To perfect happiness and soften pain:—
Did He who moulded man with such a grace,
And open'd half the Cherub in his face;
Who bade the spark divine illume his eye,
Sole image of his God beneath the sky;
Who fram'd his heart to own sweet Friendship's charms,
Gave the warm wish and the embracing arms;
Who, soon as earth from the dark void was made,
Bade order rise, and with kind accent said:
"Now let man live with man in leagues of peace,
"And every joy of amity increase;
"Let social bliss improve the new-born day,
"And all my children the soft law obey:
"So shall I bless the mercies I bestow,
"So still declare that all is good below."
O blasphemy of thought! Did HE ordain
That all these social bounties should be vain?
No! every power without, within, declares
Man's bliss is doubled when that bliss he shares.

The social passion thus by Heaven imprest,
Why find we still one alienated breast?

While

While every object prompts on every side,
Why is the tender cement still deny'd?
While every atom of the system tends
To general order and dependent ends;
While air, and earth, and ocean all conspire
To waken virtuous love and fond desire,
To spread the soft, the heaven-connected plan,—
Why from the compact starts incongruous Man?

But sordid souls are ever in distress;
To bless himself each must a second bless;
Then kindle on till he the world embrace,
And in Love's girdle bind the human race.
Thus social grief can finer joys impart
Than the dull pleasures of the miser's heart:
Thus with more force can melancholy warm
Than wild ambition's solitary charm.
And, oh, just Heav'n! what gift canst thou bestow
What gem so precious as a tear for woe?
A tear more full of thee, O pow'r divine,
Than all the dross that ripens in the mine!

As man with man, with creature creature keeps,
In summer feeds in view, in winter creeps
More fondly close:—But take the lamb apart
From its lov'd mother, then the social heart
Plains in its voice, while sad, the dam around
Bleats at the theft, and leaves uncropt the ground.

In yonder huts, at this profound of night,
The twelfth hour striking as the line I write,
In yonder scatter'd huts, now every swain,
With ev'ry maid and matron of the plain,

In Sleep's soft arms on wholesome pallets prest,
Breathe forth the social passion as they rest:
But should dire fate the father make its prey,
Or snatch, untimely, one lov'd child away,
Or bear the faithful housewife to the tomb,
Or should the damsel sicken in her bloom,
No aid from Fancy seeks the sorrowing heart,
But Truth, with force unborrow'd, points the dart.

For me, as weary of myself I rise,
To seek the rest which wakeful thought denies,
O'er the lov'd mansion as I lonely range,
Condemn'd at ev'ry step to feel the change;
Through each apartment, where so oft my heart
Hath shar'd each grace of nature and of art,
Where memory marks each object that I see,
And fills the bosom, oh, my friend! with thee;
Through each apartment as I pass along,
Pause for relief, and then pursue my song;
For me, who now with midnight taper go,
To lose in sleep's oblivious shade my woe,
No greater good my closing thoughts can bless,
Ere this remember'd little couch I press,
Than the sweet hope that at this sacred hour
My friend enjoys kind Nature's balmy power;
Than the soft wish which on my bended knee
I offer up, Eliza, warm for thee!
Wife of my friend, alike my faithful care,
Alike the object of each gentle prayer;
Far distant though thou art, thy worth is near,
And my heart seals its blessing with a tear.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK II.

AND now again 'tis morn, the orient sun
Prepares once more his radiant course to run;
O'er yon tall trees I see his glories rise,
Tinge their green tops, and gain upon the skies:
The SOCIAL PRINCIPLE resumes the shade,
Basks on the banks, or glides along the glade:
See how it pants, my friend, in yonder throng,
Where half a village bears the sheaves along;
Low stoops the swain to dress his native soil,
And here the housewife comes to soothe his toil;
While Heav'n's warm beams upon her bosom dart,
She owns the fondness of her wedded heart,
From his damp brow the labour'd drop removes,
And dares to show with what a force she loves:
Where'er the mother moves, her race attend,
And often cull the corn, and often bend;
Or bear the scrip, or tug the rake along,
Or catch the burthen of the reaper's song;
Or, shrinking from the sickle's curving blade,
Cling to the gown, half pleas'd and half afraid;
While he who gave them life looks on the while,
And views his little household with a smile;
Imprints the kiss;—then blessing ev'ry birth,
Carols his joy, and hails the generous earth.

But not to scenes of peasantry confin'd,
Though, haply, simpler there, as less refin'd;
Not circumscribed to these the social plan,
Which more extends as more pursued by man.

Just as yon path-way, winding through the mead,
Grows broad and broader by perpetual tread,
The social passion turns the foot aside,
And prompts the swains to travel side by side;
Both edge, by turns, upon the bordering sod,
And the path widens as the grass is trod.

In cities thus, though trade's tumultuous train
Spurn at the homely maxims of the plain,
Not all the pride of rank, the trick of art,
Can chase the generous passion from the heart:
Nay, more; a larger circle it must take,
Where men embodying larger int'rests make,
And each, perforce, round each more closely twine,
Where countless thousands form the social line.

As slow to yonder eminence I bend,
Gradual the views of social life extend;
Where benches ease the steep ascent I stray,
And stop at each to take a just survey;
At every step, as sinks the vale behind,
A wider prospect opens on mankind.

Far to the right, where those blue hills arise,
And bathe their swelling bosoms in the skies,
The barks of commerce set the flapping sail,
And the dark sea-boy sues the busy gale;
There the deep warehouse shows its native store,
There flame the riches of a foreign shore;
Thick swarm the sons of trade on every hand,
And either India breathes along the strand;
Gold, give me gold! each bustler cries aloud,
As hope or fear alternate seize the crowd;

To

To careless eyes, the love of pelf alone
Seems to drain off the golden tide for one;
But closer view'd a various course it takes,
And wide meanderings in its passage makes;
Through many a social channel see it run,
In splendid heritage from sire to son;
From thence in many a mazy stream it flows,
And feels no ebb, no dull stagnation knows:
Thus Nature and Necessity agree
The social chain to stretch from land to sea.
Thus e'en the miser, tho' his sordid soul
Loves but himself, befriends, perforce, the whole.
Ask you a stronger proof? Place wealth alone
With some hard niggard, lock up all his own;
Pile bills, and bags, and bonds upon his shelf,
And a close prisoner chain him to his pelf.
Unhappy man! from family and friends,
From all which heav'n in soft compassion sends,
From touch of kindred, tune of tender speech,
And exil'd from the social passion's reach;—
How would he sigh, tho' every hope were vain,
And buy a glance at man with half his gain!
How at some chink or crevice would he ply,
And envy each poor beggar limping by!
Far happier he, who, breasting every wind,
Lives on the common mercy of his kind;
Who roams the world to tell his piteous case,
And dies at last amidst the human race.

(*c*) Ye selfish friends! ye worshippers of gold,
Who deem a passion lavish'd if unsold;

Who

Who farm the feelings with a statesman's art,
And, like base usurers, traffic with the heart;
Who to that idol in its niche confine
The holy incense due at Nature's shrine;
Say, can your sordid merchandize deny
The sacred force of heav'n-born Sympathy?
Ah, no! the gen'rous spirit takes a part,
As goodness, glory, pity, move the heart:
Else, why at fabled virtues do we glow?
At fabled sorrows why with tears o'erflow?
Why with the bleeding hero do we bleed,
Why scorn the base and love the gen'rous deed?

(*f*) Why, as with Homer's chiefs we rush to war,
Each turn of varying fortune do we share?
Why with the mourning wife of Hector mourn,
With Priam weep, and with Achilles burn?
'Spite of your arts, the sympathies arise,
And aid the cause of all the brave and wise;
'Spite of your little selves, when virtue charms,
To Nature true, the social passion warms;
Vain to resist, imperial Nature still (g)
Asserts her claim, and bends us to her will.

And GOLD itself, though stigmatiz'd with rage,
Through many a rash declamatory page,
The gorgeous ruin by each Bard decry'd,
In tuneful scorn or philosophic pride,
Wit's standing subject of supreme disgrace,
And gravely call'd the curse of all our race:
Yes, GOLD itself—though soft Tibullus swears
It deafen'd Nemesis to all his prayers,

Brib'd

Brib'd her false heart from passion's sacred fire,
And loos'd her from the magic of his lyre—
Appears, my friend, the SOCIAL power to aid,
Pure from the dust that clogs the wheel of trade.
Full falsely charge we mother Earth with wrong,
In all the wild licentiousness of song:
Safe in her central caverns harmless shone
This hoarded treasure of her antient throne;
In rich repose it slept within the mine,
Nor wish'd to quit the subterraneous shrine;
With parent caution, Earth, who knew its powers,
O'er the fair mischief strew'd her various flowers;
While every flower her sweetest perfume bore,
That her lov'd children might require no more.

MAN dragg'd the splendid stranger first to view,
And, like a meteor, round the world it flew;
A ready welcome from the world it found,
And Phœbus hail'd the phœnix from the ground.
Immediate wonder seiz'd the circling crowd,
But chief Europa to her idol bow'd;
Her bark, her car, with emblems gilded o'er,
The homage spread from ocean to the shore;
Attractive Gold obsequious votaries drew,
Till useful fondness into dotage grew.

Yet still be just.—In shape of fraud or force,
Ere gold appear'd the PASSIONS took their course;
Like whirlwinds swept the flowers of life along,
And crush'd the weak, and undermin'd the strong:
Lord as thou wert, Tibullus, of the strains
That sweetest paint a hapless lover's pains,

Long,

Long, long ere execrated gold from earth
Arose to give each tender trespass birth,
Full many a mistress knew, like thine, the art
To sport with vows, and practise on the heart.
Let sage Tradition's reverend records tell,
Unbrib'd by gold, what hosts in battle fell;
Unbrib'd by gold,—when acorns were the food,
And man with beast roam'd naked thro' the wood,
E'en in those times which raptur'd bards have sung,
When nature triumph'd, and the world was young,
Blest days! whose charms so many lays rehearse,
Blest days, alas! which only bloom in verse—
E'en *then* let Hist'ry tell what follies sped,
Assail'd the hut, and thro' the forest spread;
How daring guilt in proud obtrusion stood,
And dy'd his dreadful robe in brothers' blood;
How son and sire, with unrelenting strife,
Ensanguin'd sought each other's kindred life;
How matrons stopp'd the new-born infant's breath,
And bold self-slaughter rush'd on impious death;
How darkling Error stain'd the blushing morn,
And life's *first* roses bore the pointed thorn;
How ages past exhibit all the crimes
That random satire aims at modern times;
How varying MODES alone divide the plan
Betwixt the savage and the social man;
How ruder vices now refin'd appear,
Adopting still the fashion of the year:—
Conclude we then the vices are the same,
Conclude that man, not gold, is still to blame.

Rail

Rail then no more at gold; for plain to view
Behold an antidote and poison too:
Oh save the shining metal from abuse,
And the heart turns it to a SOCIAL use!
The widow, orphan, and ten thousand more,
Prove that no dross need hang about the ore;
Prove, that this glittering treasure may dispense
The sterling joys of pure benevolence,
While from the golden reservoir may flow
The richest streams of SYMPATHY below.

In soft alliance with the tender heart,
The SENSES, too, *their* sympathy impart:
No longer blessings than as all conspire
With kindred zeal to fan the social fire.
Of sight, or smell, say what the mighty power,
If but to see the sun, or scent the flower?
Of touch, taste, hearing, what the wondrous boast,
If, narrow'd all to SELF, they all are lost?
But, ye of finer souls, who truly know
The rich division of a joy and woe,
Oh tell the rapture when a friend is nigh
To charm the ear, or to delight the eye,
To draw amusement from the pictur'd air,
As Fancy shapes her thousand visions there,
Now paints her monsters, now her armies strong,
When slow she drives her twilight car along:
Oh tell the rapture that each pleasure wears
When the soul's friend each passing pleasure shares,
When with twin'd arms ye watch the opening rose,
Or trace the devious streamlet as it flows,

Together

Together mark fair Summer's radiant store,
Together Nature's vernal haunts explore;
And, fondly jealous of each object new,
Contend who first shall point it to the view;
Then part awhile, o'er hill and valley stray,
And anxious court the fortune of the day.

But if LONG absent, hail'd be every power
That blots the sunbeam and destroys the bower,
That wraps th' affrighted atmosphere in storms,
And each gay vision of the sky deforms;
The social senses then partake the grief,
And seek some kindred object of relief.

Oh hark, my soul, to yonder stockdove's note,
Sweet as the woe from Philomela's throat;
Soft let me steal along the copse, to hear
The mournful murmur break upon my ear.
Ah, gentle bird! indulge thy tender pains,
While the Muse greets thee with congenial strains;
Nor quit thy sombrous seat, nor needless fly
The still, small breathings of a social sigh:
That ruffled plumage, that disorder'd wing,
More soothing now than softest blooms of spring,
And that deep sob, to every sense more dear
Than all the music of the vocal year.

O shame to all that God design'd below!
Shame to the wretch who flies from human woe!
Shame to the wretch who aims th' empoison'd dart
At the proud feeling of a generous heart!

 Yet

Yet slaves there be who in Misfortune's bowl
Mix bitter draughts to agonize the soul;
Whose bosoms gladden at another's woe,
And joy to see the grief-swoln eyes o'erflow.

Hence, some * have deem'd that ev'ry heart is gall,
That meanness, pride, and madness seize on all;
That not one bosom the infection shuns,
And that the poison universal runs;
That not one spirit claims its heavenly birth,
And starts sublimely from surrounding earth;
That never generous action mov'd the mind;
That never man to goodness seem'd inclin'd;
That some lov'd passion overwhelms each breast,
And this imparts disorder to the rest;
As when some member, by diseases foul,
Touches each sounder limb, and taints the whole;
Till all in one wide selfish gulph be tost,
The gracious image of the God-head lost!

Perish the thought! Blest myriads still there are
Whom Sympathy adopts with fondest care;
Unbrib'd by wealth, by fortune undismay'd,
Friends in the sun-shine, partners of the shade;
In whose warm hearts the soft sensations roll,
The same at Scotland, Lapland, or the Pole;
The same or flaunting in the blaze of dress,
Or woeful flutt'ring in unrob'd distress:—
Yes, there are myriads who would Famine brave,
A foe to succour, and a friend to save;
Thro' every tempest, every calm the same,
Their bosoms glowing with immortal flame;

* Rochefoucault.

When

When smooth life's sea partake the fav'ring gale,
Together hail the port, together sail.

Blest be the hand that lends the power to feel,
And frames us subject to the wounds we heal;
That urges all to minister relief,
(*h*) And bade us fly with open arms to grief;
That veils the soft attraction in a tear,
Each bliss makes poignant, and each sorrow dear!
Eternal incense from the soul ascend
To Him who made each being *want* a friend,
Who plac'd us in a world 'twixt sun and shade,
That those which bloom might succour those that fade!
And doubly bless'd the Providence, whose skill
In life's thin loom has woven many an ill!
Tho' weak the texture, from that weakness springs
The strength and beauty of all human things;
For, still as Fate or Nature deals the blow,
The balms we now demand we now bestow,
And all our miseries but clearly prove
(*i*) The social powers of Pity and of Love.

(*k*) Ask the pale mother, why 'tis joy to weep
When o'er her stricken babe faint slumbers creep?
Ask why the child at midnight's thickest gloom
Still fondly lingers at a parent's tomb?
Or why the wife, in times of raging death,
Yet leans to catch her lord's polluted breath?
Go, warn them straight of pestilential air,
Point to the weakness here, the danger there,
Let mirth and music all their powers employ,
To spread for every sense its favourite joy,

 Then,

Then, arm'd with all the world's seductions, try
To wean the mourners from so dark a sky;
Oh! they will spurn the offer'd gales of health,
The lures of pleasure and the snares of wealth,
Prefer the dark recesses of disease,
The sickly pillow and the tainted breeze,
And call it conscience, nature, bliss, to know
The last extremities of SOCIAL woe.

Hence the great principle to all expands,
Thaws Lapland's ice, and glows on India's sands (*l*);
Above, below, its genial splendours play,
Where'er a human footstep marks the way.
"Oh! for one track of man upon the snow,
"The trace of sweet society to show!
"Oh! for one print on swarthy Afric's shore!"
Thus prays the wanderer 'scap'd from Ocean's roar;
In every clime is felt the throb divine,
By land, by water, here, and at the Line.

Nor climates only, but each AGE imparts
The kindly bias to our social hearts.
See the swath'd infant cling to the embrace,
Th' instinctive fondness dawning in its face;
See it, ascending, strengthen as it grows,
Till ripe and riper the affection glows,
Then view the child its toys and trinkets share
With some lov'd partner of its little care:
Behold the man a firmer bond requires,
For him the passion kindles all its fires;
Next, see his numerous offspring twining near,
Now move the smile, and now excite the tear;

Terror and transport in his bosom reign,
Succession sweet of pleasure and of pain;
As age advances, some sensations cease,
Some, lingering, leave the heart, while some increase:
Thus, when life's vigorous passions are no more,
Self-love creeps closest to the social power;
The stooping vet'ran, with time-silver'd hair,
Crawls to the blazing hearth and wicker chair;
There huddled close, he fondly hopes to spy
His goodly sons and daughters standing by;
To the lisp'd tale he bends the greedy ear,
And o'er his children's children drops a tear:—
Or, every friend surviv'd, himself half dead,
Frail nature still demands her board, her bed;
And these some kindred spirit shall bestow,
His wants supply, or mitigate his woe;
Still Sympathy shall watch his fleeting breath,
And gently lead him to the gates of death.

Yet more; e'en WAR, the scourge of human kind,
But serves more close the social links to bind;
Confed'rate courage forms th' embattled line,
Firm on each side connecting passions join;
'Tis social danger either troop inspires,
'Tis social honour either army fires;
'Tis social glory burnishes the van,
'Tis social faith spreads on from man to man;
As front to front the warring parties meet,
For social ends they dare the martial feat;
As breast to breast, and eye to eye they fix,
For social ends they separate or mix.

King,

King, country, parents, children, prompt the fight,
For these alone they bleed, resist, unite;
And, haply, first hostilities arose
From nice distinctions made of friends and foes:
Some scornful slight where nature most can smart,
Some stinging insult sorest to the heart,
Bade Sympathy call Vengeance to her aid,
Till where the laws avail'd not wars were made;
Affection sought from arms the wish'd relief,
And bore them 'gainst the assassin and the thief;
Eager o'er those who faith's fair league invade
With social zeal to lift th' avenging blade;
Or from the spoiler's hand to fence the flowers
That sweetly blossom round life's private bowers:
'Tis thus the steady eye of Reason finds,
What seems to snap the chain, more closely binds;
And thus each peril, like each pleasure try'd,
Unites the rosy bonds on either side.

But less do arms than ARTS assist the plan,
Those may defend, but these embellish man;
These softly draw him nearer to his kind,
And mark distinct his seraph-form of mind.

Lo, in firm compact, hand, and head, and heart,
To aid the system take a helping part;
Their various powers by various modes they lend,
And serve in union as one common friend:
Hence, by consent, men clear the unthrifty wood,
New model earth, and navigate the flood;
Hence hamlets grow into the city's pride,
While the soul opens, like the talents, wide.

By social pleasure, social profit sway'd,
Some soar to learning, and some stoop to trade:
Studious to gain the love of human kind,
The social sage at midnight stores his mind,
Robs weary nature of her just repose,
Nor drinks the dew that bathes the morning rose,
Nor, when the sun to Cynthia gives the night,
Eyes the soft blessing of her tender light,
But o'er the taper leans his pensive head,
And for the living communes with the dead.
The dusky artisan, his effort made,
Asserts his rights, and leaves the sickly shade;
At eve he quits the spot where glooms annoy,
And seeks the bosom of domestic joy;
The social faggot, and the light repast,
Await to cheer him when his toils are past.

And hence each class of Elegant and Great,
Art decks the dome, and commerce crowds the street;
The heav'n-born Muse impetuous wings her way,
When her lov'd Seward seeks the realms of day:
Queen of the comic power, hence Cowley wooes
Fair visitations of the *gayer* Muse;
The painter hence his magic pencil plies,
And Reynolds bids a new creation rise;
Hence Kauffman sketches life's lov'd forms anew,
And holds the mirror of past times to view,
Restores each grace that mark'd the Grecian age,
And draws her lovely comment on the page:
And still to cheer the solitary hour,
For this has Beach (*m*) display'd his happiest power;

I see

I see my friend upon the canvass glow,
And feel the smile that lightens every woe.

All, SYMPATHY, is thine; th' Immortal strung
For thee that more than golden harp—the tongue;
The sphere's best music taught it to impart,
And bade each soft vibration strike the heart.
Thine, too, the varied fruitage of the fields,
The clustering crops which yonder valley yields,
That thymy down where feed a thousand sheep,
This bower umbrageous, and yon cultur'd steep;
The still smooth joys that bloom o'er life's serene,
And all the bustle of its public scene.

Nor think the dull cold reasoners can disprove
These varied powers of Sympathetic love;
Nor hope, ye cynics, all your skill can find
From partial spots a flaw in human kind:
As well the panther might ye charge with sin,
And call each streak a blemish on his skin;
Allow to self the broadest scope ye can,
Still breathes the social principle in man.
Oft when pride whispers that he stands alone,
His strength proceeds from other than his own;
Oft when he seems to walk the world apart,
Another's interest twines about his heart;
And call his project rash, his effort vain,
The END is social which he sighs to gain.
Or say, this builds for pomp, that digs for bread,
This shows you pictures, that a pompous bed,
This toils a niggard at his lonely trade,
That rears the bower, but asks not to its shade;

That

That this for vanity his wealth displays,
As that for pride unravels learning's maze;
Trace but their PURPOSE to one general end,
You see it work the good of wife, or friend;
Parent or child their privilege still claim,
And social comfort springs from what we blame.
Frailty itself our sympathy may spare,
A graceful weakness when no vice is there.
Who hopes perfection breaks down nature's fence,
And spurns the modest bounds of sober sense.
When straw-like errors lean to virtue's side,
Ah! check, ye bigots, check your furious pride.
Some venial faults, like clouds at dawn of day,
Blush as they pass, and but a moment stay;
Those venial faults from sordid natures start,
And spring up only in the generous heart;
As florid weeds elude the labourer's toil,
From too much warmth or richness of the soil,
While meaner souls, like Zembla's hills of snow,
Too barren prove for weeds or flowers to grow.

This then is clear, while human kind exist,
The social principle must still subsist,
In strict dependency of one on all,
As run the binding links from great to small.
Man born for man some friendly aid requires,
The contract strengthening till the soul retires:
Nor then, ev'n then it breaks, for still we pay
A brother's homage to the breathless clay;
Jealous of destiny, the heart would save
Its favour'd object from the closing grave,

Its

Its favour'd object chosen from the rest,
In grief, in joy, the monarch of the breast;
To earth we trust what fondness would retain,
And leave the corpse to visit it again;
Nay, unconfin'd by partial ties of blood,
We brave e'en peril for a stranger's good (*n*).

Once, and not far from where those seats are seen,
Just where yon white huts peep the copse between,
A damsel languish'd, all her kin were gone,
For God, who lent, resum'd them one by one;
Disease and penury in cruel strife
Had ravish'd all the decent means of life;
E'en the mark'd crown, her lover's gift, she gave
In filial duty for a father's grave,
That so the honour'd clay which caus'd her birth
Might slumber peaceful in the sacred earth,
Chim'd to its grass-green home with pious peal,
While hallow'd dirges hymn the last farewell;
Her Lover too, untimely snatch'd away,
A LOVER—HUSBAND on the bridal-day!
At length these piercing woes her sense invade,
And lone and long the hapless wanderer stray'd
O'er the black heath, around th' unmeasur'd wood,
Up the huge precipice, or near the flood;
She mounts the rock at midnight's awful hour,
Enjoys the gloom, and idly mocks the shower;
Now scorns her fate, then patient bends the knee,
And courts each pitying star to set her free;
Then starting wilder, thinks those stars her foes,
Smites her sad breast, and laughs amidst her woes:

Oft

Oft would she chase the bee, or braid the grass,
Or crop the hedge-flower, or disorder'd pass;
Else, restless loiter in the pathless mead,
Sing to the birds at roost, the lambs at feed;
Or if a nest she found the brakes among,
No hand of hers destroy'd the promis'd young;
And when kind nature brought the balmy sleep,
Too soon she woke to wander and to weep;
Across her breast the tangled tresses flew,
And phrensied glances all around she threw;
Th' unsettled soul those phrensied glances speak,
And tears of terror hurry down her cheek:
Yet still that eye was bright, that cheek was fair,
Though pale the rose, the lily blossom'd there.
A wandering swain the beauteous maniac found,
Her woes wild warbling to the rocks around;
A river roll'd beside, aghast she ran,
Her vain fears startling at the sight of man;
And "Save me, God! my father's ghost!" she cry'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flashing tide.
The youth pursues—but wild the waters rose,
And o'er their heads in circling surges close,
Not heav'n-born Sympathy itself could save;
Both, both, alas! were whelm'd beneath the wave.

And lives the man, who senseless could have stood
To see the victim buffet with the flood?
Whose coward cheek no tinge of honour feels,
Flush'd with no pride at what the Muse reveals?
If such a man, if such a wretch there be,
Thanks to this aching heart, I am not he.

Hail,

Hail, lovely griefs, in tender mercy giv'n!
And hail, ye tears, like dew-drops fresh from heav'n!
Hail, balmy breath of unaffected sighs,
More sweet than airs that breathe from eastern skies!
Hail, sacred source of sympathy divine,
Each social pulse, each social fibre thine!
Hail, symbols of the God, to whom we owe
The nerves that vibrate, and the hearts that glow;
Love's tender tumult, friendship's holy fires,
And all which beauty, all which worth inspires;
The joy that lights the hope-illumin'd eye,
The bliss supreme that melts in pity's sigh;
Affection's bloom quick rushing to the face,
The choice acknowledg'd, and the warm embrace!
Oh Power of powers, whose magic thus can draw
Earth, air, and ocean, by one central law;
Join bird to bird, to insect insect link,
From those which grovel up to those which think;
Oh, ever blest! whose bounties, opening wide,
Fill the vast globe for mortals to divide,
Thy heav'nly favours stretch from pole to pole,
Encircle earth, and rivet soul to soul!

Cease then to wonder these lov'd scenes impart
No more the usual transport to my heart;
Though modest Twilight visit Eve again,
At whose soft summons homeward steps the swain;
Though from the breath of oxen in the vale
I catch the spirit of the balmy gale,
And from the brakes the answering thrushes sing,
While the gray owl sails by on solemn wing;

Nor

Nor wonder, if, when morning blooms again,
In discontent I quit the flowery plain.

Thus the poor mariner (*o*), his traffic o'er,
Crowds ev'ry sail to reach his native shore;
With smiles he marks the pennons stream to port,
And climbs the topmost mast to eye the fort;
Dim through the mist the distant land appears,
And far he slopes to hail it with his tears;
From foreign regions foreign faces come,
Anxious he seeks his much-lov'd friends at home;
Warm, and more warm, the social passion glows,
As near and nearer to the place he goes;
Quick beats his heart as pressing on he sees
His own fair cottage canopy'd with trees;
For there, in blessed health, he hopes to find
His wife and cradled infant left behind;
Panting, he plucks the latch that guards the door,
But finds his wife, his cradled babe no more!
Like some sad ghost he wanders o'er the green,
Droops on the blossom'd waste, and loathes the scene.

Yet haply you, by SYMPATHY, may know
That here awhile I paus'd to paint my woe;
For, sure, if ever sylph or sylphid bore
One true friend's message to a distant shore;
If ever spirit whisper'd gentle deed,
In such an absence most its aid we need.—
Perhaps, for now let Fancy take her flight,
My friend, like me, may wander through the night,
Amidst a different scenery may roam,
And many a gentle sigh address at home;

E'en

E'en now, where moon-beams tremble on the wave,
And circling sea-gulls their long pinions lave,
Where anchor'd vessels in the harbour ride,
To wait the flux of the returning tide,
Where the salt billow beats against the strand,
My friend may take his solitary stand;
Or on the rock projecting to the main,
May sit him down to mark the social strain,
Along the frothing beach may bend his way,
And suit, like me, his sorrows to his lay.

Farewell! My hour approaches with the dawn,
And up I spring to leave the flowery lawn;
The pain increases as I stay to trace
Another sunshine rising o'er the place:
Adieu then, balmy shrubs and shades, adieu!
This passing incense o'er your leaves I strew;
Adieu, thou dear and hill-screen'd cottage fair!
Adieu, thou decent dome of Sunday prayer!
To each, to all, adieu! Your lonely guest
Retires. The SOCIAL PASSION speaks the rest.

NOTES.

Note (*a*), page 511.

Or to his native mountain binds the swain—

THIS is perhaps one of the subjects most interesting to the feelings of man. I have on former occasions noted, and must note again, the exquisite colours in which the Bard of "Local Attachment" has painted it:—What follows is a fresh proof.

> "All love their native spot; whether beside
> Their ice-ribb'd mountains, through a waste of night,
> They catch the frost-gales from the stormy tide,
> And shiver to the boreal flashes bright;
> Or, if the sun vouchsafe a noon-day light,
> Hail, from the crags, his faint-reflected beams,
> And slide o'er mould'ring bridge, from height to height."

Again,

> "Nor less, from use, the sons of reason mark
> Their native skies, their heart-responding home;
> Whether those skies be azure-bright, or dark
> With sullen tempest; whether lordly dome
> Or shed be theirs. Still, sighing deep, they roam
> Far from the umbrageous grove, or village green;
> Nor wander over Ocean's angry foam,
> Without a hope once more to trace serene
> Where Peace hath smooth'd her wing, the dear familiar scene."

Nor has the author of the above lines failed to exemplify his prepossessing subject by facts in prose *. It is long since I caused the extract to be made; and as the transcriber has omitted to give the name of the author, I am not sure to whom I am indebted for the subsequent remarks; I have not the poem at hand to refer to, but I think it is Mr. Polwhele, who observes, that "this sentiment is also the source of the *amor patriæ*, because it brings to our recollection the gentle and pure affections of our earliest years. It increases with exten-

* See notes to "Local Attachment."

sion, and expands with the progress of time, as a sentiment of a celestial and immortal nature. In Switzerland there is an antient musical air, extremely simple, called *Rans des Vaches*. This air produces an effect so powerful, that it was found necessary to prohibit the playing of it in Holland and in France before the Swiss soldiers, because it made them all desert one after another. I imagine that the *Rans des Vaches* must imitate the lowing and bleating of cattle, the repercussion of the echoes, and other local associations, which made the blood boil in the veins of these poor soldiers, by recalling to their memory the valleys *, the lakes, the mountains of their country †; and, at the same time, the companions of their early life, their first loves, the recollection of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

"The love of country seems to strengthen, in proportion as it is innocent and unhappy. For this reason, savages are fonder of their country than polished nations are, and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile districts and happy climates. Never could the Court of Russia prevail upon a single Samoiede to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at Petersburgh. Some Greenlanders, in the course of the last century, were brought to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with great kindness; but they soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned in attempting to return to their country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but one, in particular, was observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms: hence it was conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, without doubt, thus powerfully attaches these poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inspired the Greeks and Romans with so much courage in the defence of their country."

I have no hesitation in thanking the author of "Local Attachment" for my first information respecting the *Dulce Domum*, which, he tells me, "is said to have been written about 200 years since, by a Winchester

* Alas! what must be the sensations of the true lovers of their country in dismantled, desolated Switzerland, now?

† I have been told that Poutaveri, the Indian of Otaheite, who was some years ago brought to Paris, on seeing, in the royal garden, the paper mulberry-tree, the bark of which is in that island manufactured into cloth, clasped it in his arms, and, while the tear started into his eye, exclaimed, *Ah! tree of my country!*

scholar

scholar, detained at the usual time of breaking up, and chained to a tree or pillar for his offence to the master, when the other scholars had liberty to visit their respective homes while the breaking-up lasted. This confined scholar was so affected with grief, by being thus detained from seeing his dear home, and for the loss of his liberty, that he was moved to compose the *Dulce Domum*, and died broken-hearted before his companions returned. In memory of this unhappy incident the scholars of Winchester College, attended by the master, chaplains, organist, and choristers, have an annual procession; walking three times round the pillar or tree to which their fellow-collegian was chained, and singing all the time." The air of the Dulce Domum was composed by John Reading, in the reign of Charles the Second.

The Sympathy of *Home* is likewise illustrated most exquisitely in Nature's own language, by Nature's own Poet, in his fascinating little Poem called "Market Night."—It is scarcely necessary to add the name of Robert Bloomfield; a name no less expressive of pastoral than poetic sweetness:

"Sure-footed beast! thy road thou'lt keep,
Nor storm nor darkness startles thee."

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"O blest assurance! trusty steed,
To thee the buried road is known;
HOME all the spur thy footsteps need,
When loose the frozen rein is thrown."

The Bard who so well began the illustrations of this note will help me to close them no less happily with the following stanza:—

"So fervent for our homes, in life, in death,
We bid the sympathies of nature swell;
There happy to resign our vital breath
Where in fond youth we own'd the trancing spell."

Note (*b*), page 513.

E'en yon vast ELEMENTS, *my Friend, may prove—*

Under the influence of feelings at once solemn and sweet, awful and touching, the admirable author of "Views of Nature" observes—

"Nature is not limited: it is an unbounded machine, in which the race of men forms but an inconsiderable wheel. All beings, all operations which originate with her must be good, must be noble and interesting—they

they all must tend to one point—*the production of harmony and order.* The strongly marked characters which the earth in every place presents to us, speak in a language which cannot but arouse the most torpid understanding. But that which is above us is more legibly distinct. The firmament is the elder scripture written by GOD'S OWN HAND: an undisputed, an universal scripture. Portions of this globe have disappeared; but whole systems have been extinguished in the heavens. How do objects, which we call vast, vanish in comparison with the ethereal worlds which roll in space! The terraqueous ball becomes lost in the solar system; the solar system in the immeasurable expanse of the universe; and the universe itself, in its ALMIGHTY CREATOR!"

How greatly, how gloriously has this climax ascended! With the most perfect justice have the critics determined the whole work* to be "an excellent companion and guide in the study of philosophy, human and divine: a spirit, sensible, well-disposed, and benignant; attuned to whatever is most sublime and affecting in both the natural and moral world."

Note (*c*), page 517.

In life's fair morn I knew an aged seer,—

The word *seer* is used only in the popular sense; as we call a wise man a seer, or sage.

Note (*d*), page 518.

The faithful servant from that fatal day,—

"As to friendship," says Montaigne, "the beasts, sometimes, have it, without comparison, more lively and constant than men have. King Lysimachus's dog Hyracan, his master being dead, lay upon his bed, obstinately refusing either to eat or drink; and the day that his body was burnt he took a run and leaped into the fire, where he was consumed. As also did the dog of one Pyrrhus; for he would not stir from off his master's bed from the time that he died; and, when they took him away, let himself be carried with him, and at last leaped into the pile where they burnt his master's body. There are certain inclinations of affection which sometimes spring in us without the consultation of reason, and by a fortuitous temerity, which others call SYMPATHY, of which beasts are as capable as we. We see horses take such an acquaintance with one another, that we have much ado to make them stir or travel when separated: we observe them to fancy a particular colour in those of their own kind, and, where they meet it, run with great joy and demonstrations of good will; and have a dislike and hatred for some other colour.

* By Sir R. Sullivan.

Note (*e*), page 524.

Ye selfish friends! ye worshippers of gold—

"How selfish soever," observes the sagacious author of 'The Theory of Moral Sentiments,' "man may be supposed, there are evidently some principles in his nature, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it. Of this kind is pity or compassion, the emotion which we feel for the misery of others, when we either see it, or are made to conceive it in a very lively manner. That we often derive sorrow from the sorrow of others, is a matter of fact too obvious to require any instances to prove it; for this sentiment, like all the other original passions of human nature, is by no means confined to the virtuous and humane, though they perhaps may feel it with the most exquisite sensibility. The greatest ruffian, the most hardened violator of the laws of society, is not altogether without it."

Note (*f*), page 525.

Why, as with Homer's chiefs we rush to war,—

I am proud of having united in sentiment with Adam Smith in this argument of the Social Passion, some years before I had ever met with his Theory.

"Our joy," says he, "for the deliverance of those heroes of tragedy or romance who interest us, is as sincere as our grief for their distress, and our fellow-feeling with their misery is not more real than that with their happiness. We enter into their gratitude towards those faithful friends who did not desert them in their difficulties; and we heartily go along with their resentment against those perfidious traitors who injured, abandoned, or deceived them. In every passion of which the mind of man is susceptible, the emotions of the by-stander always correspond to what, by bringing the case home to himself, he imagines should be the sentiments of the sufferer."

Note (*g*), page 525.

Vain to resist, imperial Nature still—

"And hence the charm historic scenes impart:
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart:"

says the Author of the fine Poem on the "Pleasures of Memory."

Note

Note (*h*), page 531.

And bade us fly with open arms to grief,—

"We run not only to congratulate the successful, but to condole with the afflicted; and the pleasure which we find in the conversation of one whom in all the passions of his heart we can entirely sympathize with, seems to do more than compensate the painfulness of that sorrow with which the view of his situation affects us."

ADAM SMITH.

Note (*i*), page 531.

The social powers of Pity and of Love.

What gratitude do I owe to the author of the subsequent sentiments, for thus giving sanction to my own!

"The mind, therefore, is rarely so disturbed, but that the company of a friend will restore it to some degree of tranquillity and sedateness. The breast is, in some measure, calmed and composed the moment we come into his presence. We are immediately put in mind of the light in which he will view our situation, and we begin to view it ourselves in the same light; for the effect of sympathy is instantaneous. We expect less sympathy from a common acquaintance than from a friend: we cannot open to the former all those little circumstances which we can unfold to the latter: we assume, therefore, more tranquillity before him, and endeavour to fix our thoughts upon those general outlines of our situation which he is willing to consider. We expect still less sympathy from an assembly of strangers; and we assume, therefore, still more tranquillity before them, and always endeavour to bring down our passion to that pitch which the particular company we are in may be expected to go along with. Nor is this only an assumed appearance: for, if we are at all masters of ourselves, the presence of a mere acquaintance will really compose us, still more than that of a friend; and that of an assembly of strangers, still more than that of an acquaintance.

"Society and conversation, therefore, are the most powerful remedies for restoring the mind to its tranquillity, if, at any time, it has unfortunately lost it; as well as the best preservatives of that equal and happy temper, which is so necessary to self-satisfaction and enjoyment. Men of retirement and speculation, who are apt to sit brooding at home over either grief or resentment, though they may often have more humanity, more generosity, and a nicer sense of honour, yet seldom possess that equality of temper which is so common among men of the world." IBID.

Note

Note (*k*), page 531.

Ask the pale mother why 'tis joy to weep—

"Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep?
Tremblingly, still, she lifts his veil, to trace
The father's features in his infant face."

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

It is not undelightful to me to find a congeniality of thought and opinion with such writers as Rogers and Campbell. But in all such cases I think it far more likely that the resemblance, whether of thought or expression, should be accidental than intended. The honour conferred on me by the similitude is sufficient, without coldly calculating which investigated the subject first. I have gone somewhat at length into this subject in an advertisement prefixed to the drama of "Fire and Frost," Vol. ii.

Note (*l*), page 532.

Thaws Lapland's ice, and glows on India's sands—

The lovely poem of "The Pleasures of Memory" supplies me with a beautiful confirmation of my sentiments on this subject also.

"Undamp'd by time the generous instinct glows,
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest;
On every form of varied life imprest;
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round."

ROGERS.

Note (*m*), page 535.

For this has Beach display'd his happiest power;—

A very ingenious and rising artist, who has painted for the Author an admirable portrait of the gentleman to whom this poem is inscribed. Mr. Beach still resides in Bath, where he is gaining that celebrity which is due to uncommon genius, and which nothing but uncommon modesty could so long have impeded. MDCCLXXXV.

And

And yet he breathes; but age, infirmity, and disappointment mark and embitter the closing scene, insomuch that some few months back he assured the Author, that death had long been an invited, and would be a welcome visitor. Jan. 12, 1805.

Note (*n*), page 538.

We brave e'en peril for a stranger's good.

It is with pleasure I draw an illustration of this sentiment from an incident which happened in Scotland, in the autumn of 1800. That amiable young Nobleman, LORD BINNING,—a name dear to Poets, from the patronage which the family bestowed on Thomson,—happening to be riding by the side of a deep river near his paternal seat, saw a poor woman, who had been carried away by the stream, and was in imminent and instant danger of drowning.

He immediately threw himself from his horse, plunged into the river up to his neck, and dragged the perishing victim to land; while some unfeeling persons, who had witnessed the catastrophe, remained silent spectators of the woman's danger, and would have suffered her to sink without an effort to save her.

From this instance of genuine sympathy for the sufferings of his kind, I draw the happiest presages of the future character of the noble youth who is the subject of this note; and I am assured by one who knows him, that his conduct on this occasion was exactly what might have been expected from the generous philanthropy of his Lordship's heart.

Note (*o*), page 541.

Thus the poor mariner, his traffic o'er,—

The following very beautiful illustration of these emotions occurs in the delightful "Pleasures of Hope."

"But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;

Meets

Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home."

The subsequent tender etching from "The Pleasures of Memory" forms another picture in keeping with the former:

"Th' adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's pray'r,
Turns on the neighbouring hill once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreath ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again."

For various instances of the Social Principle amongst Mariners, I recommend the reader to Captain Inglefield's Narrative—Captain Bligh's on the loss of the Bounty—The loss of the Guardian—The loss of the Halsewell Indiaman—The preservation of Captain Stewart, &c.

The subject might derive more interest also by considering Cases of Fire; in which many lives have been generously, some gloriously, sacrificed on the pure impulse of the social duty; forcing the affectionate Friend and the tender Parent into the flames, solely from the hope of saving a darling object, without the remotest consideration of the great Principle of Self-Preservation.

THE END.

R. Taylor and Co. Black Horse Court.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ERRATA

IN VOL. III.

P. 97, for *Brimgard* read *Brimyard.*

P. 360, l. 8, for *tribe* read *bride.*

P. 481, l. 7, for *when* Poets read *yet* Poets.

P. 491, last line, instead of, or *in* letters read *of* letters.

P. 492, put *from* a man of observation, &c.